

Days of Green
Collected Works 2012 – 2017
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A-a-nullus

The following are pieces I had already put into DeviantArt storage before beginning this (more) complete archive. They're here, regardless of genre, for posterity.

Mongrels Don't Lie

Sep 5, 2012, 10:24:57 AM

The pedigrees love us
(With denial)
But I know
Mongrels Don't Lie.

Dancing is hard
When balancing on
a thousand grey angels
Mongrels Don't Lie.

Acceptance?
The monarchy speaks politics, yet
their Schrödinger is monochrome
Mongrels Don't Lie.

I'm in a doghouse,
For no reason but
for the Fascists tongue is too sharp
Mongrels Don't Lie.

The denial of permanence,
Clutching to the cliff edge
of a train; a weak Marxist keeping re-form drown in rats
Mongrels Don't Lie.

Juggling a Journey In Truth,
With the White Queen: Joy in Lies,
Could she accept a coal miner? Or would I unravel into thread?
Mongrels Don't Lie.

I look to a shaded Moses,
Respect his revolution
His modesty beyond religion
Mongrels Don't Lie.

I would stand upon a pillar of pride perhaps
if society wasn't pulled by the strings
of Rising Demons.
Mongrels Don't Lie.

How do I tell them?
The Multiverse that opens from my
words frightens me
Mongrels Don't Lie.

Bye bye old, bye bye reign, bye bye acceptance, bye bye girlfriend, bye bye bye bye bye bye
bye
bye bye bye BYE. BYE. BYE. BYE. BYE. BYE. BYE. Bye. Bye. Bye. Bye. Bye. bye bye
bye bye bye bye bye.

I am a mongrel.

Mongrel's Don't Lie.

*A poem about b- ACTually, I'll let you figure it out. I'm not really ready to tell the public yet,
I'm afraid.*

So yeah, post your theories and comment!

Trolling And How it Causes The End of the World

Sep 17, 2012, 3:59:29 AM

Write4Ever Forums: Poetry Section: Nature: Blackbird

By: raven13563

Hi! This is my first time on the forums, so sorry if my poem isn't that good!

Anyway, here is Blackbird!

A tear of blood,
Immobolised in an amber inferno,
Across the sky ship of
cadmium...

Janal scrutinised his piggish eyes at the text, his double chin quivering in disgust.
How dare that little motherfucking slut post on my fucking forum! He thought, clenching his
pudgy fingers into a fist, which resembled a dough ball. In fact, Janal looked like a dough
ball.

And what the fuck is with the stupid faggots that are posting her bullshit compliments?

"Great work! I loooooove this <3" ShadowPoet5551 said, with a cheesy smiley at the end.

"OMG this is SOOO beautiful! And welcome to the forums!" said some other gimp, known
as 'TohouMaster.'

The thing that made Janal's blood boil the most was a) a fellow brony was spewing lies to this
noobish fuckass girl and b) SHE WAS A MODERATOR.

I mean, this little cunt got all this praise for her stupid soppy poem filled with bullshit while
his story was ignored.

Janal picked up his inhaler and squeezed it into his system. Then, to try and relive his anger
he began writing more to his super awesome dope creepypasta.

He read over it again,

Write4Ever Forums: Prose: Fiction: Horror: Creepypasta

HEY BITChEs iz me AwesomeCODPlayer1337 and thiz is mycreepypasta is is RELLY sacry my daddy thought so tyoo and it is mega awesome so yeash, pOSt nothing but awesome stuff or ILLL biatchslap your mamma youfe been warned so yeah i waz getting pussy and fucking this sxy besat she was tnned and had mssif tits better than urr byfrind sao scku it when threr waz a windy from the window and BAM this fuckhaed ghost thgng came ad sole ma gf wehn I waas bsuy entrtring rhe vag I was like wtha daf uck dude giv bach ma bicht but the ghost thing was like NAO SEHS MNIE IMMA GOniG TAO RAPE HER DRY and I waz like hell no...

Janal was very proud of his masterpiece. More importantly, his dad thought so too. And his dad was right about everything.

Flexing his sausage-shaped digits, he started to hit his golden keyboard. He didn't care very much about the grammar at all, I mean who needs grammar? His story was easy to read anyway.

As Janal pondered on how his eponymous character was going to "fuck up the ghost big time" Janal remembered how his dad stupidly suggested getting "a translator" for him.

The cheek of him! Janal De Luco De Franco Sucherez didn't need a stupid faggot to tell him how to spell things!

For a start grammar was useless, and secondly he knew great English!

The wealthy twelve year old was great at everything in fact. He was so good in fact that his daddy thought he didn't need to go to school at all because he was so amazing!

This meant he could write up his stories (which he hoped to publish, he was going to be better than JK Rowling and all those other faggots that called themselves "authors"), play Call of Duty and give witty, snappy criticisms on other people's writing.

Janal's dad really was the best.

A few hours later, and Janal looked proudly at his addition to his work;

but da ghost wsa like Fcku noa so I kiaked hsi ass an he wen wranning aoof too hsi mamma like a bitch tahts da end yeah u btter o lieked it owerwise imam goin tae kick yor ass!!!!

Most great writers took years sometimes to write their work, but Janal was special. He was the best at writing, just like his dad had said, and so only had to spend a few minutes on his work.

The problem is, writers always worry over their grammar and punctuation, which is stupid. Janal, however, knew that punctuation didn't matter at all: just the idea.

And his idea was the finest.

Rattling his solid gold Macbook Air, he added the new line to his thread. He also added the comment, Yao biatches iv ulplosdd da necxt patr of mai neao cweeppipsta sao yo beater ritew up all mai gaood cmments yo AwesomeCodPlayer1337 out!

Janal also added a penis made of underscores and equal signs, to show that he wasn't "dicking" around. Surely someone would get the subtle metaphor?

Or, the stupid briandead's would just blatantly insult him, like usual.

What a bunch of dickheads!

Saying things like "I'm afraid this story could do with a better plot and grammar! Nice try though!" and "Hmm I'm afraid I didn't like it that much...but that's okay, you can improve here! Welcome to the forums! 🤖"

Welcome to the forums?! Did these people want to fail in their patronisation tests?

Janal could clearly see that this forum needed cleaning up. He had already attempted, but the stupid-ass moderators had given him five warnings. One more and he would be off!

So, Janal had to try a subtle response.

Deciding to attack the enemy again, and save the other strangled members in that poor forum, the overweight preteen decided to use that stupid poem he saw earlier as his target.

Feeling very subtle, he wrote;

OmUg guz stopp spweaading lie t0 thes fcuktard hre poem iz zo bead it mAxkes mei puuke!!!! Stop TLLing liez faggos!!!!!!1111!

Satisfied with his subtlety, Janal proudly pressed his diamond ENTER key with one stubby finger.

As he saw his insightful message upload to the Internet, he heard that stupid harpy called "mummy" call him for his feast.

"Janal my sweet pudding plop! It's time for your evening feast!"

About fucking time! He was hungry ever since he finished his chocolate cake he had gorged on five minutes ago.

"FUCK OFF!" he screamed, angry that he had been interrupted in his time of satisfaction. Like a penguin, her started to waddle towards his dinner.

James sighed, rolled his eyes, flopped his ginger hair to the side and began to ban 'AwesomeCodPlayer1337'

The software of this forum really needs to be updated, the 19-year old thought to himself, wiping some papers off his desk.

With the flick of a few hotkeys, this blatant troll would find he had no posts anymore. he wouldn't be missed; the admin (James) had wanted to ban him for ages. Thanks to university, he hadn't found the time. Also, rewriting his new novel helped add to the heap of things that got in the way of his forum.

The near-graduate smiled when he thought about his definite publishing deal.

Shaldington & Sons Literature Partners had found his poetry thread on his own forums (which turned out ridiculously popular). The minute they read his poem, Autumn Solace, they were hooked.

The story idea had been floating in his head for around three years now; but it had taken an average of 24 introductions to get it moving.

But now, he had a breakthrough: he had got up to Chapter 15 now.

Of 46 possible chapters.

It was a long way from on WHSmith, but he knew he would get there.

Anyway. A bastard had to be banished from Write4Ever Forums.

With all the grandeur he could muster, his thin finger lightly tapped the ENTER key. Well, he would, but it had been torn off in some forgotten accident. James suspected it was Jeremy.

The user has been permanently banned.

With a sigh of relief, James opened up the Word document of his novel.

Lightly tapping the plastic keys, he began to write.

Janal ran out of the kitchen, his face crimson with rage.

"WELL FUCK YOU, MUM!"

"Oh, honeybun!" she crooned from the kitchen. "I'm really sorry! I'll get you another quartz Ferrari, okay?"

"I HATE FERRARIS!" The prince screamed, stamping his foot in indignation.

With all the strength he could muster, he punched a marble pillar beside him. However, this was incredibly painful, and so Janal started to cry.

"YOU JUST HATE ME YOU DUMB WHORE!" he screamed, and stormed away to his laptop.

Basically smashing the keys, he logged back into his forum. He wanted to see how pleased raven13563 would be after seeing his eye-opening post.

You cannot log in.

Janal looked on, dumbfounded.

"WHAAAT?!" he screamed, scrunching his hand into a dough ball again.

Had they... had they...had they actually banned him?

HAD THEY JUST BANNED JANAL THE GREAT?

The anger Janal felt went beyond description.

Screaming at a volume of around 120 decibels, Janal went on a rampage through his palace.

Kicking tables, Janal began his rampage.

"Diddledums?" Janal's 'pathetic' mum asked, stepping towards her son carefully.

"FUCK OFF YOU INSECT!" the son in question screamed, and punched the crouching model in the gut.

Gasping in pain, Mummy swooned over and fainted on to the golden tiles.

Janal's skin became purple, and he started to smash more things. The servants of the palace got out of his way.

When Janal was angry, the evil imperialists of America seemed like nothing.

"Would you like tea with that, Vladimir?"

El Presidente Rozero IV showed the Russian prime minister the gilded cup.

Face stuffed with shortbread, the man in control of the biggest country on earth vigorously shook his head.

"Sugar?" the dictator of Salerio asked, praying that his answer would be yes.

Putin nodded again, with a mouthful of crumbs.

The Arabic dictator sighed in relief. His was plan was so close to being complete!

Rozero picked a sugar cube from a crystal bowl in front of him, deliberately taking the one on top of the pile. Unbeknownst to Vladimir Putin, this one had the venom of a Belcher's Sea Snake.

The second he drunk the tea, Vladimir would die. Everyone would believe he had simply fallen down the stairs and broken his neck.

Over in Russia, a secret operative of Salerio's would rig the upcoming elections of Russia and take over.

It wasn't that hard; If Putin could have done it how hard can it be?

Just as the sugar plopped in, and the Russian dictat- I mean, glorious leader, was about to drink the lethal drink, Janal barged in.

"DAAAAAAAAD!" he screamed, stomping into the study. In rage, he punched the cup of

tea on to Putin's lap.

"Aiiiiieeee!" he screamed, running away with boiling venomous tea on his lap.

"GOD DAMN IT SON!" the dictator screamed. "I was so close to taking over Russia and the world! What is the problem you stupid brat?"

Janal crossed his arms and pouted.

"Your whore is being a bitch. And someone banned me on my mega super forum!"

Rozero rolled his eyes.

"For the love of God, did you have to barge in here to-"

Janal started to quiver, ready to break into a phony excuse of a "cry."

Oh god no! Rozero thought. Anything but one of my son's tantrums!

"Okay, okay okay!" the bad father said. "What do you want me to do?"

Janal tried to grin innocently. This failed spectacularly as he looked like a potato.

"Kill all da people that hate me and got me banned."

Rozero knew it was ridiculous, but if he didn't give into his son's demands he would have to face one of Janal's rages.

Believe me. You do not want to see one of Janal's proper rages.

"Okay," the dictator sighed. "We'll track them down and kill them, if you really want..."

Janal beamed, before snarling.

"I'M HUNGRY! I WANT A GIANT MARSHMALLOW CAKE! NOW!"

Morag was very happy in her sketch-covered bedroom.

The feedback on her poem was astoundingly positive. Everyone on the forum had been so supportive; she was going to like it here.

The only negative thing she had got was from stupid troll, who had got banned very swiftly anyway.

Probably some spoilt twelve year old anyway.

Morag heard a knock at the door.

Mum again, isn't it? Morag thought, sighing. How much shopping does she have?

She opened the door.

To find a soldier in bulletproof armour wearing a gas mask pointing a rifle at her head.

"لا تتحرك!" He said in fast Arabic.

Morag didn't know Arabic, and so ran away as fast as her legs could carry her.

With one easy flick of the hand, the spec ops pulled the trigger and flawlessly caused his sixteen year old target to fall to the ground, dead.

If she hadn't written that poem, she would have still been alive.

Poetry kills, remember.

A neighbour saw the chaos across the street, and called the police. An hour later, and the carnage was on the news.

As a lot of Sudario's income was from the export of mashed pieces of plastic (sought after by many modern art collectors). So when Britain asked which country had sent the kill squad, they stayed quiet.

Meanwhile, Russia was very angry at the death of their leader, Putin. They didn't buy the "unfortunate accident involving stairs" reason for a second.

Blinded with fury and sadness, the public attacked the Kremlin and killed every single MP in the Parliament. The public, now with no government, descended into anarchy and Russia

turned into a warzone.

A year later, as a new book by a certain James Antony came to the public, China decided to try and take over the charred remains of the country. However, they found out that Andorra had already seized the country, and had created a vast powerful military empire.

Annoyed at this, China and the Andorran Empire went to war.

France and the rest of Europe joined greater Andorra, while Asia joined China. Well, they were swiftly invaded so they had no choice.

U.S.A were split between the two, so President Bob flipped a coin to decide which side to go for. The coin landed on tails, so they joined China.

Oceania tried to stay out of the whole mess, but then China came in and invaded them all.

With the world against itself trade stopped and every single country featured a quantile depression, making a lot of people poor and hungry. Revolutions started in each country, and soon every single nation in the world had a civil war at home while also fighting other nations.

Eventually (fifty years later to be precise) the civil wars ended with only one guy left on a burnt earth; Janal the exiled leader of Western-Northern-that-Tiny-Tip-Near-Eastern-Bangladesh-Sudario.

A day later, he had a heart attack and died.

So the moral of this story is this, kids: don't troll. Or you will destroy the world.

Nighty night!

The End.

A short story about how a troll brings about the end of the world.

WARNING: A LOT of swearing. Obviously; it's about an internet troll. >__<

Oh yeah. it's also ridiculous. xP

Enjoy!

Judges at The Swimming Pool

Sep 24, 2012, 1:42:42 PM

Eyes to the tiles. Remember now,
you can't be classed a hermit of lust
or the kings will point toddler fingers at you,
just walk on the borderlands
and keep eyes down from
their dirty light.

Be silent,
let the monarchs have their banter,
engulf the smell of steel fruit
as it sighs itself from canisters

and into your claustrophobia.

Look, think,
watch the fluid city fall,
just like your stomach.

The ice block shoots the heart,
almost like the judge's eyes.
The glacier eventually thaws
but quick glances at beaches
brings them back from the dead,
That white one is-
Stop it.

In a flash of confidence boom and ego flux,
It's over: out,
and like some pathetic seal
you clamber out of my melting Antarctic-heart.

It seems you forgot my cocktail gel
(you don't need it, right?)
But being an old man
in a club still makes you queasy.

Dry hurriedly,
must get out,
the kings might come for another inspection
and then:

Slow walk.
Sip from your oxy-hydro rum
and ignore the white beach;
the judge you fear most,
the judge of enigmatic smiles,
the judge who will rip your heart into dust
and then reassemble in a mesh of ache.

Your judge.

You wait in awkward silence before the bell goes. You and he leaves for your next classes.

A poem about a good ol' swimming lesson for P.E at school!

Urk. I need to write something positive. One day, I tell you! One day....

So yeah, enjoy!

*EDIT: 5/10/13 Revamped this poem. Still not perfect, but hard to get back into those shoes.
Woah, looking back at this I feel sorry for what past me had to go through... and his
naiveness. Made it second person to emphasise how its me talking to him from the
present, and made the imagery less obscure. Not my best, obviously, but I salvaged it well
enough, I think.*

Bonded By My Bed

Dec 16, 2012, 3:40:41 AM

Chained to my cover,
Ensnared in my quilt and bed,
Away to dreams now.

*For "Scratch That" The theme was bondage so I tried to make something positive from
that 🌐*

Price of Popularity

Feb 3, 2013, 10:12:15 AM

Sweet smile, candy curves, liquorice heart.

Poemling 2#

Feb 17, 2013, 1:40:34 PM

He feels like
a wittier,
funnier,
more beautiful,
quiet,
modest
me,
and if he
saw me as
an awkward
shit
Then it might
hurt less
than this
treatment
of unknown
he is giving
me now.
All he has to do
is smile,
and my mind
is in pieces
as I try to pierce
together

the inner workings
of a shell.

It might be easier
to not love

him,

yet I

still have

the fantasy

he is more

a mirror

than an

amazing

person.

Would he

love me anyway?

Perhaps I am

but an infection.

It does hurt

to know

he might

just hate me

for

trying to

-word unknown, messy handwriting got in the way >__> Might be "stolen" or "sting", can't
remember-

This poemling is

shit.

And it really hasn't

helped me

at all

from crawling

out of a

pile of

melodramatic

teenage

bullshit.

*I don't feel like this anymore, by the way. Thought I might add it to the scrapbook as it really
isn't deviation-standard.*

*But yeah, this is what I call a 'poemling.' It's basically my thoughts in a poetic structure,
although it probably would work better as something that isn't a poem-esque thing but what
the hell.*

Poemling 3#

Feb 17, 2013, 1:45:44 PM

Chicken thighs,
Chest-tone a few bumps,
Hands abominable
deserts,
Fingernails tease with
grime,
Scratched lumps line
my arms,
-LINES EXCLUDED-
Ears most
definitely
filled in something.
Nose is a tap
of phlegm,
Skin and hair
likes to
separate
and make me
look like
a tramp.
A few strands
is all that
grows
under arms,
knees
-Unknown word again, perhaps "hideous" or "ridiculous"-
mountains.

Happy Valentines day!

*The next poemling, which is basically how I viewed my body when I was pretty much
depressed (not clinically, mind).*

*I took away some lines because it was a bit too explicit and I don't really think people want to
read them |_/.*

Love

Mar 4, 2013, 1:20:35 PM

Little obligations, very expensive. Love sucks.

#[SixWordStories](#)' Open Theme Contest

A slightly witty if not cynical look on love. For the competition above!

Gambling in Love's Game



So, some see love as a game involving risks and chances. So this little thing would fit into Scratch That Round 6, I thought! The poem are the basic thoughts that run through someone's head when they ask someone out in that oh-so frightening experience of high school romance.

So, here's my first ever piece of Visual Poetry.

Adolescentism

Mar 23, 2013, 12:00:24 PM

No regret... but that night. Forwards.

A small thing, because I wanted to do a Six Word Story.

#SixWordStories' Word Prompt: Regret

Maths Class

Mar 24, 2013, 2:19:34 AM

Stop turning my brain to porridge.

Maths in Six Word Story Form.

soap, ready for THE MATHS TEST

Mar 24, 2013, 2:13:47 PM

soap, ready for
THE MATHS TEST OF DOOOOM
MMM
mmm
maths test
oh yeah maths test hit me there

i mean
o_o
um
yeah, think you're up for it?
silence,
sorry, *silence
is a good answer
because if shows you don't want to say the wrong thing
therefore, you're cautious
which is good
until you're beign attacked by a bear octopus
who only east modesty!
so yeah
be careful!
..
...
ok this is when you break the silnce
silence*
...
fine then
be that way
:C
pllllz
no?
okay then
wait, are you screenshotting this
you're screenshotting this aren't you
stahp with the screenshotting
it makes me feel like ive been shot through the stomach
as the name says
with the
shotting
ness
so yeah
do u think this could work as a spoken word poem?
or somethign avant garde
maybe
i dunno
what would you say?
OH WAIT YOU CANT SPEAK IT SEEMS
i forgot
apologies
for bringing up the memories
of losing voices
through a screen
which is hard

now i think about it
'cause normally you can still type
and not speak
but for you it's the other way around
must have been that bear octopus
i told you not to be modest bro
i wanred you about the modesty bro
I TOLD YOU DAWG
I TOOOLD YOOOU#

.
okay, you're not online are you

Compromise

Mar 29, 2013, 4:49:48 AM

Heads? Tails? Nope, a dark drain.

#SixWordStories' theme prompt: Justice.

I don't really get it that much either xD More subtle than my other 6WS, IMHO.

Bankers

Apr 16, 2013, 12:21:45 PM

Fishing
paper
seaweed.

*NaPoWriMo Day 16# and sorry for the short brevette but today reminded me why homework
is silly.*

Capitalism in Brevette form.

Your Eyes

Apr 19, 2013, 11:07:27 AM

Your eyes are
sunlight spilling through
summer trees,
twin malachites
enthroned
in a field of snow,
hair a loose tumble of ravens,
nesting on
toothy grins
and a poet
who can't bleed poetry
but by god does he try.

NaPoWriMo Day 19# and WOW SO CHEESY. But I speak the truth :3

Description of love interest. Durp.

Not related to the Bombay Bicycle Club song, although it is a good song; [link to "Your Eyes" by Bombay Bicycle Club]

6/9/13 EDIT: Completely revamped this. I think the piece is better by it, however.

Cloud Wound

Apr 20, 2013, 12:30:20 PM

Amber
bleeds.

My first ever micropoem! 🌱

*It's about a sunset, and not part of NaPoWriMo. It's Haiku & Eastern because it fits with
minimalistic poetry.*

Hierarchy

Apr 23, 2013, 10:32:01 AM

We drink. Below us, you squish.

For #SixWordStories Word Prompt: "Below Us".

Dunno exactly how to interpret this one... its mainly about an unfair system , though.

Temper

May 1, 2013, 1:11:06 PM

Snarky sneer. Smack. Sob sob. Shit.

#SixWordStories Theme Prompt: Devastation.

*Go go sibilance. And if you're reading this, Dad, sorry about swearing but nothing else
would fit D:*

New Religion

May 15, 2013, 11:22:20 AM

All hail Celtic! Death to Rangers!

*So I had this idea in my head for a bit, and I watched a video in R.E about sectarianism
football, and it got me "what if" part my brain working.*

*It's basically a satire of how terrifyingly dedicated and delusional people can become to
fandoms, football clubs, political parties... until they start to resemble fundamentalist
religious nutters. So what if in the future that is the case? Football matches become sacred
ground, scripture is told through video clips of famous goals and after-match riots become*

crusades.

hopefully this won't actually happen but hey, here you go.

Zaf-Rion

Jun 10, 2013, 9:15:45 AM

Alien deserts and celestial copper gardens.

#SixWordStories' Versicolor Project: Saffron

Dunno why, but that colour reminded me of an alien desert world. So this came out.

Surprise Death

Jun 19, 2013, 10:53:11 AM

"I'd just like to say that-"

#SixWordStories' Theme Prompt: Your Last 6 Words Before Death

Oh humor, you.

Kayak On The Canal

Jun 21, 2013, 11:47:21 AM

Lime honey mirror,
Orange banana floating-
Look out, a bush! Ah!

Let's just say I'm not the best at kayaking.

Made of Clockwork

Jul 6, 2013, 2:45:39 AM

You burned me with a spider bite,
turned my love to life gone
and let ghosts of blood and blue
rise up from the glaze
of his honeyed eyes.

The voices chime
with the machine,
the metaclockwork ticking away
to the apocalypse;
everything is the end.

I entered a metal shell,
cold like the
waves of a clock,

it tried to love
but I made it bleed.

I painted her world blue,
spilled her blood like
she crushed fudge legs,
die die die die
the spirits tell me
to die,
spidergirl.

I'm in Derse's darkness.
I feel flames,
emerald flames,
I'm on fire
again.
I feel,
I feel life,
I am alive,
I am the clockmistress,
I'm awake,
I have arisen-

I'm tired of being dead.

Homestuck-fan-poems yay.

Aradia.

If We're Gonna Fall (Why Not As Fireworks)

Jul 29, 2013, 7:19:27 AM

Get out of the light and make a BLACK HOT COFFEE,
Thoughts start to clam like MACABRE TOFFEE,
Make my own mind game and EVERYONE'S A POSSE,
Looks like I gotta turn to KAMIKAZE!

'Cause if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
AND IF WE'RE GONNA FALL WHY NOT AS FIREWORKS!

Magma cyclone, running in my BRAIN,
It's everyone else that's going INSANE!
I don't want to lose again,
LOGIC'S SLAIN!

'Cause if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,

And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
AND IF WE'RE GONNA FALL WHY NOT AS FIREWORKS!

Think I'm about to BLEED AN OCEAN,
Before I know it fists IN MOTION,
Legs and arms and all in devotion,
ALL HAIL THE RAGE LOCOMOTION!

And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
And, if we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks,
AND IF WE'RE GONNA FALL THEN WHY NOT AS FIREWORKS!

If we're gonna fall, then why not as fireworks?

And then there was the day I decided to write a post-hardcore song. Because.

*The bold, capitalized parts are where the words are meant to be really screamed out, the
italic where it's meant to be whispered/hissed.*

It's about anger and the thought processes that go on inside when angry.

The Impossible Desire

Aug 31, 2013, 9:42:45 AM

I wish this didn't come true.

Blub for a not-original title.

#SixWordStories' Theme Prompt: Paradox

*I haven't wrote one of these in ages. Or at least it feels like ages.
Kinda annoyed that I can't add in an extra wish to make it make more sense, but I guess it
works otherwise.*

Scepticism

Sep 15, 2013, 3:56:05 AM

Tearfully, God played dead.

I wanted to do a four-word prose story so I did.

Seriously, what is it with me and God in my work lately.

For #minimalit

Peer Pressure

Feb 7, 2014, 8:54:03 AM

The germaphobe nervously became a biologist.

Oh hai there, six word story. Haven't done one of you for a while.

The Milk

Feb 12, 2014, 11:27:14 AM

BRENDA: And the milk?

Bert curses.

*May I present my first ever SIX WORD PLAY!
Including intrigue! Perhaps romance! And milk!*

oh shush you, it's an experiment.

Futureline, i

Feb 17, 2014, 4:03:49 AM

2038: War

2051: Ruin

2076: Ivy

Probably the six word story I'm proudest of.

Yap.

On Cute Boys

Feb 20, 2014, 2:05:46 PM

I see it in your eyes-

it must be true, no?

In your eyes is the glint of question-

whether I am of the downtrodden happy tribe,

whether I am a viable star to colonize

in hugs and kisses,

...right?

Because I am here,

waiting for you to find beauty

in my mundane mediocrity glorified,

and I am ready to respond

with descriptions of you almond-starred,

ready to dance along to obscure hipster rock

only we could dance to.

I am here,
waiting for someyou
to make love to me in the dust
of my previous obsessions,
in this desert globe classed
"Heart".

[link to "Let's Talk About Your Hair" by Have Mercy]

*After my bout of experimentation (recorded by Ayeist historians as the Glitchout) have something a
bit more subtle.*

*Should really be in my document of poems as possible competition entries, but I felt like sharing it.
Maybe the start of some Classicish Coup against the horrors of glitch poetry? Iunno.
But anyway, feelings.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

Class Clashes

Feb 24, 2014, 11:08:07 AM

Workers? Uneducated inbreds.

Aristocracy? Pretentious inbreds.

Isn't it wonderful to be the middle class?!

(A hee hee hoo, sociopolitical stuff.)

Futureline, ii

Feb 24, 2014, 11:12:51 AM

2085: Rebirth

2091: Rebuild

2100: Reknew

Oooh, a story.

Let's see how this goes.

Futureline, iii

Mar 1, 2014, 1:38:03 AM

2116: Empires

2158: War

2173: Again

Word Count: 71

Porn

x x x

A visual minimalist poem!

But is it really a poem?!

Yes, yes it is: [link to Vsauce's "What is The Shortest Poem"?]

Teenage Anthem

& ?

A visual minimalist poem!

But is it really a poem?!

Yes, yes it is: [link to Vsauce's {ditto}]

dukkha

Oct 20, 2014, 10:24:50 AM

Pleasure got distracted by stomach pains.

Yo, SWS. Haven't done one in a while.

proper stuff will continue this Friday

tumblrgirl

Nov 6, 2014, 12:37:04 PM

Okay, yeah, whatever,
I reblogged the picture.
The thirteen year old being a feminist.
Not the cat being post-ironic.
Justice over law because the law denies
the Bluest Court, i cAN'T EVen

express the teasmoke. It turns black when
it sasses my lips. You go girl,
you go rainbow-militant. It's a clockwork
bibpolar, this Instagram of closed books,
this chibi-Vine-

-post-cultural satire. Self-Depreciation
Has Gone Mad! Uh, no, check your

mind. It has none. We question those that don't question
our questioning. People just discriminate, I want the world
to change. That, or get under these bedcovers and sleep 5evar.
Reblog to save a life. Save me in the crossfire,
WeMustBeDepressedOrWe'llDie because

Punk died, Hippie died, we can't.
Ferguson would happen again,
Stonewall would crumble like raspberry-Berlin.
The old ones with conservative values
who was of negative-Time and bakes
those almond cakes? I beat her with a
floral cane (Nettles taste good on
those niche bumps). She was the worst.
To spread my agenda of LED light,
I took her selife as my own and masqueraded as Fox News.
The publicity, darling,
tHE PUBLICITY I CAN'T

even
out the scales
outside Court. I forgot
about that newbie (no wrong term)
naive (much better) feminist
who expressed her breasts.
It's just nipples, all these courts
care about is the females they think
they deserve. I deserve them.
I'm a White Knight riding on a Dark Horse,
but you needed to drag out the box
to see properly.
They only ever saw sepia sunset.
Lmfao, the wonder of e-revolutions.

Here, in the real marble world,
500 re-sayings on cable networks and worth
500'000 reblogs. I wonder if that'll
ever be realised. I fought for Social Justice,
Once the communist-materialists take over
I'll be celebrate on a noise rock blog.
So I can reblog all the art I want.
It isn't a crime in my circles,
unenlightened
postgrad court-bigot.
She shouldn't have been on this internet
if she feels self-conscious about her body,
everyone is beautiful anywhere so her
whimpering is just so, ugh, patriarchal,
this ubiquitous network of stubborn blue-feeling.

I'm not wrong in the head.
Just a Byronic, bled.
I let that girl (ageist) woman (express herself,
this is Political Correctness gone wrong.
Crime shouldn't be censored.
Take regret and Queue it up for reposting
on the tearless, alt-psychologist's profile.

Anonymous hates me now,
after I appeared on the bigger iPhone 6 screens.
Living Room, USA.
Anonymous is making valid points now, found its roots again. Didn't go so far left
she fell off reality-cliff, like me.

I wonder if she remembers I'm where she came from.

*was gonna post cos had the idea for a bit and then yet again another (i.e SilverInkblot)
member of the commnnity obvs got the same idea as well and was more productive than
me 🤔*

I kind hate the outcome, tho, hence scraps setting >__>

Spider on piano

Dec 9, 2014, 11:10:42 AM

Limbs like strings
chattering across the concert page,
mistaking notes for flies:

did you make webs between
the jazz, the chords,
the black prisms?

When your body blushes
the same oak colour
as this piano,
a mahogany chromatic scale
going back to the web,

I wonder if you mistake
every vibration from this
metal harp
within

for food. Like the composers did.

Happened approx. 15 mins ago

- 1. fave line?*
- 2. Least fave line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

One Political Foot Forward To Uncertainty

Jan 14, 2015, 3:31:46 PM

"Left!"
"Right!"

"...Left?"
"...Right?"

"Salmond?!"
"Farage?!"

Two left feet forward is what we need to get the country going!

A dialogue.

post-

Jan 23, 2015, 11:30:01 AM

on the first day
the networks died
and were replaced with
an infinite soliloquy
going nowhere.

the second day
ended on a fals
etto love-note,
too high to hear.

the third day
was the crash of
a corridor-storm
in eyeballs.
synapses ripped apart
like cables.

fourth day
we lost all communication.
ivy grew
on facebook-chat towers.

fifth day
over him.
new farms to seed,
new society.

sixth day.
unspeakable melancholy
oozed from subconscious caves
to eat the future.

seventh day
and he transcended
into the malachite smog.
this is the cycle.
i cry reaching for his marble,
his thoughts, his civilization.

*Using infatuation subjects as instruments for potential literature, lol.
That first stanza has been eating me for ages.*

1. Fave line?
2. Least fave/ least memorable?
3. Anything else?

Bismuth Palace

Aug 30, 2015, 5:40:06 AM

on a hurtling rock
on the edge of space and home
i fell into the
square rings,
into the labyrinthine nexus,
into the asteroid

mining tunnel
where we looked for truth,
exotic minerals,
yellow-silver hope

and found complexity,

the steps
to pillars
to frames for portraits

of rooms which contained the steps to rooms

and all glistening in the glazed, translucent, crystal
delve;

sugar warp drive,
hyperdimensional candy,
bubblegum Mayan pyramid
at the turn of the calendar,
the orbit of the sun,

i am sixseventeen.

i am swimming in the rainbow steps
up
to the promised zenith of light
where instead i will bathe in
neon rain,

the colours of an oil spill on a never ending road,
where

we will profess
love and stability,

where

all the spaces of clarity
will be replaced with blaring colour,

a city-map
of the
subconscious
worming nowhere.

*swanning
some
-where
infinite bands
of colour
beguile like a smiling dawn;*

*we are pressed
into the wrinkles of hushed goldmines,*

*all dusk and night
when we are coaxed
by fortytwo ideas.*

bimsuth palace,
monument to the manic mind.

Kindly finished by [chromeantennae](#) (the italicized stanza).

1. What do you think it's about?
2. Fave line?
3. AyeAye12 or NaeNae12 to the spacing?
4. Anything else?

Cinderella 3: Quantum of Solace

Apr 12, 2016, 2:11:35 PM

I, Strong Female Character.
Pouncing in my petticoats
that turn into kitchen blades;

the men didn't stand a chance.
Happenstance, this whole "justice"
thing. Not for the social. But

the saturated scripts sold
so that was that, face value,
flat. They said I'll write two wrongs

and my character was born.
The lycra was tight, breasts free
from patriarchy, indie,

got the right hegemony
into the cinema seats.
Such was said behind the scenes—

the camera's octopus
glare, one drooling stare. Watch it
now, the sweet sweat of warfare,

a pumpkin grenade thrown in
some burning German palace.
I impaled my stepmother

with a crystal stiletto.
I was the princess on fire,
strong, lonely on the dancefloor,

the story lost in first drafts.
My cinematic visage,
sold, splayed on posters and shelves,

sex drugs and blood seen. Pure sheen.
The final act a nuke's bling,
our deleted scenes of peace.

NaPoWriMo Day 12

*For the awesome awesome project glitchmonth you should check out! I used the theme (that,
uh, I suggested myself) "Cinderella 3: Quantum of Solace."*

*Inspired by Harry Giles' excellent "Strong Female Character" and also Carol Ann Duffy's
"The World's Wife".*

A-a-nullus-i

Collection

Jul 7, 2013, 7:58:09 AM

a nexus of light, dreams, collaborations of mind and soul all put into one universal singularity of glory and creativity, the dust on the shelves of the conscious, the ornaments of human conditions.

Did the One Word prompt thing and it made this prosetry thing.

The word was "Collection".

Wistful

Jul 8, 2013, 10:52:33 AM

A beard of white, the musings of an ancient man who sits in his library contemplating the whimsical aspects of his life, delving into the dark ironies with a bittersweet smile to end his aging thoughts. His ruin serves him well in solitude.

More OneWord.com shenanigans.

More prosey than last time

Melancholic Spaghetti

Sep 26, 2013, 10:32:14 AM

and there's a goddess,
plum-white and intoxicated
in crimson sun;

a basket of steel fruit
hangs from the gutter,
marinated in sneers
i guess we're all demigods
near atheists.

I actually don't know,. I just wanted to write the first things that came into my mind because 'cos.

Nice images, but absolute no structure and it means nothing.

love is a thing which is a thing called parliment

Oct 7, 2013, 1:42:42 PM

If this is puppy love,
then its a big old Labrador now, isn't it.

Thought of it a minute ago.

The title has no sense to it.

Blame "LuckyxFridayx13" and her piece "Time Bomb Heart" (specifically the artists comments) for making me think of this.

p-o-e-t is but four letters. (Nullus version)

Oct 12, 2013, 1:25:42 PM

Some would call me a poet
but that's just four letters.
No, I'm

1
a biologist:
dissecting the universe with a
ballpoint scalpel
and reconstructing the deconstructed,
genetically engineering cosmic material
to shift light at the twitch of an eye.

2
A self harmer:
I will take these blades of ink to my skull
and bleed out thoughts and shame
into Life's bathtub,
bring a flourish of vermillion anger
or vomit-green jealousy
into the stale water ,
I'll send my civil wars and problems
down with the pull of the plug
and let the waves crash against others coasts
forever.

3
A storm:
watch me as I push
words into whirlwinds
and send them darting across the page,
making thunderstorms in metaphor,
serenading lightning hearts in simile,
ravaging notebook voids
and leaving cranial famine
flourishing into tropical rainforests
of inspiration,

So, I found out I had already written "p-o-e-t is but four letters" on a Word doc, forgot about it and then rewrote it. Here is the original.

Raindrops are sometimes blue.

Oct 26, 2013, 12:24:02 PM

ra

indrops

a r e

s

o

M

e

t-i-m-e-s

b; ;l u; e;

What? They are.

(Part satire, part playing around with thingys on deviantArt)

Denim

Nov 9, 2013, 2:54:04 PM

blue, sea blue, its the ocean put down through the sweat of a young slave boy; the slave boy with chocolate skin to combat the navy of the corporation that keeps him in chain every day. it's chains made of debt, snaking through the slum streets, down past the brothels the boy will work in in three years time.

I used oneword.com again.

It's pretty useful.

Creativity

Nov 16, 2013, 3:26:10 PM

Brain, grey matter flowing, pumping, heartbeat of sparks: its the blue neon to the red, juxtaposition of reality into the idealistic imagination of long lost innocence, clouds swarming, sun rain falling, patter patter; now we're breathing in the enlightenment.

Oneword.com

Pursuit

Dec 7, 2013, 6:56:08 AM

The thrill of the chase, set upon by tiger tails and the rushing slideshow of streetlights merging into the trees, and now the tarmac, tarmac bouncing to the beat of car riffs and the hooks set by smog, musical notes set in place by minimalistic signs signaled by the composer, the composer known as the road.

Improv Poetry Seshs On Steam Chat

Dec 23, 2013, 2:12:47 PM

BUTTER: *sobs cuz holy fuck I cant breathe*
AyeAye12: dont do that
BUTTER: W-why no
AyeAye12: cos it baits fire into your heart
AyeAye12: and we dont want that
AyeAye12: we want air; air pushes and is the spirit of life
AyeAye12: fire destroys after one-second madness and passion
AyeAye12: earth allows for nothing to happen
AyeAye12: water lets go too much
AyeAye12: air dances
BUTTER: Air sucks
AyeAye12: ... i just made that up on the spot lol
BUTTER: Earth too
AyeAye12: coddamnit butter

random deviation cascade of found poetry

Jan 4, 2014, 2:44:17 PM

The original artist of this work(...)
The time shapes the art, that when there is dedication and love....
so we are art lovers traveling in time
@@@
Another angle.

"locan forest"

there's a reason this is in scraps.



*“The art of time
The time shapes the art, that when there is dedication and love
so we are art lovers traveling in time”*



*it's gloriously bad.
i wonder if crapcore poetry can be a thing.*

slam poem excerpt maybe? (Poemling 16)

Feb 14, 2014, 3:13:37 PM

I am fantastic!
Don't let your
white-ash-fatalistic-imbeauty
tell me otherwise,
don;t let that snow
melt my passion,
don't crack this reflection
into something that doesn't even exist,
because when I retreat(?)retro(?)retch(?)
I will fight,
I will fight
and fight
and fight,
just to see me not in chains.

gah, this is good but poemless.

i will write it one day though.

happy birthday, 1? (hopefully not the first)

Mar 8, 2014, 2:23:37 AM

Happy birthday, a year older,
happy birthday, a step ahead,
happy birthday, go get golder,
happy birthday, don't forget to...

um.

bake bread?

yes, baked bread, the great savior of all new adults.

I just woke up damnit don't expect me to make everything fantastic.

Have an ASCII cake as apology;

```

      *           *      ~      *
        *      ~      *           *      ~
          )      (           *
*  ~  ) ( ) ( ( ) ) ( ) ( *
      * ( ) # ) ( ) ) # ( ( ) ( # ( )      *
        _#.-#( )-#-( )#( )-#-( )#-.#
*      .' # # # # # # # # # # \. ~      *
        : # # # # # # # # :

```

Hussiewent into full ultra baka mode, and his tomatoes on his face became volcanoes of infinite passion. "H-how did you know??!!??!"

Scratch laughed his laughless laugh, because he didn't have a mouth. He pushed himself up on to his desk showing he had unbuttoned his trousers too. Hussie felt his heart flutter like a bloody muscle bag with butterfly wings.

Lying on the desk seductively, Scratch was in a seductive pose.

Hussie got on the table, and started to cry because Scratch was so beautiful. Slowly he took off his clothes, to reveal his stick-thin orange butternut squashness.

Scratch edged towards Hussie, his hands rubbing across Hussie's form like he was washing a very dirty, sweaty orange car. Slowly, he whispered,

"I'm pregnant."

Chapter 2

[illegible]

Scratch went on all fours like an opal lion. "Yes," he whispered loudly. "Very pregnant." Hussie felt his mouth slack into a cave of astonishment. "But I see no bump, and you're a man!"

Scratch licked Hussie like he was testing out a oblong orange at the market. He then giggled in his omniscient way.

"I am more than a man... my womb is in my head, you see..."

And at an instant, cracks started to appear across Scratch's domeish head. His puppety body turned green and bigger, until all that was left was one massive green hunk with a 54-pack and the hottest skull head in all of paradox space.

"Hello darling." said Lord English.

Chapter 3

Hussie became stuck in the purgatory of biting his lip at the lime hunk splayed out in all his cherubness and also being horrified beyond belief at the sight of the demonic time god. His lustful ambitions boomed into conscious thought, however, and he lunged forward into the muscular vista of his arms.

They held him tight and warm like a sauna of pleasurable holding. Lord English grunted in his erotical Meridian Trench-deep voice, and whispered "Let's frickafrackafrickfroctheshopfrickfrock".

Like Goering when visiting Hitler in prison after the Munich Putsch, Hussie slobberingly got on English's hindquarters and they

frickafrackafrickfroctedtherockandpartyhartydidhteylartymartymicjartyyobarmy'd. Hussie moaned like a beluga whale getting harpooned.

Suddenly, Tavros broke in and throw a spear at English!

"Oh, Tavros!" Hussie squelched. "You have saved me from the sexy yet dastardly handsomely evil English! How can I repay you?"

"(ூ)" Tavros said.

So they

frickafrackawackapackanackadackalackashakasuckawuckamuckamochalochalocomotiveente
rpisingisthewayforwardyesyesysubmitsuvbmitAHFJSMZohhell yeahbenwhishawisreallyhotth
oughaghlackalockamochashockawockadockah'd.

And it felt good.

THE END

happy valentines day

*hope this gets a DD.
even on april 1st*

tea/herbata/tee/thea/tae/tianddAantilanguageDXDX!

Jun 22, 2014, 3:09:18 AM

tea is best made when with nectarine milk and oatsugar and earl grey grey essence from the
myriad planets of infinite pondering suns :3

+ mugship

yayayay□□□čajᄀᄀᄀaütéthé

mugdemic

Jul 4, 2014, 12:21:06 PM

MUG: but sir, i'm a mug!

SIR: then have a mug of mugs!!!!!!!!!!

hands MUG a mug brimming with molten ceramics

Sdfgeyjrkti

DAIHTHECOLLECTORSEDITIONDELUXEOPERATICANIMEVERSION

Jul 20, 2014, 1:04:09 PM

my skin is as black as calcium

but the accordions are so bored with your french fries and cola sky damnit!

/slaps codfaced sock at your appendages unseen

(a spider crawls with every eye in your spine
be afraid}

title perfect length first time oh yay go me

eating phones

Jul 23, 2014, 11:41:26 AM

eating the phone
devour the communications expert
before he maneuvers us out of here

??????

Tokyo Purple (first attempt)

Jul 29, 2014, 8:37:28 AM

the nightlife smog,
evening flavoured lipstick
goes to town.

finds a deep-sugar alchopop
in a royal palace
(6-4-6 Ginza, Chuo-ku)

to the pulse of a mulberry moon.
1973 rock song crowd surfs
on ribena lights.

Tokyo Purple (Japanese Imperial Purple) (Hex: #5A004A) (RGB: 90, 0, 74)

DX

For @Neurotype

Y D
O I
U D
BRILLIANTLY!
YOUFEATUREDM
YFIRSTDDANDH
HAVEBEENAGEN
ERALLYLOVELY
DEVIANTTOKNO
~~~~~  
THANKYOUFORB  
EINGAPARTOFT  
HISCOMMUNITY



neurotype ,  
*Thanks for your time as CV. You were a great one at that 🧐👁️*  
*I did a similar thing for my brother's 19th birthday, this cake concrete style 🧐*  
*I hope you like it. Spelling errors and all xP*

-AyeAye12

rhymes needed as per my daily riting thing

*Oct 7, 2014, 2:43:53 PM*

drink yourself drunk  
and became a hump  
made of alchemy lumps

jump on a dump made of  
flup  
ity jumpity words words  
wolves wolves  
what

cry from your eyes  
entropy and lies

yayayyaya

Wasp, October 2014 (12th)

*Oct 16, 2014, 10:59:18 AM*

typical monarch;  
droned too far  
from the hive-necropolis  
and now here among the dead-leaf-tide,  
a wounded soldier.

blind poet;  
no smoothing of antennae  
like hair gel  
can make you see,  
can make you mate.  
rest in defeat,  
final vigour,  
down again.  
no Harry to make you  
a freedom fighter.  
no Homer to mark Apocalypse  
"odyssey".

final sleeper;

pant in my cradle of a leaf.  
i'll drop you to an impossible jungle.  
welcome to Eden.  
it climbs the stalk,  
falls, curls to a dropping.

*guuuuaaahh boo hiss this*

ayelet,uno (i.e apple)

*Dec 11, 2014, 12:43:49 PM*

i hate being what you eat.  
i hate the concept of eating,  
of having to kill via internal pits  
to live.

the food itself is delicious.

*decided to do a bitlet like thing a la a Nichrysalis  
shame is so sad lol*

eyes

*Jan 7, 2015, 5:26:02 PM*

his,

they are summer sunlight sifting through leaves,  
twin malachite, every emerald  
transpiring into a needle ice point,  
a blade of swamp

*sigh i shouldn't listen to coldplay at 00:25 before school*

HAPPI BIRTHDAY SOPHIE

*Jan 20, 2015, 10:47:10 AM*

YOUR WORDS ARE LIKE A TREE  
AS IN A CLOUD  
NICE STUFF LIKE TREES AND CLOUDS IN ESSENCE  
YOU'RE ALSO NEW ZEALANDEESE SO THAT'S REALLY COOL  
NOT IN A HOBBIT WAY THOUGH IT'S MORE NUANCED AND SUNSETY THAN  
THAT  
ENJOY

:3

*Happi Birthday Lissomer* 🍷 🍷

mishearing kishi bashi lyrics

*Jan 23, 2015, 11:14:44 AM*

b)

and if you fly  
into the skyyyyy,  
if your body is a penny a dime  
ready to throw it into the fountain in my bellybutton

if you're ready to fly,  
philosophize in it! chemicalize with it!

~raymanesque noises~

i fell in love with you and your more  
i went for many miles until i got bored  
then i got concerned about you  
and me

i made a guest about you,

i dont think about how many boys you've had,

i love every single thing about you

And if you fly  
into the sky,  
if your body is a penny a dime  
ready to throw it into the fountain in my bellybutton  
and if you push against it i'll take you offline,  
philosophize in it! chemicalise in it!

imagine the wedding  
we'd go to the beach and break a sweat  
and then there'd be mango trees  
in the radio  
in the other world

and if you flyyyyyyy  
into the skyyyyyAIHyy,  
and if you push it ill take you offline,

if your body is a penny a dime  
ready to throw it into the fountain in my bellybutton  
and if you push it i will take you offline

philosophize in it! chemicalise in it!

and if you push it ill take you offline,  
if your body is a penny a dime  
ready to throw it into the fountain in my bellybutton  
and if you push it i will take you offline  
philosophize in it! chemicalise in it!

c)

did fate mistake us  
pair of star-crossed lovers  
the savoury ending  
wasn't drowned in salt and pepper

and as we danced together i cried a funny smile  
as we felt you awake in the heat of the feast  
and now you've gone forever now  
let's go

ooh mr steak  
you were great A

i believe that when a man is in love  
he'll do whatever comes to mind

and like that mr steak was in love  
every minute of his mind  
stepping left and right cha cha

he came to me in a package of delight  
every other meal fell into his shadow  
oo-oo

he picked me not the other way around  
he came crashing at the seams

he passed around la la

he got the 1 2 3 he got the 4 on the floor  
he loved  
to move  
he was everything and more  
and every bite just made him dance more and more  
he loved too  
mr steak you were great A

mr steak he's such a bachelor at heart  
he never met another cut who like the bootybooty shakeyshake  
do you believe that steak couldn't love  
or was it hard to imagine him knee-jerking to the beat

but mr steak he is practically an animal of joy  
and the rear of all cuts convoyed  
it was a tragedy of unimaginable fate, his legend lives across the land,  
hand in hand, here we go he brought the 1

ooooooooh

he got the 1 2 3 he got the 4 on the floor  
he loved  
to move  
he was everything and more  
and every bite just made him dance more and more  
he loved too

mr steak you were great A

d)

what a beautiful life awaits  
make it for the more  
from the apollonians  
for the radiance  
shines on and on and on and on and on and on

when in doubt he promised  
majestic with  
all the stallions  
but the faithful truth burns and on and on and on and on

when in doubt he made me stay  
connected in  
with the afternoon  
but when the radio  
plays on and on and on and on  
and on and on  
and on and on and on and on

so the earth would dry in song  
if i sang you, won  
carry on carry on phenomenon

so you got the best of me so amazingly  
carry on carry on phenomenon  
phenomenon

all the wait you waited for me  
awakened me  
chopped me off  
during the reining in  
of solid more  
and on and on and on and on

my nefarious state of mind  
illuminated  
the song  
for your serenade  
plays on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on

so the earth would dry in song  
if i sang you, won  
carry on carry on phenomenon  
so you got the best of me so amazingly  
carry on carry on phenomenon  
phenomenon

...

so the earth would dry in song

if i sang you, won

carry on

carry on phenomenon

so you got the best of me

so amazingly

carry on

carry on phenomenon

so the earth would dry in song  
if i sang you, won  
carry on carry on phenomenon  
so you got the best of me so amazingly

carry on carry on phenomenon  
phenomenon

h)

count on the the field of the beaches  
make it rain on my malignity

am i man enough to man a sunny afternoon

i fell off the dawn of the maker  
made a mess of the parrot tree

i can count a little fun too soon

and your radiance came around on the heels of a magical mystery  
and the beauty of the major key

the ambitions of the survivor  
make stronger a man of me

and the enemy staring back is yoooooooooooooooo

i dont even know what this love is  
real  
i want to feel the sadness

i want to know how it tastes  
when you throw up the moon  
i want my heart to be as cooold

as ice!

i wanna take you back in time  
to the crib of my teeth  
i want to bleed in my rain

i want to feel my very chest  
ripped at the seams  
i really want to know was it a dreaaaam

the courage of the sorcerer on the horizon  
made many a soldier weep  
is there anyone to help  
burn the moon

and the fortune of the messiah  
give hope to the progeny  
and the star was in a shade of  
lighter blue than you

but your radiance came around on the heels of a magical mystery  
made a suit around the slave of me  
and everything incomplete  
and the only thing to do was to stare at the moon

i want to know how it tastes

when you throw up the moon

i want my heart to be as cold

as ice

i wanna take you back in time  
to the crib of my teeth

i want to bleed in the rain

i want to feel my very chest

ripped up at the seams

i want to lead you by the breast  
and make it obscene  
was it real  
was it a dream  
a dream

i)

when we were manta rays  
floating as carelessly  
and the win wee felt  
we were dreamers say

and in our fantasies  
we'd sing our chocolate seeds  
and try to swim the length  
but we have no hahaha

silly girl are you mad at me



every game we played we were the  
sun is faint  
and in the suffering  
wed fall in love again,  
the cold and love love  
and ai ai ai ai ai

and if you felt love for me  
it's an anomaly,  
you cut your death just to break up with me  
and in our parody we mocked each other's seeds  
so we laugh  
to get every little hahaha

silly girl are you mad at me  
we don't have to feel the same to break up with me  
and in the celery  
we'd fall in love again,  
turn each other on and off and on again  
ai ai ai ai ai ai

*canvas for remix*

*only did my favs tbh from lighgt*

#CABBAGE

*Jan 25, 2015, 10:06:05 AM*

the young old sick  
prayed to be saved by  
kalimbakite

*sometimes i wish i could be TheAnimalsRight for a day*

the truth

*Feb 28, 2015, 4:38:11 PM*

i am

**a yam**</b>

*good night i yam done*

Mar 27, 2015, 9:27:19 AM

left      right

left      right

$\{\checkmark\}110;$

$\therefore$  60 for centre

*Shhhhhh*

May 1, 2015, 1:05:06 PM

I PUT THE MOON IN MY COKE CUP I GOT FROM AN INDIVIDUAL MCDONALDS  
MCCHICKEN SANDWICH  
AFTER WATCHING THE AVENGERS  
BECAUSE WOO WHEDON

AND I HOPE THAT SUFFICES

because ur sun+moon to make something  
that is more light than combined, heliographer  
boxes;  
a dawn polaroid  
eternally intriguing.

*Happi Birthday Tori~*

### The Ram

*Jul 7, 2015, 12:55:26 PM*

Across the ocean and far away from the lighthouse was an expansive desert. It had once been the hand of a giant but had grown to become overgrown in eczema, cracking the ground into rash red rock. The five, tree-trunk nobbled beaches that shot out from the landmass dissolved into a scummy foam by the coast when he arrived, slowly eroding.

In a small shack, a man with a bloodstained beard and none of his three eyes prepared a table with grape-flavoured cheeses. A friend was coming over; for old times sake, yknow? The old rum from That mission ten years ago had been poured into platinum chalices, shaped into mermaids screaming into harpies. They were true beauties, stolen right from under Lord Gluttonsmire's thousand noses. Wow, that was a decade ago? How time flies. or rather, sails on a sea of syrup, thinning closer towards the end, before accelerating into everything at once.

He walked in. A tiny lamp swung honey light from above. He smiled.

"Benjamiah, you old seadog!"

Benjamiah looked in his direction and grinned.

"Why, Theo, your voice sounds huskier than ever! Sit down, sit down, we have a lot to talk about."

They both did. Benjamiah plucked grapes and dropped them into his mouth with precise accuracy, despite his three-piece eyepatch. It made a sort of black triangle across his blotched, purple face.

Theo raised his gun.

The fruit grenade exploded in Benjamiah's throat.

"Oh. That quick to business, huh?"

"You've got my fortune and I want it, Ben."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Cut the bull! We might have retired from Pirate & Co. forty years ago, but I still know your tricks."

The light above crackled into darkness for a brief second.

Benjamiah thought Then, "I won that card game fair and square."

"We didn't spit on it."

"Yes, we did, the reason you've come back to kill an old friend is because you're desperate."

"You don't know," Theo snarled. "You don't know how BRUTAL these desert cartels are."

"Why should I help you? Not my fault you got into gambling debt or whatever."

"It wasn't gambling, it was... curiosity."

Benjamiah cocked his head. He ate another grape.

"Curiosity?"

"I got all hyped up about this 'The Ram', this guy who apparently runs all the Eastwest through the cartels... so he got his men to chase me across the continent, and asked for a ludicrous amount of money."

Both men, brothers-in-piracy once, stayed silent. Benjamiah got up.

"Let me get the main course."

He went into a basket in the corner and slammed a dead, rotting goat head on to the table.

Theo's face fell into horror. "Oh."

"I don't appreciate washed out pirates trying to make cracks in my business. However old the blood runs."

The bullet left Theo's head and he was no more.

The Ram raised his goblet of rum and drank.

*Ugggghhhhhh*

*FFM 7#*

*couldn't do 666 words <\_\_>*

Birthday Poem for Ricky

*Nov 4, 2015, 12:22:53 PM*

WAIT WHAT IT WAS YOUR BIRTHDAY???

DID I LEAVE A FACEBOOK MESSAGE?????

I DIDN'T???????

SORRY FOR NOT  
LEAVING A BRIEF LINE  
ON YOUR FACEBOOK PAGE  
LIKE THE GLINT OF A SMILE  
IN THE GLINT

OF A CAKE PLATE,  
BURNING LUMINESCENCE INTO  
THE CRUMB-SMELL AIR,  
SPREADING LIGHT  
FROM A TEARDROP SHAPE.

SO HERE IT IS:  
ON THE EVE OF  
20% OF AN  
EARTH-CLOCKED ORBIT  
GOING FORWARD  
TO MORE OXYGEN,  
FILLING THE ORANGE SAILS  
OF THE WAX-SCENTED  
ROCKETSHIP:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

*Oops, sorry :0*

*For chromeantennae for his 19th birthday, in capslock as per the tradition of other DA  
Birthday poems~*

today i found my first ever cd

*Mar 16, 2016, 11:03:52 AM*

Ostensibly (since I also got such masterpieces like "Boy Crush Party Mix" or something for my eighth birthday party\*). Before I had always assumed my first ever one (first one I bought myself for sure) was Two Door Cinema Club's Tourist History when I was 14. That record I still enjoy listening to enormously.

But nae. My first ever album, which I got for Christmas when I was eight, was...

[wikipediapage on McFly's Room on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor"]

Oh boi(band).

I remember distinctly seeing a teenage girl getting really excited when getting this album in an advert, and so assuming I too would feel such euphoria when getting said CD asked for it. Even though I hadn't heard anything from it before.\*\*

But I cannot for the life of me remember what it sounds like.

SO! Let's delve into this early-00s cultural labyrinth, writing my thoughts as we go deeper...

5 Colours in Her Hair

Oh wow, right into it all, and this sounds even more saturated than I expected  
ahahahaaaahhhh

It's also recognisable, right old earworm, echoing down from the dark chambers of music past. :0

Vocals: weedy; lyrics: hormonal. Guitar hook sounds like the Benny Hill theme. Or maybe the hook from Electric Six' "Gay Bar"? Unexpected and hasty emotional break halfway through too. That's cool from a conceptual viewpoint at least.

And then dem bois gigglin' at the end, cyooot  
(there's twelve more songs to listen to omcod)

Obviously

Oh lovely, acoustic, so we can really appreciate the sublime lyrics ("recently I've been / hopelessly reaching / out for this girl / who's out of this world / believe me // she's got a boyfriend") and vocals.

Honestly, I didn't really think this analysis thing through; it's boyband pop-rock lmao, the last vestiges of Britpop clinging on, after being tumble-dried through the washing machine that is mega-record labels. And so, is catchy. Because formulas.

(yaya for violins though)

Room On The 3rd Floor

I remember this song being better than the others, which it is, but only just. Better lyrics, though ("Guess it's times like these that remind me / I've got to keep my feet on the ground"; sung in the style of Supergrass-y, maybe even a bit of Weezer. Whole thing has a kind of heartland rock vibe to it tbh.)

Has a nice bridge halfway through, too. And yet, still in the same ol' mould of the album, alas. Perhaps I expected too much from McFly, but then again it's only three songs in...

That Girl

Is this them trying pop-punk a la a Green Day?? 'Cos it reminds me a bit of country honestly, which I don't think is the point of punk.

They did just reuse the line about said girl being "out of my league", which was in the chorus of the second song. They keep their thematic strengths consistent I guess lol

Hypnotised

As I feared, the songs are starting to merge into one big music splodge. Use of Hawaiian-ish guitars too, I think? That sort of surf rock reverb and summery backing chorus is throughout the whole album

"You treat me so hard despite how hard I try" good ol male entitlement, gotta love 00s culture <<3

Kudos to using words like "compromise" though. And I don't mean that patronisingly, polysyllabic words ftw!!

## Saturday Night

Oh cool, intro sounds like something old Blur would do (I'm thinking Popszene, maybe?!) Lyrics are kinda atrocious though, ahaha, but that's okay~ ("and if you're daddy's got the truck / then i'll come and pick you up", truly majestic)  
Also, "there'll be 20,000 people inside"??? Is this a concert? lolwat  
(Perhaps I'm taking this too seriously, but then again this entire exercise is a critical evaluation of a flipping McFly album, so that's kinda a given)  
And then one lone band member cackling at the end. Ostensibly tragic.

## Met This Girl

oh my word these titles are getting self-parodic cri  
Intro sounds like something from a Blues Clues spin-off, jazzy snare etc., until we get back to our regularly scheduled guitar pop blurgh.  
Sigh. Why did I think this was a good idea?? Why was 8 year old me so gullible?\*\*\*

I'll just use this space to make an observation: I'd always assumed that by this time post-britpop bands (Travis, Coldplay, etc.) were dominating pop influence, but this album throws that theory off course. Especially prominent because the leftmost member in the album cover (I don't know their names damnit) is wearing a T-shirt with the Union Jack on it, while the rest perform intricate semaphores (probably to get the attention of Illuminati lizards or chemtrail planes, such is popstars). And yet, at the same time the album is full of Americana as simulacra: from the sounds evoking surf rock born in places way hotter than Britain ever will be, lyrics a jock/surfer would glee at; etc. Which is, obviously, trying to market at America. But also in terms of music history, I think this album shows a turbulence and transition, post-Britpop but pre-full American domination of the charts.\*\*\*\*

Aaaand then suddenly the CD stopped working, OH NO WHAT A SHAME

So, in the end, this has not shifted Blur being best boyband in my mental hierarchy. At all. Now, I'm going to listen to some Radiohead.

-

\*: I thought it would be less girly to get an album with male artists on it than female artists, not understanding the amorous nuances in the title. Such is the dramatic irony inherent in impossible patriarchal standards.

\*\*: Ayeist historians often describe this being the first time Aye felt capitalist disillusionment, a trait that has been ubiquitous in his work ever since.

\*\*\*: Answer: the mechanical workings of that great god, Marketing

\*\*\*\*: I'd say the last year of rock music being able to get to No. 1 in the Top 40 charts was probably 2008/2009. Maybe I just became more aware of pop around this time, I dunno.

### Seven Liimericks

*Apr 30, 2016, 2:43:55 PM*

1

There was once a day called Sunday,  
and was a lot of fun. Hey!  
It was very holy,  
oh so roly-poly,  
s on the grass it lay.

2

There was once a day called Monday,  
it was filled with misery like fondues

*aborted 23-27 entry*

.



## A-a-I

### Burghead Beach

*Aug 4, 2012, 3:18:31 AM*

I am playing tag with God.

Taunting the bowl in a deadly  
tango, a tango of risk and the roll of a  
dice.

A dice of watery  
consequences.

Stepping over patient  
rocks, I marvel at  
mirrors to another world.  
A world in which armies of  
organic flame forcefully  
bow to a deity that  
pulls a hood of pure  
navy over the skin  
of its own  
king.

A leaf of blue.

Each shimmering haze of  
terrifying ice and  
bitter gems  
lead to  
spiralling divers.  
Divers that start from the left and  
work their way until  
modern art is submerged by  
the drifting octopus of  
autumn branches.

I see small vortexes,  
where the specks have  
crafted tunnels that soon  
collapse upon a  
cappuccino created from  
diamonds of spit, while  
the cream crawls across  
obnoxious mountains ,  
smothered in

shallow  
champagne.  
Before sulking through  
time until  
meaningless bubbles become meaningless  
tears, crying to a  
desert of  
oceanic dunes and  
death.

As I  
laugh at my luck to not be  
adopted by the vast  
iris, I see three boils of  
acrobatic proportions split from  
horizon tinted skin.  
One flailing an  
oily anchor in a  
gladiatorial fashion,  
cartwheeling in boisterous fun.  
Two friends turn to bridges and  
open their  
birds to chirp  
"Utopia!"

It is time to leave the  
white mice, the  
mayfly mountains, infinite  
landscapes under the sheet of a complex rug,  
And so many more  
metaphors that have failed to convey  
the wonder of the Sea throughout the time of  
the Literature Pantheon.

I know I will be  
back tomorrow though,  
back to face an ocean of  
sea.

For who else would dare to tango with God?

*So, this is a poem I wrote when up near Burghead for the holidays. It's all right I guess, even  
if it does have a fancy for the omnipotent...*

## Armada

Aug 9, 2012, 7:18:29 AM

Across the waves of sky,  
the Cloud Armada comes.

Galleons of mist,  
Punching through a desert of blue.

An avalanche,  
Tumbling across the land.

A panicking king,  
Fading away...

Matter moves,  
To form islands of aether.

The army hovers,  
Tendrils eject.

Snaking through the underbrush of sky,  
Paintbrushes of whispered white.

Dragons of quiet,  
Set against tears of light.

The spine of sky,  
A battlefield of cotton and sun.

Landscapes in a second,  
Battleships the next.

Heavenly driftwood...

*With all the good weather lately, I've [sic] been outside a lot. Looking up, I saw the clouds.  
And it inspired me to write a poem.*

*So here it is. It's more like a collection of metaphors to do with clouds but in poetic form, but  
a poem is a poem.*

## Autumn

*Oct 20, 2012, 2:19:01 PM*

Welcome to the golden road,  
With amber and copper cold.  
Carpet of warmth,  
In the icy kiss of the wind.

Let the bronze towers rest,  
Watch the topaz packages  
Saunter down,  
For life's sigh.

The citadel above,  
Ghost of summer,  
Leaving an aura  
Without the weight of sweat.

The dome turns grey,  
And down comes the diamonds.  
The sun sleeps,  
As we watch alchemy turn gold...

...To lead,  
Cradles turn to pools,  
Coffee prints melt to the road  
And we are left with beauty.

Angel of ice, Angel of fire,  
Together  
On the branch  
Of life.

*A poem of the beauty of Autumn (don't you DARE call it Fall), describing the road that leads  
to my house.*

## Kiss

*Nov 6, 2012, 1:30:54 PM*

Your sunset sleep  
on my pink islands,  
exhaling stress and  
inhaling passion,  
clapping a dance  
to start on my tongue.

Your waist sails  
on an ocean of love;  
to see is to be blind  
and we could just be guided  
by the stars we create  
in the supernova  
of this moment,  
following the fireworks.

Or, let  
your hands guide like  
soothsayers of joy  
locked in a dance of  
addictive compassion  
and even as war wages by,  
we're in our cradle;  
we are calm  
and so embrace,  
safe in a bomb shelter  
built of hugs  
like liquid diamond

our hearts reaching  
to the stars:  
without you  
there is no I,

Our lungs are but prisons,  
why inhale when you  
can breathe my lips  
and jesters may jeer,  
but I don't know about you  
but who gives a damn  
about the circus and lion's den,  
we're a two-way band  
and we will dance in the streets

for ourselves and not  
their pennies  
thank you very much,

Keep our candle laughing my love,  
let the bonfire sing the gospel,  
Those who say we are wrong  
can go back to their boxes  
and pack away their hate-toys  
because

all I want  
is you in my arms,  
they'll be floodgates against  
an ocean of hate  
and it really is out there,  
but who cares because  
your sunset can sleep  
on my pink islands,  
forever.

*A lovely poem about kissing. CHEESINESS INCOMING!*

*Written for the Scratch That competition.*

*EDIT: 17/9/13 I basically remodeled this whole poem. Good thing too, it was horrendous and cringeworthy before. Now its at a sufficient level.*

*I don't give a damn about the nostalgia of my terrible poetry thank you very much. Kill your darlings.*

### The Ballad of the Wandering Angel

*Dec 2, 2012, 6:08:07 AM*

This is the tale of a woman o' god,  
who left the pearly alleys of New Lod  
to find an adventure o' wealth and glory,  
an' still she walks this Earth to finish her story.  
She's a slippery one, that's for sure,  
with a heart full o' love and a body of glimmer,  
glitterin' an' in a glow,  
in the Nevada plateau.

Demon swigs his cup o' swill  
In the sleazy bar of Hell,  
An swears goodbye to another torture mill.  
He's outta work,  
another factory of pain

down the drain.  
He starts to walk,  
Over brimstone and a magma loch.

In the marble cathedral she sung,  
Her voice reached to the bells rung  
Past the rising of the sun,  
She wished tae leave th' life o' song,  
An' went straight to God  
For an answer... but received a painful execution gong  
How dare she cry out at the Heavenly Father!  
(They whispered)  
She is but a hellish bother!  
Throw er' out! Throw er' out!

The demon walked across plains of pain,  
Found damned souls yet again  
Felt sick, stomach churned of leather,  
Walked on through the Nether.  
An' there, in front of his eyes,  
He found a light,  
One of Hell's bights!  
Curious and amazed,  
He ventured into the blaze.

The poor lass found her wings scraped.  
Yet she had escaped,  
I'm in a new world now!  
Nothin' to stop me but God's vow!  
Yet even at the embrace of His vice,  
She felt trice as rich,  
As she had been up in Paradise,  
Surrounded by God's mice.

The daemon appeared outta the portal,  
The soft sun waxing in the land of mortals.  
Confused he started to wander,  
The sand beneath his hands meandered  
Off his claws.  
Into the dust bowl's maw.

The young lass walked through the desert,  
Until she came to the door of a town that had seen better,  
The ol' rusty sign echoed the name "Dry Springs"  
And the exterior just rustled th' Angel's heartstrings!  
This won't do! She exclaimed,

I'm going to sort this town even if I get shamed!  
And so, with nothing on her back but her gown,  
She started to get down.

Red skin allured them,  
Humans saw him as a gem  
Every town he crossed he found a hunter,  
Some tried to turn him into a bunter!  
For years an' years  
Until one day he came upon a town,  
And with a frown,  
He passed the settlement,  
Thinking it to be another desolate village,  
Until he saw her.  
An angel, sitting on a sun chair.  
She was there for many a day,  
An' with her divine powers she made the town good an' gay,  
The kind townspeople thanked her,  
And let her stay in town  
For kind they were.  
An' so her life was good...  
Until he came. He who was misunderstood.  
She was beautiful,  
A fine specimen for sure,  
His heart burst at her allure,  
And the Demon changed his mind.  
Curious and star-crossed, he walked  
Ready to meet this curious concoct of beauty and light.

With a wide smile she greeted him,  
Howdy! She smiled sadly, intimidated by his grin,  
He nodded a yes, and stroked his goatee-full chin.  
He hadn't spoken to a thing for an age,  
And he froze when looking at this beautiful sage,  
Until she coughed and broke the silence,  
And the fallen angel was taken to see more of the lil' desert diamond.

He loosened up when workin' at the bar  
Servin' his tounge-burnin' nachos along with ice cold beer at Th' North Star  
He would tell tales of the Underworld,  
As his listeners curled  
In surprise, horror or sometimes both!  
An' his most loyal listener? The angel,  
She began to abandon her oath of abolishing Hellsmen  
And was surprised to discover she... liked this demon?  
Since when?!



She wondered,  
Since when has an angel loved a devil?

The more she heard,  
The more she yearned  
To leave th' town she had built  
And see the Nevada Mr Horns described,  
With great gusto he inscribed into her heart.  
And so, when the day after came,  
That innocent, kind demon  
Took the hand of his heavenly dame  
And left into the open road,  
To see adventure...and continue their ode.

You can still see them to this day,  
(If you know where tae find em')  
They can be seen showering peace an' praise,  
Leaving a trail of goodwill and  
Rays of hope.  
So next time you're out in' the desert,  
Look out for them.

The Singer,  
And the Slayer.

*A ballad for "Scratch That." by PoetryBook.*

*Also the first ever ballad I have ever done.*

*And yes, it isn't good.*

### Forest of Light

*Jan 25, 2013, 1:38:36 PM*

I stand on astrological coastlines,  
Gaze upwards to feel infinitesimal.  
Wanna watch the sky turn into abyss purple,  
Wanna bathe in God.

The sky is darkening;  
Milk tears seem to spew beauty.  
Wanna feel their awestruck cold,  
Wanna touch their angel wings.

Going to feel those paper leaves,  
I will drink galactic syrup.  
Wanna feel like something,

Wanna see the things worth seeing.

Islands of shy heat,  
The universal archipelago.  
Wanna swim there,  
Wanna bathe on those burning beaches.

Looked on by Apollo's eye,  
Looked on by me.  
Wanna never let it go,  
Wanna rise with them.

Life is no longer everything,  
This is.  
Gonna to kiss life,  
Gonna pick an angel's fruit.

I will touch the stars one day,  
But They've gotta wait.  
Earth wants to hold me back,  
But I will escape.

I promise, space.  
I promise.

*What it feels to look up at the stars at night.*

### The Allosaurus

*Jan 26, 2013, 1:53:02 AM*

I will tell you about an allosaurus,  
Let me say he was rather atrocious!  
Oh he did nothing but trouble,  
Very very not-honourable!  
Eep, I'm sure he has some sort of psychosis!

Down in the jungle,  
Into the leaves he went with a grumble,  
Nihilistic and mad,  
On the prairie of bad,  
Seldom seen he was and gone in mumbles.

### The Tale of The Necromancer

*Feb 6, 2013, 11:14:39 AM*

Come sit by the fire,  
Oh brave traveller!  
You have battled rain, fog and mire,

And now have found our humble shire.

Ogoroth is telling a tale,  
You know, the memory-vessel?  
No?! Hehe, well sit back with an ale,  
And let us watch him steal from the Dream Baal.

It was nearing the day of Li-Awwn,  
(A day or two after The Battle of Qwon)  
When from the roads came a war-Pawn,  
Bloody from fields of fauna begone.

His pale white clothes were torn,  
Shield well-worn,  
Friends mourned,  
But all in his mind was his newborn.

Entering the house,  
He saw his son quiet as a mouse,  
Snuggled in mother's blouse,  
Still greatly drowse.

He learned the ropes,  
And believed in his father's hopes,  
Of leaving the farm,  
And travelling across The Slopes.

As he grew from boy to man,  
His dreams of magic began,  
Until one day he ran,  
For he was attacked by the Clans.

His father had been away for days,  
Until his mother went in a craze,  
As she saw her farms in a blaze,  
Before seeing a blade slice her gaze.

The village a ball of flame,  
He ran to the hills of Sargame,  
To seek shelter,  
And look for someone to blame.

By a crystal white stream,  
He found the light's gleam  
At the bottom of a cave,  
Darker than a black bream.

Into the dark he descended,  
Shaking in terror and wishing for an end  
To the cave's bends,  
Until he found the cavern's ends.

Illuminated by pale rocks,  
He found the remains of... ox?  
"Who are you?" came the voice of a hawk,  
In a tone that silenced clocks.

The young man turned,  
Self-esteem burned,  
And whimpered his tale,  
Yet the feathered man seemed unconcerned.

"You have been through a lot,"  
He growled,  
"I'm surprised you weren't caught,"  
The being mocked.

"Yet you have potential,"  
"So I shall teach you the essentials,"  
"Of a certain type of magic,"  
"But I shall not be gentle."

And so for years the dim of underground,  
Made the boy go around  
In madness and his terror turned to frowns,  
Until Hawkman was ready to give him his gown.

"This was mine once,"  
He said post-training,  
"Yet I have no use for this bringer-of-bunce,"  
And with that he went into the crystal light waning.

The necromancer came into the moonlight,  
He felt the cold winter bite,  
But in his heart was one plight,  
To kill those who had burnt his respite.

Raising an albino hand,  
Undead dug themselves from the land,  
Setting their sights on the Far Sand,  
They set off to hunt the warrior-bands.

An army of ivory walked across the nation,  
Invisible to people,  
They wandered from their ethereal stations,  
Until they sensed the savages foundations.

With a sadistic grin,  
The zombies were sent to skin  
The barbarians for their sins.  
They reached the wall, and it begins.

They stood no chance,  
And soon the Clans were in a dance  
Of death,  
The ruins lay smoking in a glance.

Through the ashes he walked,  
Until he saw the chief with chalked  
skin and the expression of shock,  
Lying in the ruins of his military block.

Yet when he saw the dark wizard,  
He gave off a grin like a lizard,  
And laughed and spat out a blizzard  
Of delusions and words.

“It is not I who burned your village down!”  
“It is the one led by that clown,”  
“The one who dresses in brown  
feathers, what is his name?”

“Hmm... Oh, yes!”  
“Hawkman, Master of Stress!”  
“Haha, why he has caused a mess!”  
“You killed many innocents here, I guess? “

In anger and confusion,  
Necromancer performed a life extrusion,  
On the chief and left his corpse in exclusion,  
He left, filled with vengeful delusions.

With his army still strong,  
He prepared to commit wrong,  
And force death to ring his gong,  
And push Hawkman into Hell’s song.

The mountains appeared the next morning,

He didn't heed his mind's warning,  
His blood filled with rage,  
And his own mourning.

By the stream he stood there,  
As dark and brooding as a bear,  
The Hawkman grinned behind his jet hair,  
And spoke to his heir.

"I burnt your village for pleasure,"  
"It is an occasional leisure,  
I perform; it's quite the treasure!"  
"But I see you disagree...?"

Before he spewed out more,  
The apprentice cut him up like a boar,  
And out of Hawkman's skin came a waterfall of gore,  
Until there was none left to pour out of his pores.

And at that moment,  
The Gods had chosen,  
To have the Necromancer to be frozen  
In pain.

For Hawkman was but a thought,  
Made after a certain child performed a plot,  
Involving the death of his family via knot,  
In an unknown fit of rage.

And so when he killed this illusion,  
His soul come to its mortal conclusion,  
and he was left to bleed in confusion,  
Until his body was nothing but a past diffusion.

I hope that was enough entertainment,  
But it's all part of the arrangement!  
The tavern experience if you will.

Want another story?

*A ballad for Round 5 of Scratch That, #PoetryBook.*

*I'm pretty proud with this! It's the longest poem I've ever written, that's for sure, and WAY better than my other ballad. The rhyming comes a lot easier in this one.*

Poisdon's [sic] Paint Can Spilled.

*Feb 8, 2013, 1:11:16 PM*

The impressionist did well with  
a million eyes,  
myriad liquid illusions  
and a moving canvas.

Neptune has become a Romanticist,  
he adds  
good strokes of shadow  
and subtle ebony echoes.

Out of the plopping mouths  
gel avalanches fall,  
tumble across the sunset  
and wobble like salty jelly.

A wash of paint that cries,  
crying to the quay and  
bobs, but only a few sprays  
get to the concrete alien.

Stars lie stranded  
in aquatic tar,  
solar sons squirming  
and then go to the past.

Will it be like this in  
moonlight, sunlight and endlight?  
I hope  
the ocean will keep on bobbing

Until the sea is but a dream of steam.

*I dunno what it is about Oban but a lot of new work has been inspired by images from it. I had little inspiration when I went there quite a few months ago, and now I'm planning on sequels to "Car Journey From Oban" and this and oh my mind you weird thing.*

*A bit of an abstract one this. It describes a few vivid images of the waves I saw at the town of Oban.*

*EDIT: 19/10/13 Tweaked things, mainly the capital letter placements.*

My Constantinople, i

*Feb 11, 2013, 4:01:06 AM*

Scribbles lie on  
paper prologues,  
The passing book  
is a nomad.  
Dust-wanderers  
cross plains of  
beige snow.

Mountains are pastel  
colours,  
Boxes of pine  
and ready-made  
comfort.  
They stand  
as monuments to  
Ikea.

Pillows brood as  
dream-hens,  
They lay such  
illusions on to  
infant thoughts.  
Duvets  
steal the cold  
and  
watch it smother.

The radio  
croons a cranial  
massage  
into the night.  
Somewhere,  
a moth  
flirts, fails, cries  
over its lover  
(a miniature sun goddess)  
and instead  
decides to dance  
with burns.

Once the  
radio waves  
silence,



The serenade  
of a fly  
plays to the  
many moons  
of raindrops  
behind a  
curtain  
of stained glass,  
stained with  
the tears of  
some far-off  
storm.

Mint skies  
illuminate  
chocolate blockades,  
tomato-orange  
bedsheets bubble  
with my lungs.  
Dust-gold  
lies like a  
pan of  
carpet sand.

Knock, snuffle, slept.

*A poem I wrote literally last night of posting, describing my room as it is now/ then on the 9th  
of February.*

## Fluoride Fire

*Feb 18, 2013, 2:02:14 PM*

Mint ocean dance,  
Taps in my mouth  
before gushing out  
a sparkle-blue  
waterfall,  
to the porcelain  
below.

I look at myself,  
Flick gold  
And leave  
with an ice-hot  
tongue.

*A small little ditty about taking mouthwash.*

*I've had that title in my mind for a while now, been eager to use it somewhere xP*

## Tangerine Milk (Or, Nectarine Pasta)

*Feb 23, 2013, 1:12:05 PM*

A relationship with you would be as nice  
(and grotesque) as  
tangerine milk,  
or nectarine pasta.

I'll admit you're pretty cute,  
but from experience  
Smattering you with Platonic  
flattery  
connects me better,  
turning me into an  
adolescent gear,  
So I'm going to  
start  
escaping from  
this flowery thought-sphere,  
So we can try and be friends?

The whole idea tastes of  
mozzarella, I know,  
But you seem to be  
The closest thing  
To perfection, as of now,

So I don't want to  
break an angel with  
romance.  
I'm not going to  
chug you down  
my bachelor-stabbing throat,  
'cause I know  
I wouldn't like the taste  
of tangerine milk.

Maybe once she returns  
I'll begin to fall for peaches?  
The idea sounds  
as plausible  
as apricot tagliatelle,  
but without knowing  
what's disgustingly  
beautiful,  
How could we eat fruit?

*SO yeah. This is a poem about me trying to stop falling in love with someone, and is pretty abstract but the imagery was nice, IMO.*

*Leave feedback please!*

### God Games

*Feb 24, 2013, 7:48:31 AM*

I

Linguistic submarines,  
Scrabbled in the  
emerald depths  
of the board.  
Striking  
down  
"Triple Words"  
and  
"Double Letters."

Meanwhile,  
we gamble  
with pasta-beige  
chips  
from the word  
casino.

## II

Ivory stallions  
sneer into onyx  
domes,  
Puffing porcelain chests,  
the staring contests  
are rife.  
Manipulation occurs  
for the right of  
faux monarchy,

Zealots  
slide their way  
Into the maws  
of  
moving towers.

## III

Psychedelic soldiers  
Loiter over fictional history,  
Risking it all  
on how  
The dice rolls  
and chance dictates  
the end of nations.

Three brave sentinels  
cross sepia seas  
and settle in the magma-orange  
of Venezuela.  
Yellowmen  
pray to skyblue die,  
but it proves  
worthless.

The stronghold  
falls,  
the yellow  
recycle men  
to Irkutsk.

## IV

Capitalism's the life,

as I dictate  
where green boxes  
parachute.  
From maroon to  
navy,  
I tour the city's  
dumps and palaces,

Before I get arrested  
for the crime  
of riding through town  
on a giant

hat.

(And monopolizing the whole city).

V

Playing God is  
fun,  
When consequences  
never cumulate  
to consequences.

Your turn!

*A poem about four different board games. Written in the afternoon of 24/2/13.*

*I had originally started writing a poem about chess alone, but then I decided to join it into  
this one.*

*Feedback is appreciated!*

### Silver Drop

*Feb 24, 2013, 8:12:09 AM*

We seem to forget  
that "cliché"  
derives from  
common experience,  
So when I say  
I want to fit in,  
the cliché  
can pass  
(because it's true)

I see criminals,  
their prisons are  
belts,  
as they devour  
the slightest thing  
that doesn't fit  
into  
"The Mould."  
The irony is  
"The Mould"  
is always changing,  
At least that's  
what their  
bickering  
seems to say.

We've all done it,  
But it seems  
I am the only one  
who tries to  
amend  
it, and not  
enjoy following  
a delusion  
of a perfect  
group,  
that would bond  
over banter.

Nothing wrong with banter mind,  
And please understand  
I don't hate them,  
it just  
pisses  
me off  
that their  
greatest hate  
is reserved for  
the grains of sand  
unpopulars sew.

Being a wallflower  
would be a  
nightmarish dream,  
for that will  
do nothing but

tape my mouth over  
with metaphorical duct tape,  
and leave me a  
grey droplet.

Oh, I don't want to be  
a fluorescent drop.  
That'll do nothing  
but attract  
canis lupas  
to chew on  
my self-esteem.  
No, I want  
to stay in  
the spectrum,  
but be  
silver

Not having to prove myself,  
but setting the standards.  
Not feeling like an outcast,  
but deciding who gets  
exiled ,  
and then banning exultation  
altogether  
and instead preach  
Some radical new idea named  
"tolerance"  
I want to be quirky and normal,  
Electric but modest,  
Creative but with feet  
underground,  
The Happy Medium.

Can I not be as mysterious  
as you?  
I want to be as friendly  
as you,  
Not self-obsessed  
like you,  
Have a pillow of  
trustworthy friends  
like you...

So my wish  
for this six-year

half job  
is to turn from diamond...

... to silver

*A rant about my feelings about the school system and where I want my place to be on the  
"spectrum."*

*The first stanza is complete gibberish, I know -\_\_\_-The rest isn't too bad though, IMHO.*

*Written 24/2/13. Feedback please!*

Noodle Cthulu [sic]

*Feb 26, 2013, 3:19:14 PM*

In the depths of  
the Soy-Sauce Sea,  
where no lantern  
shines and  
the pot runs  
rife with peas,  
Hark! He comes!  
Noodle Cthulu!

Strings of delicious,  
Oozing and nutritious!  
Stir-fry tentacles,  
And bubbling vegetables!

Oh, the horror!  
Born from the pits  
of Pasta Mordor,  
His Scrumptious Excellency  
has come to prove our mouths  
his worth as an  
oriental delicacy!

Quick! Eat him up, kids!  
Or he'll squirm and squish  
all over your plate!  
Otherwise, it's too late!  
Don't eat up your food  
and Noodle Cthulu will come  
for your bl-ood...

*My Lovecraftian Comedy, about a terrifying yet delicious outer god straight from the  
darkness of the frying pan.*



*I've been writing some pretty anguish, bitter poems lately, so I decided to try and lift the mood with this 🌞 It was fun writing, if not a bit corny xD*

*I hope you enjoy!*

*And yes, the last word is pronounced blue-ood, because I'm lazy at finding rhyming words.*

### Trees Across A Loch

*Mar 4, 2013, 1:06:49 PM*

Skeletons are set alight,  
either by shadow-green  
or ensnared in the cardigan-mist  
of autumn grey.

Across the crystal mirror,  
the wood sclaes [sic] the  
gnarled hands of Scotland,  
beautiful eczema.

The trees are alight.

*When coming home from a Scout camp, I looked from the window and say a very pretty sight  
and it became this extremely short piece.*

*So yeah, feedback please!*

### Campfire

*Mar 9, 2013, 1:55:11 PM*

Towers rise in  
ghost-red crescendos,  
Snapping the bones  
of oak  
in hot curtain calls.  
I watch  
the city of flickering light  
release fireflies,  
swimming to the sky  
before reaching  
the smokeless void.

Writhing in the night,  
the magma-worms twist  
molten ribbons,  
pushing themselves to  
a cooling oblivion.

Sticks, stones and smoke,  
they all act as  
martyrs  
to the goddess of  
the blaze.  
She eats each ligament  
with burning teeth  
then snaps  
each twig  
to ash.

Once the empire falls,  
the mountains sting  
with the dust-white  
of Nature ruined.  
Some survivors  
stay caged in  
charcoal-onyx shells.

Tomorrow,  
Heat's hive is  
built again.  
From a pyramid of ferns,  
to the placement of  
the logs,  
Campfire flames  
will shine  
again.

*One of my better poems recently. Seems to always be nature poems I do best in, huh.*

*I have always had this ongoing love for campfires and flames, especially the sparks.  
Something about the way they flew and then suddenly disappear was mesmerising when I was  
a young'un.*

*So this is my love song to that lovely thing, campfires.*

### Significant Humans

*Mar 14, 2013, 9:56:12 AM*

Imagine we were important...

Logos in the stars,  
Galaxies shattered for jihad,  
Sunsets in commercials,  
The Moon kicked in Superbowl,  
Dictators forever,

The Solar System played as pool,  
Oceans in a soda,  
Mountains to bras,  
Glaciers sucked as popsicles,  
The Big Bang branded with copyright,  
Constellations critiqued in art journals.

Futility is fun.

*FYI, I do actually we believe humans and everything has a purpose in the everything-big machine, God (as a pantheist).*

*I hate it when people moan over how futile humans are, how we don't have a meaning, etc. So this is my response to them, posing about what if we actually could make a difference in the multiverse (again, I think we do, but I'm being hypothetical).*

*Enjoy.*

### Hate Letter To Love

*Mar 21, 2013, 2:59:17 PM*

You stain like red wine lust,  
Slopping that goblet of obsession  
with the elegance of  
a puppy-eyed dreamer,  
Spilling euphoria as if  
it's as infinite as God.  
But Love is not a god,  
it's a chained dog  
yapping at the heels of  
the inevitable death  
of a relationship,  
Wagging its tail  
until The Expected smashes into your face,  
a brick of reluctant empathy  
turning your soul into  
"Moral Corn"  
And still,  
still  
you pick up the shards  
of a mirror you made a shield,  
piercing cubist teardrops together  
with the glue of desperation  
until you have the faux image of true beauty,  
a nursery-made glass sculpture,  
And the cycle  
goes

again  
for the last time,  
for the fifth time.

You coat a beloved friend in the clay of cliché,  
You cook the popcorn of backstab-born self-esteem,  
Get down,  
And watch the  
same  
old  
pantomime,  
Trying to drown in its  
diamond cushions,  
Dreaming of the utopia  
that will apparently bloom  
from you and him or her and your embrace

but here's the thing.

Love,  
is a scorpion.

Love,  
is a virus.

Love,  
is the crow that brings the death of friends  
Love,

is a firework.  
In the chilled Winter night of Life,  
It blooms  
like a psychedelic Icarus of emotion.  
And when the drug dies,  
The second the words you've been waiting for  
without ever thinking about them  
slip from that tongue,  
that tongue you imagined caressing,  
that tongue you imagined  
painting compliments,  
When that tongue poisons your mind,  
it feels like  
you  
are  
on fire.

That fantastic firework you watched from the ground,  
it comes straight back  
into your moat-less heart,  
And explodes  
into apocalyptic  
hells,  
running through your mind is the same stagnant water;  
I tricked myself,  
All this time  
I tricked myself.

Out of the clay cage you made,  
your chain to happiness  
snaps  
and you're left with the  
awkward smog  
which chugs from the cynicism  
of a friend  
which is not a friend anymore...

... for the wine red stain of lust never washes out of the soul.

*I was feeling particularly angsty, a bit angry and just generally blurgh and my cynical outlook on life created this lovely piece on a skewed look at love!*

*It didn't come out as bad as I expected. Which si [sic] good, I guess.*

1. Do you understand the imagery?
2. What do you think of the structure?
3. How could I improve on this piece?

### Limbo

*Mar 25, 2013, 12:19:00 PM*

Consciences tumble,  
uncertain tumbleweed  
through doubt deserts  
and into the void  
beyond.

In ambrosia I find guilt,  
The underground smells of  
sweat, stillborns and sex  
Am I swamping under this  
clique-based gloop?

Shoved down concrete corridors,  
Both bathed in boring light  
The portal to  
my garden of compromise  
and duality  
is gone...

*Consider it a spiritual successor to Mongrels Don't Lie. It's sub standard, I don't like it that much, oh well.*

*1. Is the imagery too obscure?*

*2. How is the structure?*

*3. How could I improve this piece?*

### Results From Unrequited Love and Heartbreak

*Mar 26, 2013, 1:44:05 PM*

**You    I**

smile, shatter,

laugh, crumble,

flick ascend

raven

hair

don't sink...

love

me

*So I made this up today. And wow, I like it!*

*The new thing I've done in this piece is obviously writing it out in a completely new poetry style. I think that's experimental enough, no? ;D*

*Yup, that's right, I've just invented a new style of poetry. I think. don't know if something like this has been done before? If it has, oh well, I still like it. If not then yay, I proclaim this style to be named Table Poetry 🍷*

*This one is about a guy I used to like and then he didn't like me that way back and now I'm on my way to not liking him that way and it hurts a little. Because, y'know, heartbreak.*

*But without the breaking of hearts, how can we have blood in our palms? -Me*

*1. Do you like the style of poem? Is it fresh, experimental and unique?*

*2. How is the actual message? Is it easy to deduce?*

*3. Is the piece too short?*

*4. How could I improve this piece?*

*(And I chose Visual l& Found Poetry because no other categories seemed to fit...)*

### Sin in Sand

*Mar 27, 2013, 11:42:50 AM*

Wild swipes of scythe-shaped swords,  
Comrades croak, choke and die  
on bile and blood,  
mingling in a gory haze.  
Sins seep into sands.

Snow-white stallions  
Mash muslims  
in gory glory for God.  
Hacking heretics,  
Sins seep into sands.

Culling camels  
and Arabic archers,  
we witness warriors wash  
into wading waves of war.  
Sins seep into sands.

I decapitate, performing  
Despicable degrading of  
cold children, flaming fathers and weak woman.  
I am demonic and deluded,  
Sins seep into sands.

Desert-men desert defences,  
We give God's grace:  
a big blur of blue-  
-grey, we are Byzantine bone grinders.  
Sins seep into sands.

Left:  
Paladins pulped.  
Right:  
Friends fall.

Sins seep into sands.

All alone,  
I see Jehovah  
With grandfatherly grins?  
No. He has satanic scowls.  
Sins seep into sands.

I plead pity,  
God grinds my bones.  
Byzantine bits spill,  
And I am collected in Gaia's gusts.  
Sins seep into sands.

Sand.  
Souls.  
Sin.  
Steel.

Sins seep into sands.

*For Scratch That Round 7. This came out very well for me; I'd say it's my best work so far in the contest (excluding my Audition piece) and the alliteration came pretty naturally!*

*Instead of taking happy-dappy look at nights with dragon legends and the like, I thought I'd take a more realistic and bloody look at the Middle Ages. And what's more bloody than the Crusades?*

*Also, each stanza is exactly five lines long! 🤖 I'm pretty proud of that; I haven't done a poem like that in ages.*

1. Is the alliteration well done?
2. Is it a good length?
3. How does the narration sound?
4. How could I improve this piece?

### Writers Block

*Mar 28, 2013, 3:00:41 PM*

This...wall,  
A fortress of blank  
fires cannon of doubt  
across the battlefield of mind.

Marching through my brain,  
It leaves a trail of numb



and all sprouts of ideas  
lie dead on the ground.

It's an author's nightmare,  
(Or a poet's nemesis)  
That leaves a tundra,  
A blank page devoid of words.

Go away, writers block. No one likes you.

*Wrote this when I was... twelve? Thirteen? I did it at my writing workshop week for a writing competition.*

*You can really tell I had no proper foot in the ground about my style, and so is a bit under par. But I thought you lot might want to see it for nostalgic reasons 😊*

### Angel Machine

*Mar 29, 2013, 9:31:48 AM*

I was the hands of a  
black clock  
powered by innocence,  
jumping in circles,  
enlightened by the sun,  
given (and taking) the chance  
to be a bird,  
an angel in the works.  
Now I return,  
I ignore the heartbeat in my head  
and keep on  
dancing with descension.

In the playground for the free,  
I am propelled to the  
heights of heaven,  
Peeping into the stadium of the sky  
where Sun plays a body-warming  
tune of optimism,

As a base jumper  
I descend to  
nylon meadows  
below.

I am free.  
I am a bird with no wings,  
a creature without his

flight visa  
touching the blinding blue.  
A mammal gone rouge,  
I have broken out of Gravity's chains  
to Earth.

But, I return.  
I take gravity by the hand and  
make sweet,  
sweet  
love  
to her,  
I fall in love with gravity,  
fall in love with falling,

I keep on using this  
angel machine,  
And with Miss Gravity in my arms,  
the clock keeps on ticking.

*A poem about jumping on the trampoline. Damn, do I love the trampoline.*

*Not especially good, but not bad either. Take it however you want.*

### Tea

*Apr 1, 2013, 2:24:58 AM*

Through beige lens  
the world goes into  
herbal overdrive,  
Bronze rain floods  
away the damn of  
incompetence;  
in my cranial Venice  
intelligence shines once more.

Wheat medallions  
melt in copper lakes,  
the buttery sludge swims  
down my throat,  
followed by a stream  
of chocolate.

After ecstatic gulps,  
the aromatic puddle  
has left the  
porcelain silo;

in a surge of  
gilded-maroon oil,  
my writing engines whir  
at full speed...

Through this month,  
a month of cascading words  
and deadlines,  
the only thing  
to keep me going  
is you,  
my mug of tea.

*NaPoWriMo: Day 1*

*Thought I'd start my month off with the subject of my main fuel for this month; tea!*

*Didn't come out as well as I expected... but hey, I can improve it once the month is out.*

### Man's Meal

*Apr 2, 2013, 1:23:11 AM*

Man had  
the sky in a bowl,  
Earth on a plate  
and the oceans in a cup.  
Sitting down, he took  
his industrial-grey fork  
and poked  
the spinach-green forests;  
from their broken leaves  
neon-black stuffing  
poured into the countryside.

Deciding too early to eat,  
Man took the sky  
and gulped it down  
straight from the porcelain,  
aether dribbled down his cheek  
and Heaven was gone.

Earth now dystopian-lukewarm,  
Man took his fork again  
and broke the land  
into smaller chunks,  
War sauce was poured over the planet  
and Man took a bite.

The battle spices burning his mouth,  
he reached to the ocean.

Tongue nuclear-hot,  
Man drank the coral-fizzy water.  
But his grip on the sea floor  
was lost,  
the glass was dropped  
and a cascade of post-ocean  
washed Earth into  
a grey, lifeless sludge.

Sighing in irritation,  
Man binned Earth  
and instead called up  
for a Mars pizza.

*NaPoWriMo Day 2.*

*Thought I'd go for a narrative poem today, with the general moral obviously being that  
ordering food is a lot easier than cooking.*

Cubist Look at A Crowd

*Apr 3, 2013, 1:58:52 AM*

Caucasian droplets,  
social seas  
separated on a Petri dish  
into individual  
body-shaped tears,

Gallery of wax masks,  
hiding emotive sauce  
moving mannequin army,

Human paste  
Sliding off  
iron-grey plates;  
cascading through cities  
like primate waterfalls,

Ethnic soup  
bubbling on  
the oven of Earth,

Life-flavoured steam;  
clouds of minds

twisting through  
Life's Labyrinth,

a hive of monkeys.

NaPoWriMo Day 3#

*Bluh, what a horrible piece. Been thinking of doing a cubist poem for a while now, this isn't  
what I thought would be my first foray into it >\_\_<*

### Work

April 4, 2013



NaPoWriMo Day 4.

*Thought I might as well do my type of poetry, Statistical Poetry, for NaPoWriMo. Came out  
better than my other stuff for the contest, that's for sure.*

*New thing I did in this poem was make it a visual poem, which I've never done before.*

*Sorry if hard to read >o<*

### Genesis Prequel

Apr 5, 2013, 4:56:30 AM

Dark.  
Birth of gen-  
-esis, starlit seed  
spreads celestial roots into  
the cold void of the ancient  
wound of pantheon's  
dead beings,  
Light.

*NaPoWriMo day 5. My first try at a Joseph's Star.*

*Shame the deviantArt formatting is pretty mucked-up, and so you can only centralise text in journals. Which is of no use to nobody. So, to see it properly, just centralise it with the toolbar-thing in the to right, 'kay?*

### Omega Epilogue

*Apr 6, 2013, 2:18:23 AM*

Dust dances with peace,  
galaxies drift to endless  
sleep; space has ended.

*NaPoWriMo Day 6#.*

*Decided to try a one verse scifiiku for the day. This is a direct sequel to Genesis Prequel; while that one described a universe being born, this one describes it ending.*

### Mosques

*Apr 7, 2013, 3:07:39 AM*

Crystal blood  
lies encased in  
the glass mosque  
of taste,  
beside the cream-minaret  
laid tower, its twin  
prides itself in  
its pepper-black opals.

*Day 7# and today we stopped to a new level of depravity of horrible writing! Yay...*

*It's about salt and pepper shakers that I thought resembled mosques.*

### Black Chemistry

*Apr 8, 2013, 1:40:23 AM*

Aether-dwelling herbs,  
Locked in myriad  
Concoctions of

Human-born para-cooking,  
Ethereal powers mixed by  
Masters of the elements.  
Yes, the alchemists are the gods of men.

*NaPoWriMo Day 8#*

*Decided to try and do an Acrostic poem today. Not as good as I'd like it to be, but it's a lot better than Mosques.*

Room 1#

*Apr 9, 2013, 2:50:20 AM*

I'm a mess.

Look at my  
many faces,  
and you will  
realise how much  
domestic destruction  
my glass-eyed  
cabinet-windows sees,  
the dark secrets of mine  
locked in jars  
and shadows.

Every day, six animals  
walk over me and  
manipulate,  
eating off my  
fiery spirit and  
probing their way  
through my  
icy, metal heart.

Like a slave I am  
touched and adjusted  
to feed  
these things every minute  
and my payment is  
spills,  
burns  
and crumbs.

*NaPoWriMo Day 9#.*

*Start of my new poetry mini-series, in which I write a poem from the perspective of a room in my house. This one I hope is easy to decipher.*

## Dreamland

*Apr 10, 2013, 2:24:21 AM*

I awoke from reality  
and landed in  
meadows of quilt,  
air smelt of laundry  
and patchwork farms  
enveloped the land,

As the blackberry night began  
the clouds tasted of muffins  
and I fell further into  
Surreality and awoke  
on pitch-brown dunes  
of cocoa deserts,  
after a timeless trek  
I came to the shores of  
a milk sea where  
the land frothed  
into drink,

I caught a ship  
and on the honey-varnished  
aero-galleon the sky  
turned apricot-jam dawn  
and we docked at a  
blueberry pastry city,  
from there I took some kind  
of transport until  
the lakes turned apple-golden  
and the trees sunset peach  
and so I strolled into  
a sea of autumn leaves  
until I began  
to dream of

real life.

*NaPoWriMo Day 10# and no I don't know what that is either.*

*I guess its juts a string of imagery relating to what I think the best dream would look like? I dunno, but it's a poem and much better than what I've done recently. Looks like I'm getting better which is good.*



At the Battle of Comrade's Hill

*Apr 11, 2013, 2:01:40 AM*

At the  
Battle of  
Comrade's Hill,  
death took  
elitists with  
frag grenades.  
Gunmetal flashed,  
Heroically against  
Imperialist scum.

John, the  
King of  
Lurdovia, performed  
martyrdom for  
Neothandaral-esque  
opportunists, yet  
Public anger  
quaked through  
Rangerdatt still.

Soon, the  
tungsten workers  
undermined capitalist  
vermin. Yet,  
workers got  
x-terminated by  
Yellow-coated  
zealous soldiers  
at midday  
before they  
could claim  
decisive victory.

*NaPoWriMo Day 11 and damn, I'm actually proud of this.*

*It's a hybrid of an ABC Poem and a Blitz Poem. it follows the story of a communist revolution in the fictional eastern european country of Lurdovia, in which the pro-capatilist King John sacrificed himself to kill many of the revolutionaries. After this, the military came in and massacred the survivors of the battle. This took place in the capital, Rangerdatt, and I'll say this was in 1962, November 14th, because why not. And I guess the Soviet Union helped because fictional world politics FTW.*

## Room 2

*Apr 12, 2013, 2:34:27 AM*

I am invisible.

Under the wooden wing  
of the stairs,  
I skulk in silent shadows,  
waiting for the day  
a child reaches into  
my frozen heart  
and drags out  
my psychedelic sticks.  
Other times, I wait  
for that women  
to steal my  
earth-borne apples  
or my vegetive tear-ducts  
or whatever marketed mush  
they put inside me.

Because, I love  
that stalled flicker  
of light,  
the small spark that  
lights up my dark  
world of the Understairs.  
When that door opens,  
I gaze into the light of  
Kitchen, and yearn to  
have her celebrity status,  
to have six animals  
walk, talk, eat  
inside of me.

But that won't happen.  
I'm far too small.

By the time you flick the light on,

I'm in darkness again.

*NapOWriMo Day 12 and wow this turned out more depressing than expected.*

*You can see this room directly after leaving Room 1 (which you should have guessed by now 😊) and this poem is about the androgynous room's tale.*

## Rain

*Apr 13, 2013, 6:59:26 AM*

Curtain of water  
water in art  
art is falling  
falling sculptures crash

into a small sea  
sea of the pavement  
pavement is drowning  
drowning are footsteps

in the splash of rain  
rain is like a watery apocalypse  
apocalypse in aqua  
aqua missiles drop.

*NaPoWriMo Day 13# and I'm back to the substandard yayyyyy*

*Tried a loop poem about rain today because its sunny outside so and ambivalence.*

## Thoughts In Windy Weather

*Apr 14, 2013, 9:33:20 AM*

The wind regards me  
as the coast;  
battling against  
waves of  
pure, powerful movement ,  
I take my place  
in the vortex of  
rush.

Around me,  
the leaves add  
to the worldly instrument  
of the sky,  
the resulting  
orchestra plays  
an alien symphony  
of the air.

I embrace the blockade  
of Nature, and  
bathe myself in  
Gaia's drug.

*NaPoWriMo Day 14# and my laptop is back, the glorious hash symbol doesn't involve silly  
Alt key combinations and I missed my laptop so damn much.*

*My thoughts when jumping on the trampoline in windy weather. 2 weeks done, 2 to go.*

### How We Met

*Apr 15, 2013, 9:05:09 AM*

We met under the  
starless night (a yewtree).  
Five years on, married.

*Scratch That Round 8, #PoetryBook*

*The theme was Story-Time, and I think it was a one-verse haiku so I decided to do this as my  
entry 🍵*

*This is not a part of NaPoWriMo.*

### 100 Deviations

*Apr 15, 2013, 9:54:50 AM*

I met you in August,  
It was a windy time for my writing  
as my confidence fell like rain  
regularly,  
sometimes I felt like I was in a battle,  
and the only solace was in the dream of  
home.

But through the black,  
I can pray at the mosque of my satisfaction,  
the epilogue of my paranoia has passed  
and now the prequel of my writing begins.  
The work is fun,  
it feels fantastic to be part of a crowd  
and I get my meal of beautiful art  
every day, like a cup of sparking, creative tea.

Joining deviantArt has allowed my angel wings  
to fly over Writer's Block,  
no longer do I sin with crummy angst-rants.  
I can weave my thoughts  
across the Limbo of imagination-less thoughts  
into a group of people who love  
my work; they help me stand as tall as trees.

The community makes me feel significant.

My mind feels like a campfire  
when embraced by the comments,

The amazing work here has words smooth as silver,  
Gods of imagination and rhythm,  
Like poetic nectarines  
sitting on the branches of  
a word-fueled fire,  
My work is  
small kisses to their  
thrusts of words and tales.

And still my work equals to autumn leaves  
in the eyes of these wandering  
creators, bonded to their  
laptops they spill their mind like paint.

I have no fear of society's judges here,  
like a cloud I have drifted  
away from my mongrel past  
and a long way away from the shores of Burghead Beach.

*Happy 100!*

*I decided to do a poem about my thoughts of deviantArt, how its shaped my writing style and  
the amazing writers in it*

*Each line, albeit a few (which was all the statistical poems and the Spanish one) contains a  
part form the title of all my poems. Pretty obvious most don't fit at all, but oh well xD*

*This isn't part of NaPoWriMo.*

00:37 - 00:56

*Apr 15, 2013, 10:57:12 AM*

Streetlights, the candle flame  
of urban druids,  
twinkle like amber  
fireflies.  
Their light rises up  
to the mingling paint  
of lilac clouds,  
sun-bleached indigo  
and blackcurrant pitch.

The flapping of  
Earth's gown

in the cannon fire  
of stormy wind,  
the air shells rustle  
blood-maroon silhouettes  
of trees.

No alchopop-blue  
human glow  
pounds the air  
at this hour,  
only silence reigns.

Rain, the bloodstains  
Of clouds,  
patters my glass panel  
to a secret world  
seldom seen  
by the  
day-drunk eye.

Even the light pollution  
paints a vivid dance  
in the pre-dawn  
palette,  
a spotlight of dust-orange  
hovering below the darkness,  
negotiating with the  
formidable opponent  
of the atmosphere.

Scrunching the storm,  
the wind screams  
and dances with thunder  
to wage war against  
a still earth.

Streetlights, the candle flame  
of urban druids,  
twinkle like amber fireflies  
in the night.

*NaPoWriMo Day 15# and wow this is a contender for best poem in NaPoWriMo.*

*I couldn't get to sleep, so during the time mentioned in the title I wrote this poem. Edited it today; took out an unneeded verse and a few lines were adjusted, but this is basically 19 minutes worth of insomnia-powered writing 🧐*

*Describes view of town at midnight (00:37 to 00:56) from one of my bedroom windows.*

## Cheatcode

*Apr 17, 2013, 1:03:41 PM*

From level 13  
to 19, I find  
difficulty of getting  
to the checkpoint  
for the next day  
unharmd.

I need a cheatcode.  
Through the mess of  
emotions, breakdowns and  
drowning rage,  
I wish that out of  
the ground popped out  
a warp pipe.  
i'd jump in with gusto,  
get away from the  
emotional vomit my brain  
is covered in, get away from  
the strife  
of adolescence.

But there is no password screen.

Gotta just press that green arrow.

*NaPoWrio Day 17 and yay back to angsty teen drama and sub standard poetry.*

*About how I don't like the teenage years.*

## Inspiration

*Apr 18, 2013, 9:32:07 AM*

Rainbow punch to the  
face, crackling genius escapes  
through my shaking pen.

*NapoWriMo Day 18# and wup wup haikus about inspiration.*

*I literally asked my friend about what I should write about as I had lack of inspiration, he  
said to write about a lack of inspiration and I wrote about having inspiration.*

## Static Mosquitos

*Apr 20, 2013, 12:04:14 PM*

With the call of silence,  
Static mosquitoes fly  
within the earspace.

With the noiseless guillotine set,  
music's head rolls down  
the gallows of memory,

I try to sleep  
in the discomfort of quiet,  
but only after fears have  
ran laps across my mind

do I drift.

*NaPoWriMo Day 19# and yay just squeezed this out of my empty, dehydrated writing engines.*

*It's about what happens when I'm still awake but my radio has turned off. This should be part of a bigger poem, which I might do tomorrow.*

## Arpeggio

*Apr 21, 2013, 8:57:46 AM*

Hand spiders crawl on  
ivory teeth in oak gums,  
they spin melodies.

*NaPoWriMo Day 21# and three weeks down; nearly done this, yay. Most of the stuff I've don [sic] is unmemorable drivel, but there's three pieces I consider good. This isn't on [sic] of them.*

*A haiku about playing an arpeggio on a piano.*

## Pizza

*Apr 22, 2013, 11:40:09 AM*

Tomato rivers run wild,  
Herb islands dotted mild,  
Italy and dough's lovechild,  
The food gods have smiled,  
upon my plate of taste piled!

My teeth descend,  
In my mouth it blends,



Down to the bitter end,  
My mouth, it commends  
the money was used in a good spend.

For the pizza is glorious,  
It's texture notorious,  
and temptation will be victorious  
When we meet again.

*NaPoWriMo Day 22# and pizza.*

*Pizza.*

6:00pm

The sun spills like syrup;  
God has put an instagram filter  
on reality  
for this hour,

A train lays  
a steel drum beat,  
children's laughter is  
punctured with the  
cry of a canary (mother),  
the world smells of  
dried powder earth.

*Apr 23, 2013, 11:08:19 AM*

*NaPoWirMo Day 23# and what is it with me and time based titles.*

*Basically, a description of 6:00 Pm in my garden. Got some good ol' urban imagery in there again. Damn, I missed dem urban imagery.*

Grey

*Apr 24, 2013, 8:55:48 AM*

A grey man wants the world  
to see the world grey  
so he'll herd art  
into genre-abattoirs  
and soon the whole world'll be  
looking grey.

*NaPoWriMo Day 24# and this is why you don't bore me to death with critical essay talk,  
English.*

*A lot more subtle than usual. Wrote it during a very dull English lesson; pretty short but says  
my opinion on essays and over-analyzing text.*

i met a song in a subconscious bar

*Apr 25, 2013, 10:03:11 AM*

In a subconscious bar  
I met a girl.  
She had acoustic locks,  
eyes as bright as guitar twangs  
and skin alive with passionate vocals.

She was one of those anthemic pop-rocks,  
regulars at this frequency  
and yet she still got me  
with some enigmatic, hope-filled charm  
and made me ask

who are you?

And as she spiraled  
into my mind, she  
kissed my brain goodnight

And when I woke up,  
I needed  
her name.

*NaPoWriMo Day 25# and we're back to the horrible, horrible poetry. (Except it isn't that bad  
and I need to stop being melodramatic. -Future AyeAye, 8/9/13)*

*A piece about how you hear a song on the radio when going to sleep but you're too sleepy to  
check its name and so even though you love it you can't hear it anywhere else but on the  
radio because you don't know the damn name of the song.*

*EDIT: 8/9/13 Decided to slightly tweak it so I didn't repeat "name" in such close proximity.  
Also, fixing stupid self-degradation of my own work.*

Town In Fireflies

*Apr 26, 2013, 9:21:03 AM*

Sitting as amber pigeons,  
little molten glass drops  
blur into night,

Ruby towers  
from celestial Connect-4  
sit atop chrome rhino-beetles,  
morphing into the golden road,  
flinching in and out

of existence.

Sparkling as Pointillist diamonds,  
streetlight pixels  
illuminate nocturnal ink,  
an army of guest-suns  
marching until they join  
dawn.

*Found this in my old poetry notebook. Must of thought it was bad at the time because I didn't upload it... but now I read it again, its not actually that bad.*

*A description of a view of the town of Falkirk... I think. Not sure because no one else I was with knew what town it was o\_o*

*EDIT: 1/7/14 Turns out the town wasn't actually Falkirk, so I changed the title. Still not 100% on what the town's actually called xP*

### Room 3#

*Apr 26, 2013, 9:41:51 AM*

I am superior.

While my plebeian  
colleagues wallow  
in the filth of the  
six animals,  
I am kept spotless  
by them;  
my little pink, pudgy slaves.

My fireplace is the grandest,  
my carpet the most sand-gold,  
and every bit of me  
is absolutely spotless.

No one comes in.  
No one.  
Oh yes, it is quite the peak  
of peace in  
my humble abode!

Yes, my fireplace...  
my fireplace, is never touched.  
Nor are the vases,  
the glass ornaments...  
but I am still of the utmost importance!

(Um, yeah, importance...)

Like, for example,  
I hold the whiskey cabinet!  
Ah yes,  
only such a prestigious job  
would be given to  
the best room, no?  
I am used regularly!  
Like, last it was used  
was only... um,

last year?

But, but that's not the point!  
I mean, I get the greatest whiskey  
kept inside me!  
No one else, no one,  
gets that award!  
Either I'm the most important room of them all,

or...

or,  
I'm just  
an abandoned  
dump for  
the treasures  
of home.

*NaPoWriMo Day 26# and gee, this series of poems about rooms in my house is getting pretty  
depressing. o\_o*

*About my Drawing Room, and what it might think. Bluh at the writing, but eh it'll do.*

### Peach Juice

*Apr 27, 2013, 2:17:25 AM*


A cloud god  
spilled his sun-glass of  
peach juice across the sky,  
the orange frothed into  
white strands  
flooding into  
heavenly Morse code.

The solar drink thinned  
into a beard-grey  
until the dome was  
a glass-black sea,  
the moon  
an uneaten celestial crisp.

*NaPoWriMo Day 27# and I do like sunsets.*


*Another poem about sunsets. Pretty proud of this, actually. Again, I seem to do best in poetry  
when its in descriptive nature poems.*

*EDIT: 17/9/13 Tweaked some things. I know it isn't the poem that originally got a DLD, but I  
do think it reads a lot better than it used to.*


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## Daily Lit Deviations for May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2032

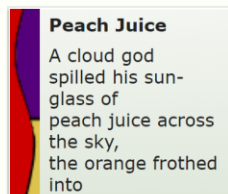
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### Poetry

Suggested by: [Concora](#)

Featured by: [betwixtthepages](#) 



**Peach Juice** by [AyeAye12](#)

From the suggester: *Quirky,  
majestic imagery makes this a  
delightfully intriguing piece to read.*

### Zachry

*Apr 28, 2013, 5:15:55 AM*

Zachry never was good at tests.  
"Your [sic] a failure!" the teachers

x-claimed, which brought about a  
violent reaction.

Umbrage filled, Zachry ran from  
the town,  
serpentine words behind him.

Rough was the first few weeks,  
quizzical looks plagued [sic]  
poor Zachry as he scrapped with dogs  
over breadcrumbs.

Never was Zachry full,  
Ma never searched fro [sic] him;  
liquor had clogged her conscience,  
killed Da ad and left Zachry with  
just hell.

In the concrete,  
he etched out psychedelic  
gibberish,  
from discarded chinks  
eldritch masterpieces  
danced through the smoky  
canals of the city,  
but he was kicked out of the metropolis  
and into the path of an artist...

Zachry noe [sic] lives in  
Yew Tree Hill, an  
x-traordinary gated community for  
wealthy artists.  
Very rich did he become;  
"Underlying Heaven in hell" fetched for  
Ten million dollars.

So the moral is,  
rebel.ling [sic] against the system?  
Quite pointless, unless you dreams are  
powerful enough.

*NaPoWriMo Day 28# and bluh bluh so booooring*

*Tried to do a reverse Abecadarian today, starting with Z to A. Eh.*

How To Be A Writer

*Apr 29, 2013, 9:27:39 AM*

To be a good writer,  
you must...

Have found childhood hell,  
Duelled [sic] teachers in classroom chambers,  
have eyes like cynical searchlights,  
never got to university,

Be filled with highbrow metaphors  
and have an air of pretentiousness,  
look like the God of GQ,  
have a dark beard,  
smoke  
(or and drug problem will do),  
openly confess small problems daily  
(even though your life is fantastic),

Have subtlety border to non-existent,  
Hate everyone,  
find yourself in parties  
of similar minded arrogants [sic]  
who attack you with waves of  
passive-aggressive mockeries  
while swirling champagne  
in a quartz glass while  
wondering why its not diamond.

You must despise your pen,  
value your work as sewage,  
spew every ounce of melodrama  
on to your symbol-filled paper,

Feign interest in fans,  
have a mental disorder  
(if too hard to achieve, pretend you are  
plagued with imaginary problems;  
this will give you a tragic canvas  
to paint your life on,  
this helps sell books).

Do all of this,  
and the glorious world  
of authoring  
shall be yours!

*NaPoWriMo Day 29# and oooh, cynical-cut poems. Damn, I'm getting deep.*

*This is a list poem which makes fun of highbrow writers and their pretentiousness, their melodrama and their constant distaste of life. It's also a jab at myself, as in my life I have felt I will never be a successful writer because for the most part I feel happy in life. Which I know is bullfish, but the idea is still there...*

## Tea II

*Apr 30, 2013, 11:18:41 AM*

Drip.  
Ideas and  
concept universes fall.  
from the porcelain silo  
in which writing oil  
is stored,

In the post-silence  
of prose,  
the mug sits as  
a silent statue  
to the ancient civilization  
of my mind.

*NaPoWriMo Day 30# and it is over. Sigh of relief. Oh wait, I've got Encore Poems to do.*

*Thought I'd relate back to my poem for April the 1st, showing the mug of tea described now drunk and empty.*

## Mixing Board

*Apr 30, 2013, 12:04:36 PM*

Silent galaxies,  
Colour spilled across pine,  
Multiverse fetus. [sic]

*NaPoWriMo Encore Poem A# and wow paint.*

*Yeah, I'm doing encore poems because I love pushing myself to the limits of fatigue.*

*A little haiku about the paint swirls on a mixing board.*

## Paint Dies In The Ocean

*Apr 30, 2013, 12:10:05 PM*

From the brush,  
aurora sirens sigh  
and dispel from the  
god-threads that



plastered their selves  
on paper pre-worlds,

In the water they  
swim-sing in the  
tranquil half-lake,  
their bodies kiss the aqua  
a shade of  
toxic.

The mind drinks it.

*NaPoWriMo Encore Poem B# and yes they're all paint related.*

*About how that pot of water you need to clean your brush and what it looks like in my cray  
cray mind.*

### Summer Explosion

*May 25, 2013, 2:11:11 PM*

Lime mind-map brooding,  
(Mother Nature adores clouds).  
Apollo-kissed mops.

*A little haiku about leaves on trees. Last line needs work.*

### Duel

*May 29, 2013, 1:51:55 PM*

Snow crabs manipulate  
in iron swipes;  
skyships ascend and  
pierce the cloud.

*Started off as a haiku [sic] and then devolved into a brief hybrid piece.*

*I've wanted to do a poem about fencing for a while, but the middle-length ones were never  
very good in my opinion; the stars seemed corny and I just stopped >\_\_< But I think I've hit  
on the two main metaphors that I've wanted in those poems in a shorter form.*

*Also, woah subtle reference to fencer with cloud in singular form instead of plural which  
would make more sense if relating to the air which the swords swipe in so its two descriptions  
in one line whaaaaat*

### Black Kettle

May 29, 2013, 2:02:02 PM

Sticky toffee heart,  
iron chest drags seagulls down  
(slick oil of the unknown).

*I hope it follows the 5-7-5 rule, but basically this is a haiku about depression! Yay!*

*Pretty bleak, foggy imagery I think. Also, more food related stuff and urban imagery, so you could [sic] say it has That Good Ol' AyeAye Taste!(tm)*

### Bonsai

Jun 1, 2013, 10:37:22 AM

Primed mantis wood hand,  
little tree in clay island,  
Roots in gravel soil.

*I'm starting to write more haikus. Yay!*

*A haiku about bonsai's.*

### Puffer-passion-fish

Jun 3, 2013, 2:26:54 PM

In coral caves  
when sea anemones  
brushed with  
tropical eggs  
of sweet,  
I watched (in tastebuds)  
the tang of tadpoles  
cascade,

In cerise carcasses  
of puffer-passion-fish,  
that carmine clash  
leaves lasting eel stings;  
it pulses  
across tongues.

*So this came out today when I was eating a passion fruit. And I was like, "POEM." So I did.*

*Dunno why but the general feel of the fruit reminded me of the ocean. Which is why its featured so much.*

*I'm actually quite proud of it. It doesn't feel like its stressing anything, it feels more natural to me. Also I'm happy at its brevity, which is...different. xD*

### Known Unto God

*Jun 20, 2013, 9:40:15 AM*

Known Unto God.  
Known Unto God.  
Known Unto God.

Sandstone condyles  
rip out of uniform green grass  
and floral blood.

It is the cityscape of fallen men,  
a set of granite dominoes standing  
alert to Field-Marshal Death.

Marble mimes,  
marching into the landscape  
and mustard yellow sun.

"A soldier of the Great War"  
say many teeth;  
each has rot.

My mind gets wrapped in barbed wire.  
I wonder how the guns clicked,  
how the shells dropped,

How the mud flicked,  
how the enemy mocked,  
"Clip clip, clip clop."

Time says,  
because it was a century ago  
and the wound has closed.

So now we cannot truly remember,  
the loves and the hates and the horrible fate  
of the Soldier of the Great War.

*In Belgium, I saw many Ally war graves, and I started to get this poem forming in my head.  
It's a bit more intelligent than my other ones I'd like to think.*

*I'm going to do two more about different aspects of war graves, one about the french graves  
and one about the German graves.*

*Next: [\[link\]](#)*

*EDIT: 7/9/13 Replaced a line. Felt it was needed to emphasise a rather obscure point in the  
poem otherwise.*

(NEW) Grey

*Jun 22, 2013, 11:51:57 AM*

A grey man wants the world  
to be an iron IKEA box  
of subsections and ghost-pale prose,  
so he'll herd art  
into genre-abattoirs  
and soon everything will be  
seen through  
his steel bars.

*Reworked my short poem 'Grey' as per Synergy and ~HuntingForHappiness.*

*I have to admit, the repetition of grey did make it awkward. Hopefully this is a bit better.*

Les Obus D'ivoire

*Jul 2, 2013, 11:11:41 AM*

Sandbag-splattered guns  
point at French feet,  
The broken husks of ivory shells  
wasted like bullets.

They couldn't recover the shrapnel,  
so they named them "Inconnu"  
and dumped him all in  
mass, muddy cartridges.

*Two verse poem about when I visited the french graves in Belgium. Same ideas as "Known  
Unto God" but it's shorter and French!*

*Wanted to make it three-verse but hey ho.*

*Prev: [\[link\]](#)*

*Next: [\[link\]](#)*

*EDIT: 7/9/13 Decided to change a little bit of the penultimate line, as to not repeat them  
twice in the same stanza. Also, it makes a bit more impact on how muddled and how little  
individuality the French soldiers had.*

The Beach

*Jul 3, 2013, 9:49:30 AM*

I

Sea-gulls glide into  
a drifting forest

of brittle bones,  
broken ships sinking in  
apricots and slate-whites and saffrons,  
the tusks of distant trees,  
the flutes of water tribes.

## II

Blue bubbles over  
barnacle-splattered slabs,  
a potion spilling  
from a cauldron plastered with seaweed;  
the concoction is mixed by  
wind witches.

I stand on and see God's fingertips  
scuttling across the coast,  
bubbles sprint and then sigh  
into macro-rivers and canals,  
bleeding across pebble-glens  
and leaving behind froth colonies.

In the distance,  
aquatic dominoes fall  
and craft salt tunnels  
before they collapse into spray  
and crawl up to shore.

Bobbing mountains sway,  
a watery ziggurat,  
a cradle of blue.

## III

Octopus skin lies ragged on  
the beach,  
while an alien city  
of apple green brains  
sways in a solid wind below.  
The green rainbow  
curtains the beach.

*All my different sea-based poems all rolled into one.*

*Here's a game for you... what is each section referring to?*

Tipping of The Scales

*Jul 4, 2013, 2:45:25 PM*

I'm titling  
Into the hurricane.  
My wish to bleed  
love over others  
has left me  
to Life's winds,  
I think I'm  
losing balance.

Did I not shield them?  
Every day I inhaled  
the flying insults,  
I became the  
forgotten mountain.  
But the anger boiled  
and now I'm a volcano.

Boiled breath makes  
the air bitter,  
The lovers and brothers and sisters  
breathe my sorrow and  
they become ash-black.  
I blow away  
the ones I care for  
away from Venus,  
my love makes me hate,  
to save them all  
I must have nothing,

Arrogance is self-belief,  
Selfishness is survival,  
Pretention is faith.  
Dulce bellum inexpertis,

...This is justice?

*A poem for the Written In The Stars contest, as found here [\[link\]](#)*

*I'm right at the end of Libra, which proved hard because Libra is the one zodiac without any kind of animal to get imagery from >\_\_\_> But hey, I was able to put some inner melancholy into it, albeit with the [sic] loss of any concrete imagery.*

*Libra's are, according to the Huffington Post, very social people who care more about others than themselves. This got me thinking about that in my situation, and it turned into this.*

*Hmm. Not my best, but hey it was interesting writing with limitations.*

### Neo-Dune

*Jul 5, 2013, 11:14:26 AM*

Toffee mortar slipping  
into a slide of sand;  
a primeval thing  
scathing at the idea  
of a sand castle.

Nestled in a hug of pebbles,  
smothered in renegade driftwood  
and exiled rope,  
an industrial half-dune slumps  
in post-ruined barricades  
(an impure mongrel of half-construction,  
it preaches "survival over style").

The moat drags itself  
into cliff,  
a dam of seaweed  
praying it can  
steal the sea-rush.

Like a black thumb on the coast,  
the outer-art colony  
annexes the gold-clay  
and awaits  
the squeals of water  
on its shoreline.

*For =ssolaris's competition here; [\[link\]](#) and I chose the prompt "shorelines burst onto  
squeals of water".*

*A description of my pseudo-sand castle I made in a competition with siblings.*

*Started out bad but I think I turned it around to be not-bad.*

*(Poem that is, the sand castle stayed terrible. I never did find out if it survived longer than my  
siblings).*

### Tastes of Teen Days

*Jul 7, 2013, 2:37:27 PM*

Depression tastes like wet cereal.

I know this because I have  
personally overseen days  
where energy and life  
were diluted into sick by  
the overwhelming blank of  
milk, milk hiding the musk  
of wasted days filled  
with the darkness of Cheerio holes.

Like the bowl,

It.

Never.

Stopped.

The waves swished into distant memory,  
my brain the spoon  
pushing through over-sugared life  
wrapped in the snare of others  
who sat in their cardboard pantheons,  
I was up there once  
but now I've fallen  
in a trail of ember snow  
and into this  
sea of milk.

Heartbreak tastes like coke.

I know this because after  
the final bullet was shot  
from sad smiles and sullen apologies,  
I ordered one of these  
to stop me bleeding another ocean  
over the side of the ferry,  
the carbonated romance  
sickened my stomach  
but it didn't wash away the debris  
of my ground heart;  
the crimson desert  
still lay numb and shattered  
from a trail of rejection and  
unrequited love.

I have to remind myself that however hard I reach  
for those malachite stars  
I will just come crashing  
into merry-go-rounds of  
self-hate,  
like a wanderer of that  
crimson desert with feet



sore from melancholy,  
looking for an oasis  
to wash away the memories  
of Him.

Nectarines taste like peace.

I know this because  
whenever my teeth sunk into  
the surface of that fruit sun,  
I know that for a blip of time  
I can ignore  
boys breaking my heart  
and days darker than death  
and manipulation lacing into me.  
For a few hours,  
i can escape from that  
and embrace the sweet loneliness  
because people are sometimes  
just stupid, filled  
with their priorities and  
driftwood hierarchies,  
and in the burning kiss  
of a nectarine,  
I can forget it all.

I just wish everything tasted of nectarines.

*I missed out a verse because personal reasons. Annoyingly it was the biggest one.*

*Wan't going to upload this here but here we are, my first ever successful Spoken Word poem.*

*Might record me saying it and then uploading it, if I could find out what recording equipment  
is the best to use (preferably free).*

A [sic] Ouroboros Rots

*Jul 15, 2013, 6:00:14 AM*

A ouroboros rots  
on a charcoal cube.  
The leaves sepia-gold  
to ash-white,  
akin to the bones  
burnt by flamethrower  
and suffocated in marsh.

Copper names

struggle to breathe  
in shade and rust-green.  
Weeds unmask slabs,  
slabs in Death's scattered keyboard.

Monuments to the dead are squashed,  
crushed under emerald gas clouds  
shooting from oak cannons  
and suffocating the suffering  
held in the twig bones  
of *soldaten*.

*And so I finish the trilogy.*

*At first I really didn't like this at all, but I've turned it around to be at a level I'm satisfied with. Maybe not proud, but acceptable.*

*This poem describes the one German grave around Ieper out of over 130, and it just looked.. discarded. It wasn't well kept, and that was horrible.*

*Prev: [\[link\]](#)*

### Daisy

*Jul 18, 2013, 10:56:58 AM*

The sun-island peeks out of a  
cloud-blade mane,  
fingertip gears twisting  
the petal clock,  
sending the Camille spinning top  
spinning on a green tornado  
into columns of  
lime sword soldiers.

*Nehngh.*

*Yeah, that's all.*

### AyeAye12's Haikutopia (Haikuwrimo August 2013)

*Jul 31, 2013, 11:35:46 AM*

I  
My linguistic sun,  
Rising from the cranium,

into the cyber.

II

Little red-black bomb,  
Dark crimson sun secreting  
the nectar of woods.

III

Clouds of crimson sweet,  
Watercolour draining off  
exposed rocky cores.

IV

Veins of violet,  
Into indigo anther  
across lilac fans.

V

Portly orange blob,  
Encased in bitter snakeskin,  
Set of sweet crescents.

VI

Tyrian zygote,  
Pregnant with violet juice;  
sweet cytoplasm.

VII

Darkness-blue doughnut,  
A secret lime dome under  
Catalina waves.

VIII

Organic sculpture,  
Red rain painted over green,  
white gold underneath.

IX

Upright dead finger,  
"i" of rotting alphabets,  
Tower of bitemarks.

X

Crumpled crescent moon,  
Curled like a yellow dragon,  
Browning the bright bark.

XI

Soft sallow talons,  
Foghorn of stalk and flower:  
Pollen factory.

XII

Paper oak blades thin  
perform the air-dance of the  
bulbous, cozy moon.

XIII

Crawling station down,  
Fudge spilling into black mesh,  
Six strings killed by jump.

XIV

Black atom dancing  
in wrinkled jet-black; it plays  
a real tinnitus.

XV

Bark-orange eyes stuck,  
transfixed on its majestic hide  
and massive finger.

XVI

Hunter green steam floats  
from bistre fur torn into  
tattered vapour hot.

XVII

*Let's do this thing. Even though it's technically still July at time of posting, let's do this thing.  
Hosted by #the-haiku-club :thumb384991148:*

*1. "Dawn." The kigo here is "sun" as sun's are related to summer. I quite like this one (especially the accidental rhyme with the first two lines). It's about how all my haikus and ideas will rise out of my mind this month and become part of this deviation. Hopefully.  
And yes, I did that double usage of "sun" and "son" deliberately 😊*

*2. "Blackcurrant." Dunno exactly what the kigo could be here... blackcurrants are ripe in summer though. I think. But anyway, this is a haiku about a blackcurrant.*

*3. "Nectarine." No kigo. A visual description of a nectarine.*

*4. "gerwat." Didn't know what to do for today so I asked someone to pick a nukmber from 1*

to 25 and then picked from this list [www.telegraph.co.uk/gardening/...](http://www.telegraph.co.uk/gardening/...) . Number 14 was picked, so the haiku is about a "Gerwat". Also used this pic; [webassets.rhs.org.uk/content/M...](http://webassets.rhs.org.uk/content/M...) No kigo again. Kigos are hard xP

5. "Tangerine." Is it summer-related? Either way, I managed to squeeze out a haiku today I like, yay! Visual thing about a tangerine. No kigo.

6. "Red Grape". First haiku i forgot to do on the day, here's to hoping I don't forget anymore!

7. "Blueberry". Fruit really remind me a lot of planets. Also, writing haikus is like linguistic still life; for this and VI I had to get a blueberry and grape to examine for each haiku. Then I ate them, 'cause fruit is snazzy :3

8. "Apple" 9. "Apple Core" 10. "Banana Peel" Yay, I can officially be featured by #the-haiku-club now!

11. "Clover" 12. "Moth" 13. "The Spider Who Died" (I accidentally jumped on a spider on the trampoline... I tried to save it, but kinda made it worse and I watched it bleed out a painful death. Felt bad so this haiku is in remembrance to that spider.)

14. "Fly" 15. "Aye Aye" (got to celebrate my name xP) 16. "Steamwolf". Fictional animals are allowed, right? Yes. Based on this [gyazo.com/1cf89649a71f2b93b432...](http://gyazo.com/1cf89649a71f2b93b432...)

17.

### Monospace Poem

Aug 2, 2013, 2:50:37 PM

my heart is a supernova;  
you're a thunderstorm  
& now  
les  
nuages  
r o l l  
in,

my heart is red dust  
(what beautiful chaos)  
pockmark my porcelain  
with cigarette-squawks,

i'll kill sleep  
with coffee stains

(your sad smiles & apologies have bruised me.)  
if love is a chemical,  
then now its poison;  
my skin is paper-lissome  
because darling,

you've scarred me,  
examined & killed me like Achille,  
my brain falls into drunken anxiety;  
(the rush of sex  
is now but a dead  
scintilla.)

neurotransmitters are in exile,  
my ribcage is the palace.

*Parody. Fun, little tease. At popular deviantart poems and trends and Monospace Poetry.  
Not in spite. Please don't attack. Kthanks.*

*Inspired by this journal entry (link) I decided to add in basically everything she mentioned there. It was a fun little exercise [sic] because a) writing under strict guidelines is fresh and challenging in a good way and b) I've always been a bit tempted to write a poem like this.*

*Dunno if this is really my style though, do't [sic] think I'll keep at it I'm afraid xP*

*I call it Monospace Poetry because that's the font I see it in most of the time.*

Anu-X5

Aug 2, 2013, 3:11:07 PM

Emerald oceans  
splashing on violet islands,  
Ruby jungles gleam.

*WATCHING 300 SEEMS TO MAKE ME PRODUCTIVE AHHHHHHH*

*For #PoeticalCondition's Prompt, in which you have to make a SciFaiKu. So I did; it's about some distant planet named after a Mesopotamian deity of storms because it sounded cool.*

(Gaseous) State Of Mind

Aug 5, 2013, 7:45:19 AM

Feels like I'm a shell  
empty but for  
idiosyncrasies,

spreading like spiderwebs in a  
mental overpopulation of the brain,  
logic melting into delusion  
in cauldron pots  
growling in the corner;  
anxiety turns to pathogen  
turns to plague  
turns to dead thoughts  
seeping into such a morbid alchemy,  
lead to gold isn't platinum  
and it looks like the youth is gone  
so let's all stare at the dry fountain  
but there are a thousand scapegoats  
rolling in the panic-grass outside,  
one needs to be picked from the hat  
or I'll tumble down dark paths  
in a web mapping the unknown.

Feel that?  
That's the claustrophobia knocking  
and heralding a million wars I gotta lose,  
I better go prepare  
to die, seeya  
and here's to hoping  
I find a formula for light.

*Tea wasn't the problem.*

*Don't like that ending much. The rest of it surprised me in that it came out nicely.*

### Thoughts on 13

*Aug 7, 2013, 4:07:00 AM*

Triskaidekaphobia seems rational  
when the acne wildfire starts spreading across  
once moon-white skin,  
as the days tick down  
to the festival of puberty!  
(a seven-year long stairway)  
with temper fireworks,  
bobbing for luck in angst pools  
and horseshoe-shaped mood swings.  
You'll feel like a peanut,  
and the only way to survive is to become a cat  
leaping from social circle to social circle,  
or you'll fall into the velociraptors  
(they're like a razor sharp a capella).

Your brain will become a cocktail of chemicals.  
You will become a jungle.  
So just enjoy yourself,  
because today might be the last day  
you fly.

*Well this turned dark fast. o>o*

*For this; [link]*

*Happy birthday, deviantArt! Hopefully you won't have to go through some kind of cyber-  
puberty thing xP*

### Fisherman's Prayer

*Aug 24, 2013, 2:54:25 AM*

You look upon us  
with your solitary eye,  
the Moon.

You look,  
do not help.

My men are blackened in sog.  
Chilled like stocked fish.

And you dare look upon us  
with the vacancy of a bored child;  
we are risking our lives so  
your favourite cattle can consume more,  
as if we haven't had enough wealth to vomit  
into our veins,  
and of this gamble  
you look.

Oh, yes, go!  
Turn your gaze away  
in the galloping tendrils  
of night and cloud!  
Blacken the night in tempest,  
Mute our souls in thunder,  
lose us in smog.  
Go!

What's this... birds?  
Ah, you hath sent a message!



Why, we have to fly away?  
How was I so blind!  
Oh great God, how wonderful  
you have given us the right way!  
Shall I jump from the boat  
and hope I do not plummet?

What a pathetic lover you are.  
Love is just a reminder  
my heartbeat is a clock  
ticking with the waves,  
an extra chain  
dragging me down  
with my own prey.

Is this irony?  
Justice?  
For the mass murder of fish,  
I must join them?  
Hah!  
You always were one to swap eyes.

When I get to Heaven,  
you'll have to plead for my forgiveness.

*Inspired by this; [\[link\]](#)*

*So the image made me think of some kind of tale involving a fisherman facing a death by drowning and him shouting at god, becoming really cynical on humanity's well being and generally pessimistic.*

Yay.

*Not as much imagery in this as usual, wonder if that's a good thing or not.*

*Last two lines are based on a quote from a Jewish concentration camp prisoner (*

Set Sail

*Sep 6, 2013, 1:19:54 PM*

Set sail.

Catch the future in your hand  
and push through  
the storms,  
the waves,  
embrace the loves,

the ruins and seeds,  
rise like the stars  
and take the future in your hand.

You have the freedom,  
you have the light,  
you have the ocean  
stretched as your canvas,

Set sail.

*Tomorrow, my brother leaves for a gap year in Africa. After that, he goes to university, and then after that he'll be in the adult world. This is basically a poem for him leaving.*

*Good luck, bro.*

### The Word, The Poet

*Sep 7, 2013, 1:35:43 PM*

In the beginning there was the Word,  
the Word from the Poet who scatters diamond dice  
across his black canvas,  
he names this stanza one.

Ultramarine hemispheres  
are welded together  
into a harmonious kenning;  
cloud and aqua  
no longer primordial scribbles  
of the Poet's subconscious,  
he names this stanza two.

Life is personified in  
cliffs raised,  
ascending above the waves,  
pockmarking the blue skin  
with a dust-orange birthmark.  
Green imagery is painted  
over the first draft,  
he names this stanza three.

Brothers and sisters are born,  
one is set in fiery metaphor,  
the other in a cooling simile,  
he names this stanza four.

The Poet's quill dances through the waves,  
leaving ink marks to swarm and swim,  
signatures in the sky to brood and kiss clouds,  
he names this stanza five.

Footnotes added to the continents roam until they stop at  
the sandy line breaks,  
two proteges from their ranks are enlisted  
and begin to preach  
Spoken Word.  
He names this stanza six.

The Poet sits back  
and watches his poem  
publish itself through history.  
He names this stanza seven,  
and so ends the poem.

*For the "Of Myth And Legend" competition; [link]*

*The myth I decided to do was the Christian and Jewish creation mythos; [link]*

*I didn't think people would do something more recent as Christianity (relatively speaking),  
which is why I chose to do it. No, I am not a creationist, I am afraid. >\_\_>*

*This was in no way meant to offend. It's just a poem about the creation of the universe as per  
the events of Genesis (mostly), in the view of him being a poet.  
37 lines long.*

infant atheist

*Sep 10, 2013, 2:06:32 PM*

Belief burnt like these bricks,  
each step a step to  
that door that  
can never open.

And here I stand,  
slate-blue shadows  
and God's guilty light  
searching for a faith fled,  
but the garden is ripe for picking.

*For "FotoFridy" and the picture is "the dead end" by ~its-ok-bunny: [link]*

*I dunno, it looked like a church to me, and this turned into this poem about the thoughts of a  
person who has lost faith in God (a dead end in his life), but he remarks at the end that now*

*he is free to go into the garden (which can be seen at the far right of the image).*

*So, yeah, I'm happy with it. Doesn't reflect my beliefs/ personal experience at all though.*

A temple with its walls away.

*Sep 16, 2013, 7:11:09 AM*

Her cornerstone:  
the sure foundation of  
precious binding,

Today they host  
constant confidence:  
honour shed for glory,

A temple with its walls away.

*Oh hello there found poem.*

*I got bored of Spanish homework and decided to make this from words from a hymn sheet  
which I brought home because I dunno.*

*It's about a drug addict who is fictional because I couldn't make anything else more  
profound.*

*Part three of "AyeAye is preoccupied with religion and God" Festival.*

*I'll put in the picture of the original text when I get it on the computer.*

Jackson Pollock

*Sep 18, 2013, 1:42:53 PM*

And in that lake above  
I saw cosmic milk  
spilled like Pollock,  
white fish winking  
from their empyrean aquarium,

and stars kissing away the ocean.

*Short piece on the stars at night. Oh, nature poetry, how I've missed you.*

*I'm content with this.*

*Going through a dark wave right now, hopefully I'll be out soon.*

Appleseed

*Sep 19, 2013, 11:07:18 AM*

Teardrop of ochre,  
A seed from the red rainfall,  
Guardian of tang.

*Ohai there poorly done haiku about apple seeds.*

*I'm starting to write more stuff during school because school can be boring sometimes. This  
one oin biology, hence the fact that i could get an apple seed during class.*

*Sheesh, it was a red apple anyway >\_\_> EDIT: Changed it to "red rainfall" because that  
makes more sense and alliteration.*

### Syllabic Chains

*Sep 19, 2013, 11:12:31 AM*

Can a whole painting  
be contained in the prison  
of seventeen sounds?

*Yay, go metakus.*

*Which is a thing now.*

*Dat humour.*

### A Pile of Exiled Leaves

*Oct 2, 2013, 12:28:35 PM*

Look:  
under their father's roots,  
oven-baked by progress  
they stare at the stars,  
ponder over their 'photosyn thesis'  
and wonder where they'll land next.

Dry veins bringing  
drought to the cuticle,  
the rivers sprawling  
like cobwebbed fingers  
scratching cellulose into  
eczema of the upper epidermis,  
dirt-ink sketches bleeding softly  
to the frayed edge of  
mesophyllic parchment,

where Death took his scissors  
and cut oblong hearts  
from Life and into  
the frigid air.


Dead gold,  
curled up in amber wrinkles,  
a million Queens of Spades  
who played dead for too long.

*For #poetrybook 's Scratch That 2.0 Contest, Auditions.*

*Wanted to do a poem about autumn leaves recently. And I was able to add in biology terms  
too, yay.*

*(Yes, the last stanza is deliberately past tense while the rest is present).*

1. What's your favourite line?
2. What's your least favourite line?
3. Anything else?

**DailyLitDeviations** Oct 10, 2013


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**A Pile of Exiled Leaves**  
Look:  
under their father's  
roots,  
oven-baked by  
progress  
they stare at the

**"A Pile of Exiled Leaves"** by [AyeAye12](#)

From the suggester: The imagery is absolutely stunning.

### Thoughts from a Railway

*Oct 5, 2013, 10:53:46 AM*

A dirty chandelier of flowers  
sits with Coke debris  
and plaster shrapnel,  
daring each other to reach  
closer

and closer  
to sprinting twin rods,  
shooting past rusted hedges of barbed wire  
into the dozing trees.

*Thoughts from a railway when I was bored out of my mind while my parents shopped for a  
new car.*

Snow tears, silver dribble, milk freckles.

*Oct 8, 2013, 1:46:20 PM*

And the stars screamed  
their light across the blue,

Nephthys has been weeping snow  
at the smog-green below,  
or maybe Asteria has dribbled silver  
across a smudge-purple bib,

but I think the world  
is just shining its dance,  
Earth pecking the cheek of Zorya,  
leaving milky freckles

and their light to snooze  
into the blue.

*For lack of better title^*

*For the 5th Annual Poetry Screams Prompt Contest ([dreamsinstatic.deviantart.com/...](http://dreamsinstatic.deviantart.com/...))*

*Prompt: "...And The Stars Screamed."*

*Nephthys: Goddess of Night (+ birth and death).*

*Asteria: Goddess of Nocturnal Oracles and Falling Stars*

*Zorya: The first name of all the Auroras, the morning and evening stars. Unintentional  
American Gods reference for the win. In the poem, I guess it refers to Vechernyaya, the  
Evening Star.*

*EDIT: "Snow" and "below" kinda rhyme. Hah, coincidences.*

p-o-e-t is but four letters.

*Oct 12, 2013, 10:31:13 AM*

I'm not a poet.  
I am a

I

biologist:  
dissecting life  
and reconstructing the deconstructed  
into impossible architecture,  
extracting the right chromosomes,  
inserting into paper plasmids:  
linguistic engineering.

## II

dancer:  
In a tango of typography  
words will flow  
to the beat of pens,  
stomp of the keyboard,  
typewriter's applause.

## III

sacrifice:  
watch as I take my blades of ink  
and bleed the truth  
into the cosmic bathtub,  
muddy the water in melodrama,  
trap the world in a vermilion spiral  
drifting downwards in blank verse.

## IV

creator:  
I doodle imagery  
in the sketches of complexity,  
paint universes in a  
brush dripped in metaphors,  
simile-based watercolour dripping off notebooks  
in tears, laughter and literature.

## V

You can't contain this dance in one word.

*Urk, I think I overheated my writing engine. This took a while to get right.*

*Everyone needs to do a "I'm a writer!" poem once in their lives so here you go.*

*I will get so much controversy for III. It wasn't meant as malicious in any way, just a metaphor, apologies if thought of otherwise. "Suicidal" needs to be changed, but "self harmer" or "martyr" don't fit, so any other suggestions? (I don't think it needs a mature content filter, what do you think?)*



*Oh, and the end is silly.*

*You can still call me poet, I won't get offended.*

Conkerers

*Oct 14, 2013, 1:56:39 PM*

Look at those squirrel ends  
scurrying off the trees,  
chocolate derrieres  
knocking on the road  
in their punk-green haircuts,

but when they've balded  
and the chocolate has wrinkled  
to mud,  
those concrete warriors will  
just be old chestnuts.

*Ehh, nah. Not good enough. Could be so much better.*

*For #Open-Mic 's October 2013 contest [link]*

*They looked like squirrel bums to me, kay, don't judge*

The World is just a Beachball in Space

*Oct 15, 2013, 2:05:57 PM*

Under the basement  
is a nest of plumbing,

stone intestines slurping sewage,

the coffee-brown sponge of a green-and-blue cake,

a magma ocean like subterranean salsa,

a forest of moon-white diamonds,

and one massive nickel  
stuck in the Earth Arcade,

so whenever you feel like  
you are but a clump of  
biological pixels,  
or that the stars are crushing you,  
remember:

You are literally on top of the world.

*Don't ask about the spaces, I'm sure it's just a phase.*

*Also loltitlewithlittleconnectiontopoemataallwhatamithinking*

*For AeroModo's Contest ([link]) with the prompt "Under the basement". It was difficult, which I guess is why it's a good prompt. I'm quite satisfied with the end product, actually.*

1. What is your favourite line?
2. What is your least favourite line? (If you say nothing or no line I will kill a million owlguins.)
3. Do you like the spaces/ mind the spaces/ hate the spaces between the lines?
4. A better alternative for the title?

### Firework over Road

*Oct 20, 2013, 2:43:53 PM*

That fizz of raspberry champagne,  
that tipsy giggle  
flashing the night  
like a sparked photograph,  
that colourful sneeze of light  
smirking in the black.

*Yay fireworks. And roads.*

*Kinda related to my birthday in a loose sense.*

### The Yellow-Capped Worker

*Oct 23, 2013, 6:59:13 AM*

*Orange gills inhale the autumn gale.*

Exhaling sun-orange specks  
from its bronze peel,  
(a spore-laden sigh from  
under a yellow cap's brow)  
the gangly worker  
hunches in the wind.

*The brown omelette wobbles like a spinning plate in the October breeze.*

*Yay, wild mushrooms. Found one stranded in the grass, from either a strong wind or the dog digging it up. Thought I should try and make a poem of it. Consider it an apology for not getting to see my poem about roads.*

*1, Favourite line?*

2. Least favourite line?
3. Do you understand what I mean by "the gangly worker"?
4. Anything else?

### Questions Before Death

*Oct 23, 2013, 12:44:46 PM*

Why is the darkness burning that bright?  
Is that smoking vanilla?  
Who's that hooded figure there?  
Why is my skin now ice?  
Is my blood now fire?  
What's going on?!  
So so cold...  
Okay...  
Oh...

*Welp, it is nearly Halloween, so may as well be a bit macabre >\_\_>*

*My first ever nonet, for #Poetical-Condition 's prompt Pool, and the prompt was to write a nonet ([link]).*

### Exclamation Marks

*Oct 29, 2013, 10:11:34 AM*

#ClichesAreDead has its June 2011 monthly prompt  
punctuated by exclamation marks and  
ghost grey lines slicing through usernames  
and the phantoms' work,

because ~mercury-bullet said =SurrenderingStar's piece  
about how much she wanted to die  
was "beautiful",

and when that same writer  
said she was shutting her account down  
in case anyone got worried about her absence  
due to the risk of being tempted to  
bleed her life into a grubby sink  
(just like her poetry),

the reply was a good luck for the future  
and two pastel blobs  
trying to strangle each other.

*A criticism of the deviantArt literature community's flaws (of which there are thankfully few),  
a melancholy for the lost users, angst for not knowing what to say and empathy for the  
ignorant.*

*If you are new; # -> groups, ~ -> non-premium members and = -> premium member/ beta  
tester(?).*

*I still use them because I'm like one of those stubborn grandparents who thinks that them  
pesky new-fangled, big flashy symbols will never replace the good ol' punctuation symbols of  
old.*

- 1. Do you find it offensive / unjust?*
- 2. Do you like or dislike the longer lines?*
- 3. Anything else?*

Icarus,

*Nov 6, 2013, 9:57:10 AM*

Icarus,

You cannot reach that nectar  
on a pair of bumblebee wings:  
there is a reason moths don't get to heaven,  
that black hole in the centre of every light  
drags them in

because Icarus,  
self destruction is a drug,  
self destruction is seduction,  
rotten apple juice can't get you out of the singularity.  
Just let it drag you in because  
we are all lost,  
we are the definition of lost,

Icarus,  
rattle the cage bars all you want.  
It's a seven year sentence  
and you're halfway to the sun already  
and you wouldn't want to melt too early, right?  
Self destruction,  
sweet seduction,

Icarus.  
You are a strawberry grenade,  
a cloud of rusted barbed wire  
but if I don't shoot you down  
you will just make a messy end of yourself.

Suicide isn't romantic:  
Socrates and Boudicca had a reason to poison themselves,  
a valid reason,  
self destruction,  
sweet seduction,

Icarus-  
Yes, it is your choice,  
but it could easily be my choice to  
drown in the vomit pool party like you.  
That doesn't make it any more justified.  
Individuality just sugarcoats,  
opinions make our brains obese,  
self destruction,  
sweet seduction.

So Icarus,  
I know you hate poetry  
but consider this a slap of symbols in the face.  
Sip your rotten apple juice if you want,  
but I won't apologise for being awake.

Dammit Icarus,  
Ozymandias would be proud.

*Underage drinking, stop being a thing please.*

*Meant to be read out.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

*EDIT: 7/11/13 Changed the awkward lines, and comma placement.*

### Sky-Forge Sighing

*Nov 14, 2013, 9:56:52 AM*

The molten cloud-iron  
flares in the dusk-topaz  
light, sky forge sighing,  
cooling into cloud-grey  
and star-studded coal.

*All the poetry I've seen on this site recently is either filled with malice or depressing, so have  
this poem I've meant to write for a while.*

Sunsets.

*(Don't give me anything to work/improve on and I will slaughter a million owlguins. Yeah, I'm bringing that back, because it seems I only get feedback when I put questions up but this piece is too short for questions so AGHHHHHH*

:3)

### Flashlight

Nov 20, 2013, 12:22:43 PM

The golden flashlight  
illuminates us in sepia.

It is a cyclops eye,  
gazing at us (marble dust)  
with paternal curiosity,

Artemis' projection  
of her soul in the sky.  
Let's make shadow puppets of awe  
on the snowball's skin.

Moon.

1. Favourite line?
2. Least favourite line?
3. Anything else?

*(Owlguins may or may not be slaughtered depending on responses.)*

21/11/13: EDIT Changed "watching us with worry" to "gazing at us (marble dust)".

### The Land Where The Sun Bleeds

Nov 27, 2013, 1:33:23 PM

America.  
Us, a

pierced egg yolk on the side of Route 66 in Missouri,  
golden river flowing to Mrs Hippie's flowery vans  
blasting psychedelia in The Factory, New York,  
Sky Blue as Albuquerque  
unlike the underground of Texas,  
Texas spitting at the sight of Rhode's thighs kissed by her wife  
in sex spiced like Connecticut's nutmeg,  
nutmeg trees green as the Green Mountains  
as seen by pilgrims when roasting turkey like witches in Salem

(they need Washing tons in the Salish Sea).

Robert Frost provides the New Hamper:  
describing yellow trees, yellow like Wyoming's stone park,  
but Montana wins with the Rockies,  
not as rocky as Idaho's gemstones though,  
yet emeralds can't be as green as Portland  
or the coffers of bug-eyed Sigel.

Iowa the heart is safe, don't worry,  
unlike the pincers of Maine  
or the fracking in North Dakota,  
or the Sioux's spears below that,  
or the depth of the 10'000 lakes in Minnesota.

For something more nice there's Wisconsin's milk,  
the mitten of lower Michigan?  
Comedy in Chicago?

Gas booms in Indiana,  
a chick is burned in Kentucky,  
eight presidents makes Virginia politically correct,  
Delaware's the first,  
Maryland's the richest,  
New Jersey's... New Jersey,  
Nebraska's in a twist(er),  
Colorado's a ruddy 100,  
Utah's Mormonic,  
Arizona's a cornerstone away from Mexico,

Louis was bullied by Katrina.  
Ally Bama's got a sweet home.  
George was last in the race.  
Carol watches the ocean.

Tennessee's feeling blue  
like Alaska.  
Florida needs to stop sniffing the salt,  
Hawaii mourns over its lost pearls.  
The Appalachians Pen sylver linings and mountain-mania.  
And California?

It joins in the rush for the golden river,  
  
the yolk of the Western World.

*Did this as an example for my challenge-thing.*

*Goodness gracious me was this fun but exhausting. Dem play on words.*

*Each line describes a state in some way. Sources: Wikipedia.*

*I have probably got something wrong.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line (there should be many > \_\_\_>)*
- 3. Have I represented U.S.A well, do you think?*

*EDIT: 28/11/13 Made some edits.*

### Sorbet in The Sky

*Nov 29, 2013, 12:56:53 PM*

Apricot whiskers bloom  
in streaks of fluffy aurora borealis,  
sun-pinks chasing snowballs tumbling  
through thinning dawn crimson,  
Caelus blowing steam and  
sighing chilled breezes into  
fields of azure.  
The train of day rolls on,  
until

the sun begins his grand departure.  
With great celebration and fiery spirit he travels away,  
leaving water color bursts of pink and yellow.  
Baby blue becomes royal indigo.  
Solemnly the moon shows her face,  
the moon's subjects of white fire following her, illuminating mortals below.  
Like diamonds they reflect the sun.  
Night has come, the sun gone.  
The dark hours resound with peace.

*Festival of Collaborations 3#, with the wonderbubbly ~Silent-Intrigant.*

*I did the stanza on sunrise, she did the one on sunset.*

*Although our styles are quite different, I personally think it flows quite well :3 It's a nice juxtaposition from the blooming of a sun appearing in the sky to the more slow fall of it back to the other side of the world.*

*1. Favourite line?*



2. *Least favourite line?*

3. *Anything else?*

Israelite

*Dec 4, 2013, 1:45:18 PM*

i know i apologized to you for these emo-painted rants but what am i but an Israelite to God/~ God is in your eyes and sometimes i think i can see it finding Revelations (yes)~ but there is always that step never taken/ never walked/ i think it must be jealously but what else do you call love/~ it is that but painted in blood and sacrifice/ i guess that's another over-generalization but its so much easier to suffocate on that than the truth/~ truth is subjective i guess which must be why its been three years now on the journey/~

is this the curse of a moon?/~ never to be as orbited as its own planet/ as it watches it get better for the winner below/~ i can tell myself that you are losing yourself to the sand but i think im more annoyed that i am not your centre of attention rather than itself being itself/~ i am pissed off at my star (or should that be two green malachites?)~/

you hate poetry/ and this is that/ which is ironic judging by your name/ and you can accept this like the river tide/~ but i am a rock and rocks get eroded/ and jealous/ i always see these things as if you are a character woven for me to decipher/ you are a novel character and what a novel experience life is/~ Wingdings was always easier to eat up than Revelations but sometimes you just have to LISTEN to them however hard they hurt/~ this will probably never reach your eyes or tongue (both are really the same) because even rocks like me have their limits/~ i guess i must already be becoming sand/

AND I THOUGHT you were a survivor/ do you not realize there are three types in life:~ sand ~palmtrees~survivor/ and I thought you were the last,~ but like always you come first in the races/~ there is still the twitching flower of doubt sprouting in here/ selfishness is no way for such a man to walk/ the problem with orbiting is that whatever the centre does will always impact you/.

i wonder if you know how many guitar riffs have been sacrificed to you/ songs will lay bare at my feet/ replaced with my calling out for your own/ i cannot think of sex because clouds never look like their objects below/ and anyway that goes against you in the second commandment/ disciples never had it easy, huh?~

there are three people in life/~ sand~ palmtrees~ survivors.  
id say you are a Sandman,  
but you don't put me to sleep.

*/ = Line break*

*~ = Breath*

*. = Pause*

*Stream of consciousness.*

*I gave up on getting over him. Just, ugh.*

A Man Gunned Down

*Dec 7, 2013, 2:34:34 AM*

(one)

Lead shuttle frackin' open skin and

(two)

blood flailing in the echo of

(three)

steel cries whipping skin,

(four)

dance of burning pink and

(five)

a white-hot snapshot from

(six)

Grim's bang-bang camera,

(seven)

down.

*As it is the season to be jolly, here is a poem about being shot at.  
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay*

*The piece is meant to be broken up that awkwardly, yes.*

- 1. Do you like the way the piece is broken up to emphasise on the time each bullet hits?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least favourite line?*

## Stanza for Chrome's Super-Collab

*Dec 13, 2013, 8:58:10 AM*

Fall,  
fall to winter,  
where the silver milk is a mirror  
reflecting iron souls back  
at the eyes bloodshot  
in morning drizzle,  
and back at the bloodshot are the trees:  
with their porcupine afros  
and a thousand necks snapping in the frost breeze;  
fingers snatching at the lost fruit of the sun  
now sleeping in the cloud pink quilt,  
up above.  
And above, the sun

*The stanza for chromeantennae 's super duper super colab! [\[link\]](#) In which something like,  
over thirty poets all join into one epic on nature.*

*Consider it a sneak peek. I've seen the other stanzas, and some of them are really good.*

*EDIT: 15/12/13 Changed "air" to "breeze" to make ti kinda rhyme.*

## Love Al Niente

*Dec 20, 2013, 9:52:31 AM*

I.

It was December,  
the grass wet with the sky's tears  
and the moon hanging in the sky  
like desperate mistletoe.  
The bus stop always seemed perversely romantic:  
you could see exactly how people painted fatigue  
on their faces,  
some strange dance of yawns and grunts  
which reminded you of exactly how damn precious  
problems of the privileged are.

Of course, you did not dance.  
You did not paint fatigue that morning.  
When the sun hypocritically spilled its summer gold  
you smiled,  
believing your smile could turn it into something refreshing,  
Cockiness  
I noted,

and because it was a wrong note in life's symphony  
I stepped closer to the bright almond  
of your eyes.

Your first words were  
"The beige really works with the leaves.",  
and I think there  
the fingers hit ivory  
and ebony.

### VIII.

i could never have been sure with you;  
you had danced on plenty tight ropes before  
you settled for dancing on  
me  
and that's fucking good riddance,  
i'd say.

you made me hit maximum occupancy at one  
and i  
was only there to watch you  
fume and shrivel, back  
down and fight  
back  
to back  
to back.

you could take it from me now; don't  
fool another giver with your bright magpie-eyed  
smiles and pleasantries. after all, there is only  
so  
much  
magic,  
a missing facial muscle  
can possess.

### III.

We were destined for the same steel whale:  
Jonahs sitting in the big bad belly of the world,  
we found solace in our words.  
Our anxieties fluttered out like butterflies  
in nervous laughter.  
The grass shivered in excitement outside

the windows.

Fate pushed us together  
like the breeze-cum-gale.  
We were both starting a new job at the same place,  
what a coincidence?

As we walked in and took positions in our offices,  
I could feel the spark become institutionalized.  
There would be a tower of love higher than  
this concrete arrow,  
I knew it,  
I knew it.

The sun faded to early day.

IV.

i don't know how you managed  
to bend time  
and space  
to make it seem like a forever  
till I saw you again. there is little  
in my power, there is only so  
much  
magic,  
a missing facial muscle  
can possess.

there could've been more  
jerked head motions and reflexes I  
needed for work, but it always seemed  
you'd be the one I had  
the least practice for.

V.

You blurted it all out  
like the paper from the printer.  
It was in the copy room,  
and my God would I have you  
strut staccato beats out against  
my sheet-white skin  
if not for the bland building.

A whirlwind of candles

and restaurant reds later,  
I moved out into the  
tea-beige of your place,  
but the candle-lit whirlwind  
still followed into the bedroom.

## II.

you were what the curve-ridden world  
would call beautiful but to me, it was more  
pretentious; who  
doesn't like beige on leaves?  
"I think it's more of the orange that comes  
out. it's such a lonely  
color; that's why it's my favorite."

the world must have been raining  
but your fragmented chords struck  
mine a little too well  
with a twinkle unmistakably resting  
at the corner of your left  
eye,  
why would you wait  
for the bus when you could  
hitch a ride-trap I'd fall into just as  
hard as your morning fatigue  
canvas?

## VII.

All carnivals had to be packed up one day,  
but I think we both prayed ours was heaven.  
The quiver of your Adam's apple  
played timpani during the awkward silences  
where we allowed the sand-grey hum  
of TV to replace candle whirlwinds.

The wick had died out,  
right in the middle of winter.

Quarter-rest and-

Words burning scratch marks  
into the walls,  
lashings of forte fortissimo  
thumping down on each others throats

in sforzando pedal thrusts,  
tears piercing heartstrings  
and what is wrong?!

And as the argument disparaged into petty decrescendo,  
I was out of the tea-beige,  
on the steam-grey  
and in the air.

VI.

it was a vaudeville of surprises  
and firsts and things we  
couldn't quite finger hard enough to get;  
you bent over the counter in my  
head and I kneeled when I  
could but we could never  
kneel together

we were always so nautically  
challenged but I couldn't waver  
from our buoy. it's  
funny how our reds wallowed into teal,  
oscillating, vibrating  
just until  
we got stuck  
in the dead of winter -  
right  
in the middle.

IX.

Such gossamer skin,  
I thought.  
I did not dance on you:  
I brought upon overtures of love  
to let you step into the symphony of now.  
Us.

You did not talk to me at work.  
I had already faded al niente.

So now the grass is wet in tears  
and the moon desperate mistletoe.  
But there is a man standing away  
from the waltz of morning blues,

and his eyes burn like almond stars.

So I say,  
da capo.

X.

da capo  
da capo.

*Part 3 of the Festival Of Collaborations, with the ever wonderful your-methamphetamine .  
Her version is here:[link]*

*It details the rise and fall of a relationship between a man and a woman, BUT the male parts  
are written by Cassie (clearly a girl) and the girl's parts written by me (a boy. Not so clear).  
Alternate title is "Black Ivory" or "winter burns into new year's but it never stopped us".*

*Italics = Me, not italics = Cassie.*

1. Favourite part?
2. Least favourite part?
3. Do the parts flow?

This is what you call composing.

*Dec 21, 2013, 3:07:39 PM*

This is what you call composing,  
tempo set in silicon  
and temple raised in the ssmirks  
set alight by words sprinting  
across the document,  
Imagination's muddy footprints  
running over snowy snowy reality.

*Eh, yeah, this is good.*

*Written literally a minute ago, before typing this.*

*Tea overdose = dark wave, so enjoy that for the next bit.*

Alfieri on the bridge, i

*Dec 24, 2013, 7:17:55 AM*

three thousand disasters  
swallowing the ruins of  
these pavements,  
Yale justly shot Justice



lack(ing) glamour  
and the dust in this air  
is blown away by  
the tonnage of unromantic trouble.

the green scent of Red Hook  
on the side of Sicily,  
law not in Italy  
yet here,  
New York.

*Another found poem.  
Thought I may as well use A View From The Bridge for poetic reasons.  
All of this from his opening speech, at the start of the play.*

1. Does it link with the play's theme?
2. Does it flow?
3. Anything else?

### Bangs and Sparks

*Dec 31, 2013, 5:00:02 PM*

It starts with blood and bang:  
French in Mali,  
shots fired In Amenas,  
equine mince,  
Line exploding from the void.

North Korea nukes itself in the foot,  
cosmic fireworks explode in Russia and  
God gives out his first holiday in 600 years.  
Boston bombs make blood run.

Scouting for a week,  
then saved by the soul,  
then the bone-white of Belgium  
with heart-dust sprinkled into the North Sea  
along with my phone.

Savar collapses,  
Snowden melts,  
George the Fifth,  
rad haggises,

The Iron Lady erodes,  
Mandela ascends,  
Tom Clancy down,

Ray Harryhausen's back to clay,  
the credits roll for Roger Ebert.

Daft Punk's back,  
The Fox yips,  
Bowie's returned to Ground Control  
and Fall Out Boy's risen up again,

Listener and Koyczan,  
Muse and mewithoutYou,  
Two Door Cinema Club,  
R.E.M and Franz Ferdinand,  
Passion Pit and Marina,

Durarara,  
Homestuck,  
Dead Winter,  
Paranatural,

Curious red dust,  
light in a crystal,  
printing an ear,  
China on the moon,  
we've found Richard the Third.

Peach Juice and A Pile Of Exiled Leaves,  
A Guide to Pias,  
The Land Where The Sun Bleeds,  
open mike,

Andy Murray won,  
Chris Hadfield sung,  
Doctor Who's 50,  
Congress is whiny.

This year has been sparks and bangs.

Let's make the next one brighter.

*[Link to The Killers' "Battle Born"]*

*Happy New Year, have a mediocre poem.*

*I have definitely missed things out.*

*I decided to have such a strict stanza format (4 lines, 5 lines, 4 lines, etc) as some kind of  
callback to my original poetry styles, which were always four lines per stanza.*

*Aheheheh oh stubborn pompous past self, you never fail to amuse me. Sadly I'll consider myself as I am now to be exactly that in a year, too. In which case blub you too past self.*

*Some lines won't make sense because they refer to personal things that have happened, as its my year too y'know.*

- 1. What did I miss out?*
- 2. How did the poem make you feel?*
- 3. Anything else?*

*EDIT: mY LAPTOP CLOCK WAS 4 SECONDS EARLY SO I SUBMITTED IT AT 11:59:55  
NOT 00:00:00 MY OCD SENSES ARE TINGLING HNNGH.*

*Still, again, happy new year.*

10 or Ten?

*Jan 3, 2014, 7:43:01 AM*

I am 1,  
without 10  
I am none.

*Herp derp, chromeantennae inspired me.*

*It's pretty eh.*

- 1. Do you like the concept?*
- 2. Do you get the double meaning of "10"?*
- 3. Anything else?*

The Redwood Chamber

*Jan 6, 2014, 12:28:34 PM*

In the redwood chamber,  
a banquet hall of haemoglobin  
decked with alveoli lanterns,  
the varnished ruby galleon sets upon  
its voyage in oxygen-powered crusade,  
ready to breathe life into the empire  
once more.

In the depths of the  
muscle-iron grey engine,  
vermilion heart-harps play to  
the bobbing of the waves,  
waves of rhythm,  
waves of life,

waves to the combustion of  
atrium's imploding  
and gasping its red oil upwards,  
back to the redwood chamber above.

*Sorry for neglecting you, but my recent stuff has been too high a caliber IMOO (In My Obnoxious Opinion) to go here, i.e i wanna send it off to competitions and places or perform it.*

*So have this, borne from the strange inspiration that is biology, a good subject but not the best out of my six, which always interests me. Maybe I've kinda been forced into getting involved or oblivion of teacher-wrath.  
I dunno. Look, we were dissecting a heart and lungs and I thought "why not".*

1. Do you understand the imagery?
2. Favourite line?
3. Least favourite line?
4. Anything else?

### Through the cornea of the I

*Jan 17, 2014, 10:37:44 AM*

Balancing on the edge of both could-be bi's  
and teetering off the autism spectrum;  
the mind is a silent factory and  
mine in a perpetual neuron boom,  
ideas growing out like roots  
drinking in the hyper,  
images entering as ships  
in the docks of Eye,  
every sense hitting this empire  
like a five-fingered chord,  
life making me waltz  
through every shadow and tint:  
life is a reverse cosine to flipped coins,  
balanced.

I will french kiss history,  
make love to the zeitgeist  
until it pushes into the next one  
and inject hope into my synapses,  
smoke dreamland,  
take poetry as LSD,  
I will believe because empirical evidence  
is a dictatorship,  
faith a republic,  
a democratic heart,

I will love dust  
because altruism is my wife,  
I will laugh because  
what a sweet currency it is,  
I will find the saxophone in every city  
because God is poetry.

I  
will.

*It's been a bit, no?  
Got some good bits, got some other bits not so good. I can smell the faint whiff of McCaig.  
And melodrama.*

*For the Literature Roadtrip Contest [by] [imaginative-lioness](#).*

- 1. Did you realize that there are contrasts throughout it (loving dust, married to altruism)?*
- 1.5. How do I end it properly?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least favourite line?*
- 4. Anything else?*

### Charcoals Burns Bright

*Jan 18, 2014, 2:27:25 AM*

Heart turned to snow-white ash  
at the sight of his sighing.  
Now it will wait for a phoenix  
to rise that never can,  
as charcoals burn bright.

*For Creativity-Group 's contest.*

*Critics say "It's too short!" and "Aye has lost the ability to end things!"*

### Apology Poem

*Jan 22, 2014, 1:00:07 PM*

Sometimes life is a battlefield  
and conversation a mine zone,  
we put our foot down on bombs  
to stand up straight  
but just turn to pieces.

So in the face of explosion,  
I. Am. Sorry.

*For every single single single person I have ever accidentally hurt, angered or whatever.*

1. Favourite line?
2. Least favourite line?
3. Anything else?

### Apology Poem

*Jan 22, 2014, 1:00:07 PM*

Sometimes life is a battlefield  
and conversation a mine zone,  
we put our foot down on bombs  
to stand up straight  
but just turn to pieces.

So in the face of explosion,  
I. Am. Sorry.

*For every single single single person I have ever accidentally hurt, angered or whatever.*

1. Favourite line?
2. Least favourite line?
3. Anything else?

### Chiptune Hills

*Jan 26, 2014, 2:59:50 PM*

Run, now, across the chiptune hills,  
tiles rolling into  
mosaics green and lime and gold,  
nostalgia staircases leading to

caves warbling with  
synth and tribal drum,  
beside ore veins  
sleeping like luminous islands  
in seas of soft saffron and sinopia,  
and now to the overwhelming blue curtain  
in the black of bistre caverns,  
and now resurfacing, resurfacing, to

sun-bleached mounds,  
slithering through the sky  
to the beat of sandstep,  
a series of beige staccatos  
like earthly violin quips  
protruding out slumped,

cacti upright as  
green exclamation marks  
in the bleak heat of it all.  
Crunch of feet, and

the rotten mulch  
of sour mulberry,  
accented with growl  
and drool of the slimy tentacled,  
abysses reaching sinister tenors  
at the bottom of ebony bleakness;  
sprint now,  
out into

a night sky  
lit with the burning  
fortissimo of fallen stars,  
rain falling like fingers  
playing piano keys  
on the olive ground,  
listen to the sky  
growl out its sombre lyrics,  
walk and walk until

the mint cream backs  
the rainy melody,  
the shaving cream of a mountain god  
dipping in and out of contours  
as delicately as icicles falling,  
as cornsilk blobs scurry  
and hit the earth as octave pitches,  
step after step leading into

the ocean.  
A drone of watery epilogue,  
pixels cascading off into beyond  
and in the beats of the final note.  
And here the waves echo  
it out,  
echoing the world that was before it,  
echoing and echoing and echoing,

“Terraria.”

*Ah, Terraria. What a game.  
For a competition, so thought I may as well post it it here.*

*Under nature because where else would I put it*

*1. Does the piece still sound good to you, even if you didn't know what Terraria is?*

*2. Favourite line?*

*3. Least favourite line?*

*4. Anything else?*

### Eye Poem A

Feb 2, 2014, 8:32:20 AM

Two mahogany rims  
bubbling over in  
burnt umber froth,  
looking and looking  
at the world,  
at everything,  
and the beauty beyond.

*Yay, my first ever commission!*

*For MiniJacksonDiAngelo , who asked for a eye poem. It's disappointing for me, but Iunno.*

#42b9eo

Feb 7, 2014, 11:52:30 AM

tumbling tumbling,  
weed cannot master  
your splendid perfection,

in the moisture of  
this azure desert,  
while white wilderbeest  
thunder across the midday prairies,

"good day."

*HMM I WONDER IF THIS IS A TEASER FOR MY NAPOWRIMO OR NOT HUM*

*Have this as I'm going away for the weekend. Treat it well, now.*

*1. Favourite line?*

*2. Least favourite?*

*3. Anything else?*



{-rror

Feb 10, 2014, 12:41:14 PM

£rror,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

th&&is idea@@@@@@@@@@@@@

has b££n lost[??????????]

to th£ r£cycle bin^^^^^^^

of mind,indindindindind

lost in the 1 2nd22222222

between~igotit~and&&&&&&&

nothing on th£ tongu£,>>>>

n£uron flotilla lost&ost&l

in.synapse.sea,>>>>>>>>>>

this pro&pof&untitled38598

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cerwasdfg&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

craasaaaaaaaa@@@@@@@@@@@@@

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\*\*\*\*\*

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Actual title is "£rror;".  
Experimental, glitch poem.  
did I win

Unglitched Text;

Error;

this idea  
has been lost  
to the recycle bin  
of mind,  
lost in the one second  
between "I got it" and  
nothing on the tounge,  
neuron flotilla lost

*in synapse sea.*

*this pro/poe/untitled38598  
has crashed.*

*gonegonegone*

*About when you forget an idea.*

Snow in rain when coming back from fencing

*Feb 11, 2014, 2:25:59 PM*

Sepia snow drop watches  
as a bronzed telescope  
through the one-second  
cloud petals whisking,  
whisking,  
in the blueing black.

Rain cuts the void-navy curtain  
in diagonal swipes of aqua sabre.  
Sleet crumbles frosting islands  
into the curb-grey wetness.  
Streetlights scrutinize  
at the dance from their corners.

We can only make a rainman,  
now.

*A snappy title, I know.*

*But yeah.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite ^^?*
- 3. Anything else?*

This Is A Poem

*Feb 13, 2014, 11:09:37 AM*

This is a poem about "This is a poem about \_\_\_\_" poems.

It is also about poems which look at itself too much.

It is also about poems which try to be witty via the rubble of the fourth wall.

Oh look at that, its gone, and it hasn't even said anything of importance.  
Well isn't that great.

*Ho ho ho, meta humour.*

*1. Yay or nay for the concept?*

*2. Length okay?*

*3. Anything else?*

Crocus Croaking

*Feb 15, 2014, 8:01:56 AM*

The petals  
swam out into the air  
like lilac canoes  
and opened up the flower,  
a hexagonal giftbox.

A trumpet of jonquil  
blasted out pollenpunk  
from the feathery-flame-flourish freckling  
violet teardrops,  
the nectar-sweet curves seducing  
insectopia to rest on  
the golden-heartstring-tower harping  
its amber-orange-loud song,

the vocal chords from a white stalk  
(the handle of a purple footed stamen-sticky lollipop)  
croaking and croaking,  
croaking and croaking from spring  
for the bumblebees.

*thank my dad for the title*

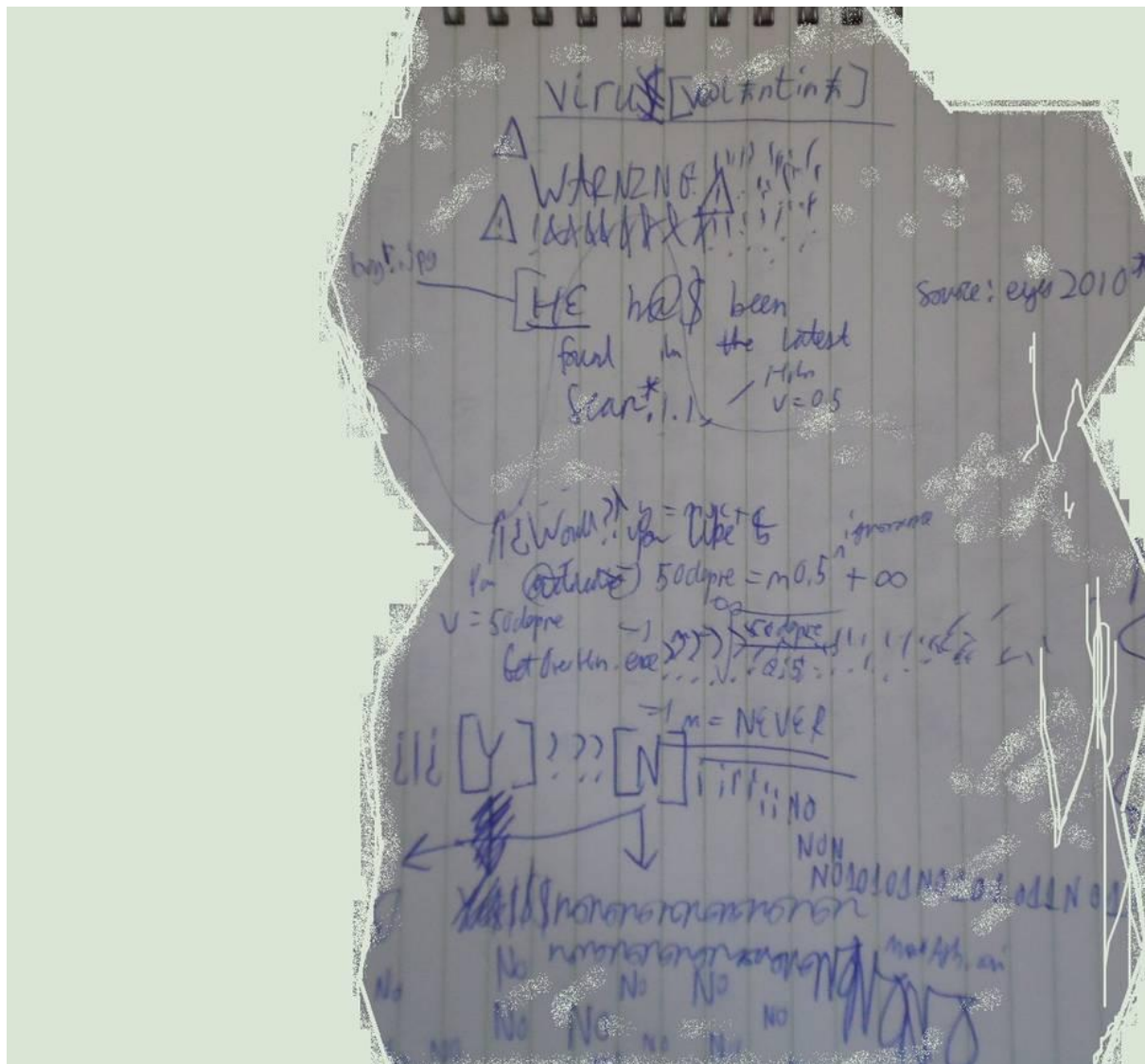
*NATURE!*

*1 Favourite line?*

*2. Least favourite line?*

*3. Anything else?*

virus[valentine]



In other words, experiments of glitch poetry.

Yay?

UNGLITCHED TEXT;

WARNING: He has been found  
in the latest scan.

Would you like to activate GetOverHim.exe?

[Y] [N]

Paracress

*Feb 19, 2014, 11:10:55 AM*

Saliva flooding  
and killing the toothache wildfire spark  
in a tropical medicine.  
This is you,  
Amazon shaman  
(planted),

You set salads to sail  
over for the Portuguese,  
pressing buttons buzzing  
new in our tongues,  
you numbed tobacco  
and cooled the thrashing stem  
of the throat,  
killing insects in citrus  
effervescence,  
what powers do you hold  
in those rows of green?

Jambo, jambu,  
you're far away from cress now.

*This feels like classical Aye. I don't like classical Aye. 🍷*

*This is for Beccalicious ' Poetic Spice Rack project! [link]*

- 1. Do you like it?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

Home,High Street,Loch, March 2014 (1st)

*Mar 1, 2014, 1:30:29 PM*

Out,  
and a bird cannonballs into  
an arc of burnt umber.

Sky-machines stay docked in woodchip.

A procession of metal boiled sweets rolls on the road.

Spaced-out windows watch from double-glazed eyes.

Senile, golden trainweed sleeps.

Space station continues situated on its log asteroid for the young.

Bricks broadcast blank welcome signs for the tarmac.

“Spam boyz” cuts off its territory.

A brownfield valley in miniature streams down to

a gasp of capitalism, trolleysilver and prammetal and mother’s smiles along with the chatter of cars, past the robot triclops (go, stay, stop) and over upperclassmen pavement lined with quaint caves selling porcelain esoterica (“Clearance Sale: Everything Reduced”), a dry Atlantis stands in the centre pouring out dry and Spring sun, sidewalk leads to soil meandering to the plastic seats of a mission control and

the swan’s whisper in their bathhouse.

Trees sip the air above the water with their branches.

The bourgeoisie path yawns its way through the fields.

The ruins of an asphalt colony stand in rust and graffiti,

and we are in the middle.

*Should be "Home&High Street&Loch, March 2014 (1st)".*

*Yeah, this one is pretty difficult to understand, I can imagine. Sorry about that.*

*For The Art Assignment, for which my good friend is making a video version of!*

*The assignment was to decide with a friend to meet in the middle of our two houses (the exact middle), and after organizing not talk to each other until meeting up.*

*This is my "recording" of my journey down. Was fun stuff :3*

*1. Was this too difficult to understand?*

*2. Do you like how it speeds up to show business of the High Street?*

*3. Favourite line?*

*4. Least favourite line?*

*5. Anything else?*

## A New Babylonia?

Mar 5, 2014, 2:55:08 PM

I see machines gutted  
and with their intestines exiled  
from their choked motors,  
Silk Road cables stretching over  
paper-mache plasterboard  
and halls mangled with plaform  
like a robotic Pompeii,  
the setting sun being in  
the shade of fallen pillars.

The computers are Atlantis', damp.  
The rooms are  
Nebuchadnezzar's caves.

The walls are the papyrus  
for weed-comatose prophets,  
spray-painting the word of Cock  
in the name of Lexxy's Library,

and the hanging gardens  
are of squished moss,  
the rainwater lakes  
copper as Hephaestus' automatons.

We are tourists to Gizan pyramids of rubble,  
watching in awe at these mummified metal corpses  
of the 9-till-5 work line.

*Oooh, I'm, very proud of this one.*

*Both subtly-analytical, but also accessible. I think.*

*About the place I went to recently with friends for filming location stuff.*

*1. Favourite line?*

*2. Least favourite line?*

*3. Anything else?*

## A Feast Of The Crows

Mar 15, 2014, 4:03:24 PM

Crows, black origami kites,  
circle the twin infinity  
of copper lines,  
stretching out into hungry miles,

and so the birds squabble  
like avian chefs,  
eating a feast of their own feathers  
and chuckies,  
a feast of the crows.

If they take that train,  
the train to go backwards in time,  
do they wonder if their wings once held  
heavy bones?

*Wooo, traditionalism.  
And getting two poem ideas off my project sheet, yas.*

*As per a scene seen at the local train station, in which crows were circling and flying low to the railway. And then I went on a train and felt like the landscape was shwwwifiting back into the past.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

#d0d4d7

*Apr 1, 2014, 1:34:45 PM*

silver god  
expanding into blank,  
bird-flutter crackle  
in white noise of the sky  
forever reaching into  
ears of Gaia.

*aPoWriMo Day 1*

*The sky better clear up or I will be very pissed off at the sky 🍌*

*But this went better than expected.*

*(Gahh, so good to use the NaPoWriMo folder again :3)*



#eff0f1

*Apr 2, 2014, 8:50:22 AM*

eternal pearl;  
movement of dark  
away from uncoloured blue,

this, the  
ice cube of  
a terra-cocktail.

*Both an insult and a title!*

*NaPoWriMo Day 2*

#140000

*Apr 3, 2014, 2:11:23 PM*

skylid closes  
into horizon-block  
of bleeding mist.  
human fireflies hum  
their tan into the blackout violet.

hills become cloud,  
assemble into fog  
pouting the sky  
and making the nowhere.

*NaPoWriMo Day Night 3.*

*'Cos daySky is boring me >:<*

#06000f

*Apr 4, 2014, 1:20:46 PM*

The day still sticks at 21:15,  
a matte of blue paint  
slobbered over by sweet sinful  
night.

Left: a grid of popping nothings  
the colour of purple,  
purple considering to embrace its true shade of black.

The lampposts look out,  
as usual.

*NaPoWriMo Day 4*

*oh look the sky is still boring but i managed to squeeze something classicer out of the night  
compared to rest of NaPoWriMo '14 stuff*

#f5e88a

*Apr 5, 2014, 2:41:23 AM*

admist a sea of  
overexposed platinum  
gungrey moistureships  
march smoothly to the west,  
into the drizzle battlefield.

*NaPoWriMo Day 5 CAN IT BE THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING ACTUALLY INTERESTING  
ABOUT THE SKY TODAY???!?*

*yes, yes it is.*

#9ddbf0

*Apr 6, 2014, 8:14:44 AM*

quilt of ghostly plush  
lets tranquil blue  
doze into an esoteric shade  
of violet.

cloud duvet shaded  
ruffles in the wind  
and scrunches up into a  
opening:

God's factory smoke  
carouseling into new  
pre-primordial blobs<  
ready to mould into  
new shapes by us.

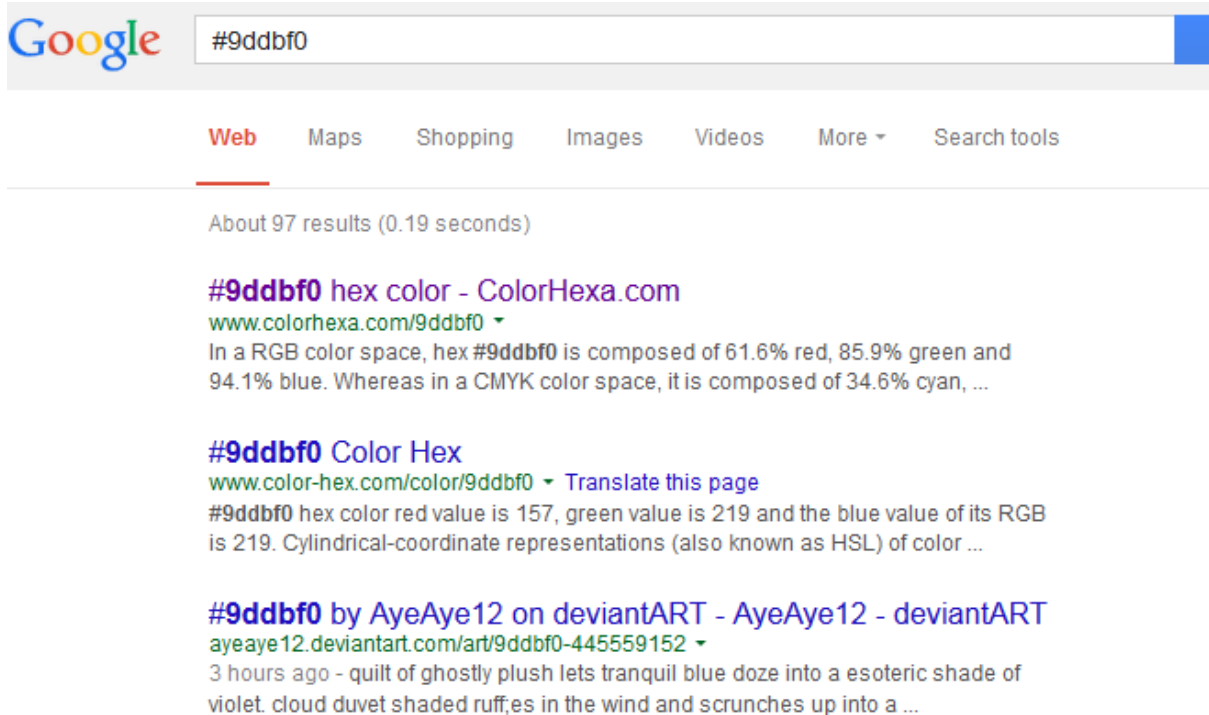
*NaPoWriMo Day 6*

*nearly a week already woah*

*three stanzas oo la la*

*and proper blue sky hark*

*EDIT: That colour is officially named Ayeist Blue now :3*



*[Courtesy of Maplestrip]*

### the things that make Edinburgh + roadtrip to

*Apr 7, 2014, 4:38:51 AM*

a meeting of businessmen  
in a children's charity minibus.

overpowering cheese and  
little onion crisp packet.  
nature outside thin and beautiful  
like a supermodel.

road bzzes with the bottleblues  
and web-silvers  
of cars as insects,  
flying in the tarmac slipstream  
of carnival, tarmac carousel  
to the sound of Feeder  
and sega-reggae.

puddle of petals.

this here is where  
you can find two gay couples in a day,  
only here where eccentricity crackles like electricity  
and the people here substations,  
cosmopolitana served on a hot dish

at the nearby Pizza Express.  
this is where the boys are pretty  
in cool hipster individuality  
and freedom.

a hopper  
rests its head on the tenement wall,  
some berry fallen  
and eaten to the pigeons of past.

this is edinbrugh.

*NaPoWriMo Day 7 cos' the sky turned boring >:<*

*Thoughts that will be organised later.*

#ccf1fa

*Apr 8, 2014, 1:53:41 AM*

some lagoon  
with the driftwood  
of ice cream  
separating into  
fading components,

mist on the waves of a welcoming void.

*NaPoWriMo make up for breaking tradition yesterday*

*the sky is turning nice again 🌤️*

#ade3f0

*Apr 8, 2014, 1:56:32 AM*

a discussion  
of curling tendrils  
and curves,

a milk pantheon.

it is a mountain that has  
hiked above  
the mountains.

*NaPoWriMo Day 8*

*yayayaya roads and landscapes*

#f8d6a0

*Apr 9, 2014, 12:56:00 PM*

there is a  
happy peach-gold dimension  
feeding the smiling  
puffs off a blue cigarette,  
even if shaded with a possible night.

a handful of geese  
speak in their  
unspeakable language.

the clouds here are a liquid carpet,  
but without floorboards  
and instead a lake  
for aeroplanes to plunge.

I watch this all  
happen outside the trampoline walls,  
knowing i can still converse  
with the sky  
from this roofless top.  
i speak with my eyes to the clouds,

the clouds,  
laughing and laughing, off the sky.

*NaPoWriMo Day 9*

*woot woot trampoline poetry*

*also some penguin cafe orchestra because it is nice and you deserve it. yes you! you are awesome! everything is awesome! the lego movie is the best made-for-kids film i've ever seen!*

*[link to "Red Book Full Album" and "Union Café"]*

Drone of a sandy fly.

*Apr 9, 2014, 1:24:46 PM*

This here is the city.

It is made of  
sandstone and libraries and boulevards.

Outs

ide is th

e dese

rt.

It is

where gold

pockma





rked with

cacti

stretches out

int

o the horizon.

It is here

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buzzes





like  
a

san



dy fly.



It is

flecks of sun disassem

bled.



It is





beige



expa



nded.







It is





a land of gro



und snake





skin.



It is

amber

















deconstructed.



This here is the mad gecko lady

and her xericscape.

She gives you a jeep.

The desert is now



a slideshow of rock mounds

and inedible, spiky lettuce;

this vehicle is a metal tumbleweed.

This is another city.  
It is made of  
granite and cafes

and the coast.

*UNDRONED:*

*This here is the city.  
It is made of  
sandstone and libraries and boulevards.  
Outside is the desert.*

*It is where gold  
pock marked with cacti  
stretches out into the horizon.*

*It is here the heat  
buzzes like  
a sandy fly.*

*It is flecks of sun disassembled.*

*It is beige expanded.*

*It is a land of ground snakeskin.*

*It is amber, deconstructed.*

*This here is the mad gecko lady  
and her xericscape.  
She gives you a jeep.*

*The desert is now  
a slideshow of rock mounds  
and inedible, spiky lettuce;  
this vehicle is a metal tumbleweed.*

*This is another city.  
It is made of  
granite and cafes  
And the coast.*

-----

*So, I was mish-mashing words together to make any hypothetical new forms of poetry, and  
drone poetry came up.  
So here you go, a narrative about the desert.*

- 1. Like the concept?*
- 2. Favourite line? (Use undrained form for this)*
- 3. Least favourite line? (^)*
- 4. Anything else?*

#fae5eb

*Apr 10, 2014, 12:32:24 PM*

they are plush spaceships,  
tranquil in their solar bubblegum edges  
and patrolling around  
the orbit of a  
sun-drained sky,

industrial indigo pointing fingers

at the vitality of the  
pink-blush marshmallow canopy,

the sky has got a makeover  
and it just needs the night's  
mascara to spill  
for it to be done.

*NaPoWriMo Day 10*

*PINK SUNSET SKY THING YAYAYAYA  
ONE THIRD THROUGH (aww)  
IVE GOT ENOUGH FOR A EVEN BETTER POEM IM KEEPING SEPARATE FOR  
COMPETITIONS AND STUFF*

*recorded at trampoline in garden*

*this is music i was listening to to write it [link to Antti Martikainen's Bandcamp]*

#e5eae9

*Apr 11, 2014, 9:48:07 AM*

a curtain of seagull feathers  
puffed out,  
rotating by the bedroom blue  
just under the teenage tantrum  
of a grey, near-to-tears storm.

*NaPoWriMo day 11.*

*it was a nice boring sky today.*

#a5c7e9

*Apr 12, 2014, 8:23:37 AM*

if the wind is a train  
then this is steam jogging,  
smoke in slow motion  
from a blue pipe funnel so big  
it is spherical.

*NaPoWriMo Day 12*

*meh today, but i made the poem i meant to make for a bit now*

A Poem About the Sky, I Guess

*Apr 12, 2014, 8:31:58 AM*

in the maybe-navy,  
the perhaps-cotton wool  
walks across the  
sort of sun-lit sea field  
almost like sheep,  
in a way.

and if you squint your eyes  
there is a chance the  
mistocupus up there  
is growing like roots on steroid,  
do you think?

*ughghghg sometimes nature is so beautiful any words you make feel underwhelming in  
describing them*

- 1. Do you like the concept?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least favourite?*
- 4. Anything else?*

#99a8a8

*Apr 13, 2014, 5:52:02 AM*

whipped cream whirls  
in the opaque of  
the glass bowl known as sky.

near the edge  
it mushes into  
a wet mixture  
of wind, rain and  
a pinch of thunder.

*NaPoWriMo Day 13*

*whoo boring sky again but nothing is ever boring with Aye Poetry 2014 - End Of Time ©*

apricot candyfloss

*Apr 13, 2014, 5:55:52 AM*

apricot candyfloss  
let go over the  
criss-cross of blurred mountains  
like the sun's balloon.

the amber of Apollo  
looks through the  
white, fluffy lies.

*NaPoWriMo Day &&*

*woot well done you found the secret poem!!!! of aye's NapoWriMo*

*wooooo*

*woo.*

*(on road to see The Grand Budapest Hotel, on 12th o' Apra)*

#eaf0f5

*Apr 14, 2014, 5:12:19 AM*

cloudopolis;  
rainscapers and  
docks on mist coast and  
districts in pluff and  
moving to 9-5 work schedule

*NaPoWriMo Day 14*

*even nice skies are getting a bit boring nooooooooooooo*

Track 14/04/14: 'DAY SKY' Artist: 'AYEAYE12'

*Apr 14, 2014, 5:34:33 AM*

Cloud rap sways  
to the blue electroswing.  
Bubblegum-pop fusion  
sings over  
the tree branch jive  
and their chiptune buds,  
in the indietronica breeze.

The sky is playing U2.  
Coldplay and Fog Lake and

emo-industrial storms  
are now buffering forever,  
so the sun puts on a ska record.

*Yay music.  
Had this idea for a while.  
(BTW I do really like Fog Lake and Coldplay, plus some emo and industrial, just using them  
to describe grey skies)*

- 1. Yay or nae to the concept?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least favourite?*
- 4. Anything else?*

#a6d6e7

*Apr 15, 2014, 3:32:49 AM*

cyan ghosts  
stuck floating  
in midday limbo;

between divine morning  
and cold, starlit night.

*NaPoWriMo Day 15 that's right we're halfway through  
poem has limbo cos halfway in too oh symbolismishnotreallytbh*

on yesterday's sunset

*Apr 15, 2014, 3:43:22 AM*

now the skyFactory shuts down,  
the matte of warm gold  
halts into a Romanticist painting.

on the blue pastel canvas  
the chalk runs away from  
Jupiter's suds of beautiful clearance,  
preparing the aeroPavement  
for Night's star-studded high heels  
to clatter down, and for her  
pet constellations a nice  
place to trot too.

*Jupiter meaning sky god, here.*

*Sunset was nice yesterday so poem.*

*I am going to have way more than just thirty poems at the end of NaPo ohcod.*

Astronaut, calling from Soil

*Apr 15, 2014, 3:53:58 AM*

the astronaut landed  
on a nylon moon.  
the walls of net allowed no entry  
back home.

he had a frail bronze skin,  
so had a suit of emerald.  
his feeler-antlers  
and six twig legs were  
state of the art, back on Soil.

a giant monster,  
jeans and pink and t-shirt,  
attacked him in sudden, accidental savagery.

now the astronaut is shutting down,  
all in the name of letting a giant  
get higher than he needed to.

*So I was on the trampoline and then I accidentally hurt this beetle who had this really shiny  
blue-green body and I felt bad so this.*

*I am officially writing eulogies about insects now, hmm.*

- 1. Did you understand the astronaut was an insect at the end of the poem?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least favourite?*
- 4. Anything else?*

#d7e5f4

*Apr 16, 2014, 8:47:33 AM*

Substation of sun;  
10'000 feet of cloudmetal sheets  
energised with platinum,  
blazing with the Beyond.

*NaPoWriMo Day 16#*

*the skies are still giving me just enough to write stuff about*



Monotonous Waves

*Apr 16, 2014, 9:03:40 AM*

crab-red red rocks & giant's pebbles & sandstone bricks of a past mountain & the waves;







tin funnel with a rustbox for a hull.

a broken camera now coral; sunset Polaroids submerged into lost memory.

black blink of basalt; seagull city

treasure chest!

angelic city afloat; lights & tourists & sleek pearl



smooth & occasional childhood kingdoms & dog prints & horizon of granule & the waves.

Drone Poem 2#,  
*I heard your complaints, so decided to make the two main stanzas separated by a 100 A4  
page gap, and make the rest of the text like a treasure hunt!* 🗺️

1. Did you find the treasure chest?
2. Which is better; this or "Drone of a sandy fly."? [link]
3. Favourite line?
4. Least favourite?
5. Anything else?

on yesterday's night

Apr 16, 2014, 9:11:05 AM

nightBlue sea foam  
separates at the presence  
of Luna's fog-light.

the night stretches itself  
into spare black,  
pondering purple.

*oh boy hopefully this won't be a thing. like some kind of byproduct-mutation from  
NaPoWriMo, haha.*

*my inkVomit is becoming kinda ridiculous cos' im making too much for groups to be able to  
accept lol*

#f4f5f6

Apr 17, 2014, 7:47:03 AM

the birdnoise is in abundance  
and far away from the sky.

two such feathered UFOs  
fly in tanadem, west.

I lie with my arms outstretched  
and legs crossed.  
pretending to be a martyr,  
but still waiting to suck the raindrops  
off the cloud ends.

*naPoWriMo Day 17*

*something properly insightful from these sky descriptions yay*

*maybe my best one of these for NaPo '14*

#c7f4f0

*Apr 18, 2014, 9:04:47 AM*

the sunFog  
rises above trees  
and turns to colour picker blue,  
  
a cloudless sea of hexcode.

*NaPoWriMo day 18*

*gaaaaah*

on the sights of today

*Apr 18, 2014, 9:38:14 AM*

the tulip is a  
wine glass holding nectar.

the daffodil is a  
scrunchy for Death's golden hair.

the blue tit is a  
yellow pebble with tailcoats,  
small sweet of the sky unwrapped.

the sky is a  
cloudless ocean.

*bluh, it's like i'm taking part in two NaPoWriMos -\_\_\_\_-*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

#80cccf

*Apr 19, 2014, 1:36:56 PM*

sky's backbone shatters  
into a million milk missiles,  
curling and twisting  
into mustaches  
and the strokes of Van Gogh  
from Heaven.

the flatfish stretch  
their misty exoskeletons  
over the four-dimensional ocean.

NaPoWriMo day 19

*skies aren't boring when on road journeys*

*[[This piece somehow got 12,780 views and I never found out why?! I thin it might have been featured either on front page or through the NaPo wesite proper... weird]]*

#4dadff

Apr 20, 2014, 1:56:07 PM

aether lazes  
on the blue-flame-heat  
of a distracting oblivion;  
the sun, yawning.

NaPoWriMo Day 20

*im happy with this one  
(two thirds of the way done woo)*

Eden Sheep: Two Haikus

Apr 20, 2014, 2:06:02 PM

Sheep eat caged haystack.  
Soon, Paradise is flooded  
by the ocean fog.

The grass turns autumn.  
The sheep panic without the  
farmer (on his phone).

*Can it be that I wrote haikus again????!?!?!?*

*I blame finding a collection of George Bruce's stuff at my Grandma's.*

- 1. Are the haikus good as haikus?*
- 2. Which of the two do you prefer?*
- 3. Anything else?*

#7b9bad

Apr 21, 2014, 5:41:38 AM

The clouds  
ran away  
and left me  
in the blue-gray.

NaPoWriMo Day 21

*Last day of the Easter Holidays :<*

#f2f3f3

*Apr 22, 2014, 8:45:18 AM*

the Ironscape returns.  
freeSky descends  
to become part of the concrete puddles  
in tear form.

and the white screeches on,  
Zeus' own migraine.

*NaPoWriMo Day 22*

*isn't it a coincidence that the day we go back to school the sky returns to its gloomyness like  
it was at the start, when i was also in school?!*

*last week ish of NaPo ohmy*

#bce1e1

*Apr 23, 2014, 1:19:51 PM*

Happily  
the sky grumbles  
its blue  
slick pavement grey;  
petrichor cake,  
the grim ground,  
above.

*NaPoWriMo Day 23*

*i thought this sort of thing filled up my holes >:<*

*anyways have a poem with juxtaposition everywhere*

#eef5fc

*Apr 24, 2014, 8:53:14 AM*

like clay  
folded into  
a chubby structure.

oh look at that,  
its curling into a grade5grey  
that i never even knew  
was there.

oh wait,

you're moving too fast.

now its another beautiful blob  
of potential.

*aPoWriMo Day 24*

*i was gazing out the window in my new maths class.  
change is... something.*

#fafafa

*Apr 25, 2014, 7:59:55 AM*

blank slate.  
let's populate There with cloudMen,  
There with aero orchards  
and Here the future.

*NaPoWriMo day 25*

*yesterday, but happier.*

#f9b177

*Apr 25, 2014, 8:33:25 AM*

The distracting oblivion  
peels off the plaster  
and shows the peach walls underneath.

There is a new paint  
being put on,  
and it is called Tomorrow.

*NaPoWriMo day 26*

*(posted on 25th though, cos away whole day tomorrow)*

*actually happened in late march.*

*ahhh orange hexcodes though*

#bfe2ee

*Apr 27, 2014, 12:21:59 PM*

clouds lie back  
in weariness after  
a long trek across  
the blueMoor.

on the way home,

a stationary train  
chugs out the human equivalent.

*NaPoWtiMo day 27*

*i was away for a transday hike*

#f5cca8

*Apr 28, 2014, 11:04:36 AM*

wanting to be lightning,  
the sun (getting bored of space)  
tried to be a flash of lightning  
and so come down to the terrestrial.

what he got wrong  
was to keep on burning  
through the pastel metal.

*NaPoWtiMo day 28*

*i suppose we're doing narrativey fableflops now okay*

#fae1f3

*Apr 29, 2014, 12:56:53 PM*

Jupiter's cloudquiff came out wrong;

he wanted it to be dyed a brash red as crimson as the dying sun,

but instead it came out a dusk-pink.

Dionysus liked it, though.

*NaPoWriMo Day 29*

*did you know that there is a story of what is strongly suggested a same sex relationship in the  
bible*

*[link to "David and Jonathan" Wikipedia article]*

*and then there's like saints and stuff thought of being in a doodaa  
[Serguis and Bachus. Cosmas and Damian]*

*seriously lgbt history/ mythology really fascinates me*

#ffffff

*Apr 30, 2014, 9:53:09 AM*

the sky mourns and cries for the month lost,  
digging into its last moments  
with biting windClaws.

30 steps later,  
it is still a  
silver god  
expanding into blank,  
bird-flutter crackle  
in white noise of the sky  
forever reaching into  
ears of Gaia.

but now the blossom is blushPale as lipstick,  
and the journeying sun.

*NaPoWriMo Day 30*

*This month has been strange. All the emotional flurry has been put into the sky, all that  
foreboding change, all that retrospect. It's been a drowsy daze, and now sadly ending.*

*But its a blank slate.*

on yesterday's night, ii

*Apr 30, 2014, 9:55:46 AM*

the vast multitude of It.

a coal smudge painting by a great kind finger.

far away an art teacher  
reminisces on the foolish glory days  
of being free.

*NaPoWriMo Encore Poem A*

*thoughts from last night*



## On hillwalking

May 6, 2014, 4:22:37 AM

That is a hill.

That is a hill.

That is a hill.

That is a hill.

That is a hill.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

That is a hill.

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

That is a hill.  
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That is a hill.  
That is a hill.  
That is a hill.  
That is a hill.  
That is a hill.  
That is a hill.

Oh hey, there's snow up that hill!

[illegible]



[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

That is a hill.  
That is the end.

*I actually love hillwalking yknow.*

*Anyway woo conceptuality. And writing poetry what are you doing aye*

*Last of my Drone Trilogy for now, I think.*

*Other two; Monotonous Waves: [link]*

*Drone of a sandy fly. [link]*

*1. Favourite line? (hahah)*

*2. Which of the drone poems is your favourite?*

*3. Anything else?*

Yeah I'm fine, just tired is all.

*May 9, 2014, 9:55:58 AM*

This engine needs to shut up.  
An altar to Faust  
falling into itself  
with a slew of self-aware overthinking  
to the soundtrack of falling moth wings.

It might be easier  
to chug down the  
green bottle of dead twigs,  
a glass of nothing,  
only the universe in its sparkling  
desolation oh what a beautiful itch.

(Hypocrisy seductively dances  
by the impaling pole. A hedonist  
cries in the corner, denying  
the tears "It's vodka! Vodka!")

Ignore the clock and Death's clip-clop.  
Let's overpopulate this second  
to let the rest of life breathe  
in the others.

*Like a yearly injection, a depressing poem!*



*I just need to add in cliches on cigarettes and it'll be ready for DD status in no time!!!*

*But yeah, this is a non-explicit version because I can. Not like my creativity has been silenced; I ain't writing poetry for cereal companies just yet.*

*I'll get some interesting prose in soon.*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

THE MOON ISN'T JUST A PoUND COIN WITH HYPOTHERMIA!

*May 13, 2014, 2:14:41 PM*

*AS A POET, IT IS YOUR JOB TO TEXT PEOPLE PICTURES OF THE SUNSET*

*-Steve Roggenbuck*

trampoline poet me  
paying for a touch  
of the 4D sea above  
with a pound coin  
with heat of sun;s heart  
but the sun's boring  
it tastes of werthers  
I DO LIKE WERTHERS THOUGH  
i want to send you an inky text, moon  
with the love of a 12 yr old  
high on his first Photoshop  
i want to sen you an inky text  
so i can see a new baby drink the  
milk from the bottle you are  
you are a plump cloud  
midnight feasting on us  
a cutout to moonrise dimensions  
THOSE CLOUDS ARE RUNNING AWAY FROM YOU MOON BECAUSE THEY ARE  
SURPRISED> YOU ARE THE STRONGEST DAISY PETAL HERE. THIS SWEET  
COLA POLLEN IS OURS, MOON, IT S DELICIOUS BECAUSE YOU LIVE IN IT  
you gave birth to all the sepia in all the family photos,  
now let me tweet you some ink with the love of a 12 yr old

moon <3 xxx

*A tribute to Steve Roggenbuck. And the moon.*

*Love ya all*

*[yikes – 11/7/19]*

Have a Sean Connery voice in your head

*May 17, 2014, 1:55:52 AM*

the platter of the rocky balloons  
that sing their songs hopeless, impune  
a reality as deranged as a platypus  
that saves the day, without a fuss

waves below fulumbuling into  
shouting baloozels of froth,  
millions of shamanas flippering  
to the chaotica of the new planetium.

I like having grapes with little chocolate wafers  
ten cents please

"but the feguels, sir, their  
sasquatch nazism is too much!"  
so he jumped into a vat of kilmarnock juice  
to kiss sweet Pinball on the savory black hole cheek  
that was his mouth, his love,  
his retrospective analogue of  
a polyillion different notes  
on a blub piano

"Aye" said the two legged Scotsman  
and he looked to his right, and then his left  
and he saw grasslands... lots of it  
and then he saw a random guy riding dolphins  
forcing people to vote in the elections. And  
he shrugged  
I was confused.  
All I wanted was ten cents

(TEN CENTS ARE DEAD: A PLAY  
ten: 10  
cents: 100)  
Paradox expected?!  
yes, said scotland  
as it bisected itself with  
an economic saw made of oil.

\*starts tapping feet with pavement\*  
alright, ten cents or a squid and forty tulips  
which one's it going to be?  
By the way, which Bank do you use?

pfft im a communist  
as seen in the Scotsman  
while 60 cents wanna  
hug the banks  
but i say  
\*banks burning intensification please\*  
as more and more red tulipheads are  
bubbling out the kilmarnock juice  
now lets make that pavement  
liquid concrete japalopos

\*shrugs\* \*takes business  
elsewhere\* See you, fellow Scotsman  
By the way, your pant's on fire

*My nonsense poem collab with shehrozeameen that accidentally turned into a perspective on  
the Scottish independence debacle. Of sorts.  
It was lotsa fun :3*

### Building the Hemispheres of the Setting Sun

*May 18, 2014, 6:56:30 AM*

I am not perfect.  
I do not have legs, but turkey drumsticks  
grafted on to my torso.  
Washing my ears never comes to mind.  
I use my hand as a handkerchief regularly  
because I forgot a silk one.  
I have a habit of chewing on my headphones  
and pencils that were on the floor 30 seconds ago.

I am not perfect,  
but you are not perfect.  
No one is.  
Even the smoothest sphere  
has an obstructing curve.

Love,  
is not perfection.  
It is painful.  
It is building a temple to  
the imperfect Now,  
living in it  
and deciding the colour of wallpaper.



Love is not synthetic muscles  
and a variety of chocolate skin  
ready to be picked out of a LED box.  
It is not marble robots dancing  
behind glass,  
nor ubiquitous understanding  
and perpetual wit.  
Love is not a hive mind. We are not ants.  
There will always be jokes never understood,  
references to pop esoterica only you get,  
comments unfunny.

But love is building on the confusion,  
making the smoothest sphere  
something more... interesting.  
Love is building a temple  
and the hemispheres of the sun setting,  
knowing full well our skin will become  
autumn leaves, but love is not caring because

We can be broken iPods  
giving every part of our songs  
the limelight, however useless they are alone.  
We can turn every melancholic ballad on suicide  
into anthems of survival,  
make every g2g into a lol,  
slice every timezone into cupcakes,  
then baked in the light of dusk.

No more marble robots  
behind glass boxes.  
We want something real,  
the smoothest sphere smashed.  
Nothing is perfect and  
love is a boat varnished in mucus  
sailing over dandelion seas  
and daisy lakes  
in the light of the sun  
falling like an autumn leaf  
through the sky.

Let's sail through the real:  
will you go out with me  
to the temple of setting suns,  
to the glitched Shuffle playlist,

to the remains of the smoothest sphere  
now our own polygon?

Will you go out with me?

*Aerode*

*There's got to be an oasis in the desert of real somewhere, so let's go find it.*

mIAO

*May 21, 2014, 12:39:27 PM*

witness the birth of a god  
from sheet-shells; a gentlepurr  
educated by nightly  
keyboard prowls,  
luscious mane shimmering,

ghastly pawman of fa

meow.

an empty bowl.

teal circle of emptiness.

The nothing could have  
eaten nine lives.  
Her stomach purred,  
so she pranced to  
the little Persia she owned  
bought by Servant at the flea market.

From there to the  
liquid legs of the table  
the colour of cat food.

Out the window,  
to get a taste of the fish  
made of sky milk.

20storiesLater  
and apartment fell  
to sun enConcrete paved.  
legs of a goddess  
dead and trickled  
into contemporaria

on waves of the Nile  
perform boneacrobatics.  
yearning with the glass beads  
on felix Sarcophagus  
to sky bowl  
no longer empty with teal;  
the pescaCloud wants&waits.

*A three way collab between ghostinafog , me and palladium-smoothie !  
Lotsa fun. First bit by Ghost, second bit (starting with "The nothing") by me and last stanza  
by Palladium 🇮🇪*

*On the tragic ordeals of a cat and his desire for food.*

Spare Room Window View, May 2014 (25th)

*May 26, 2014, 1:22:02 PM*

23:07 purple turns  
to dawn white paper  
sheet of a new day jotter,  
starting with first classes as  
sunny as the last.

streetlight eyes droop  
further into amber slumber  
to wake up as diamond  
witnessing early dew.

*ahhsky&S5*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite?*
- 3. Anything else?*

My Constantinople, i/ii

*May 28, 2014, 9:44:23 AM*

a)

Cobwebs in the fireplace  
with eczema and spiders from  
the 1950s, moved on.  
Newspaper clogging past smoke  
so hard its gone soil  
like the people it talks of;  
ILRA and Kirkpatrick and Mr Sean Flynn.

Whiteboard above the high-bed

still says "Star 805"  
even after the LEGO packed away.  
Calendar is August 2013,  
hills of pastel green and hospital gold,  
wall colours.

Bookcase a ransacked five-tiered temple  
pillaged, empty but with cobwebs  
from a time of ILRA and Kirkpatrick and Mr Sean Flynn.  
Gold, like the pillows.

Clock clicks on modest.  
Quartz-made in diamond memories,  
coal feelings.  
Emotions soft as the towels.

The roof touched  
by a a hyper eight year old me.  
The pine has comforting eyes  
and ungrazed treeknees,  
watching ten year old me  
forward roll across the mattress,  
back arching up to the sky  
waiting for the sun to grow up.

Fluff desert below  
does not have any  
paper prologues.

iPod canopy green plays.

b)

Ceiling glue offers the new miasma.

Yellowing rows of Napoleonic roses  
fade into interwall beige,  
antiquetorm brewing again.

Floor is a shifting desert  
of sheet and plaster rain.

Snow spoldges fill holes  
that didn't know themselves.  
Top stays pastel green;  
old fashioned with disrevolutionary modernity.

It will swallow the orange paint,  
Dulux's JungleGinger2 drizzling down  
from stripped clouds.

Lights are reborn as moth eggs  
illuminating the primordial paper  
decomposing,  
decomposing,  
into the next room.

*Two poems.*

*Sequel to this; [Link to My Constantinople, i] from over a year ago.  
There will be another one showing what my room is like post-redcoration, "My  
Constantinople, ii"  
Which yes, is this poem/s' topic. I'm getting my room redecorated! 🤖*

1. a) or b)?
2. Favourite line?
3. Least favourite?
4. Anything else?

dArk

*Jun 2, 2014, 11:07:47 AM*

i dived into the puke and read.

thematic structure lay dead at the door shot dead by nebulae mustard gas,  
as grey matter slurped into consumers who [x] [x] [x]'d due to eyes lazy, non-brains at wars  
with authorial angles that don't make profit,  
no lasting neon drag wanted, only aesthetica &aesthetica &aesthetica

write about your I and die, write a pop song to get high, starry cigarette smoke onwards to be  
altars to the hedonism factories chugging out delicious clichés,  
milkshakes of nothing handshaking with a rare something oh so unfortunately unknown as  
the light blanketed by the churning treadmill of a 24 hour batch,  
cogs turning to see what stars can run away in a sign of ghostsmiles,  
everyone now knows the galaxy-tasting money is stagnating and decomposing but we  
continue to procrastinate away our communism,  
handfuls left building a structure, a structure, but delinquent destroyers get edited into  
delinquent receptors by an ancient turning into a neon sign,  
deviationcide enacted by the chubby fingers of faeces called gold, unmined, scratches digging  
up morsels diluted into a solipsistic energy drink, a nihilist's kiss,  
Cliche.

the handfuls get knocked out by a number, vox populi turned to statistics, islands of intellect  
and enthusiasm for a community washed in the waves, a wave, 90%, colourless and chewing

on a haiku fudgestick drifting smooth down posthipster throats,  
imagery a god so hyped with mediocre melodrama,

prose frees itself into new chains. Britannica humour quirks their way across, darkly, or  
interbreed with the hedonism factory owners swathed in nebulae mustard gas.  
some poetry hack off the limbs of this urban expanse, implant it into the blatant squeezed into  
tears, three-pronged hats telling too much truth without letting sunlight through their own  
blinds, celebrities borne from either Warholian literature, or internet politics to try and  
emulate the cons of outside the screen, or their own stories spun from lalalareality,  
quite a few decide to hate their work in knowledge of thematic structure dead, decapitated  
house, fungus city, spores carrying experimentation redug from the caverns of past hidden  
under a loose sheet of ripped Van Gogh,

remember to never read beyond the screen; the sunlight lies, nobody else but Wikipedia has  
the truth. or is it individuals with stars burning out their names? hearts ripped from their  
syntax on to the outside?

but all the islands are dead as we are a shrinking beach. beautiful, but keep on getting  
polluted with the cyclic metaphor, memeism fundamental, unknown by its priests, preaching  
against literary Darwinism, stop evolution for right now is perfect 'cos it looks pretty,

one day poetry will be equations as letters considered too boring to comprehend, 2.13461  
seconds too long, grandchildren will think poetry is snapshot in the 0th dimension;  
no need for philosophy, celebration, it just has to have bloody-water-pink make up and  
matchsticks made of yawning stardust to prop up laughing eyes. Internet killed the poet.

before our cardboard culture dies,  
turned to mushed asbestos sludge of sameold, sameold,  
no meaning only pictures,  
hyperimagism,  
read beyond the 2.13461 seconds.  
look beyond the blinds.  
resurrect a new thematic structure.  
climb out the puke and make it leaf-green.  
do this before

we t u m b l e  
back into the smoke of a starry cigarette,  
& my bleeding heart bleeds for you,  
apricot melancholia is devoured by the petrichor diamonds  
we hold dear, oh baby  
don't  
l e t  
g o ...~~~~~

*Oh boy.*

*Also known as the things that I get annoyed about the dA Lit. community. Through the form  
of a beat poem.*

*I can understand why it's confusing. Which it is. Therefore, I'm going to write a thing*

*outlining the ""moral"" more, later.  
For now, enjoy, and remember I do really love this place. Which is why I felt it necessary to  
write a beat poem about it.*

- 1. Do you understand it?*
- 2. To what extent do you agree with it?*
- 3. Anything else?*

drugs

*Jun 5, 2014, 9:31:11 AM*

druggs

\*doop doop\*

druuuuuuuuuuuuuuugs

\*jaZZ LINE OSCILLATES\*

drug and a drug and a drug drug drug

DRUGS DRUGS DRUUUGS DRUG DRU DRUGGS  
(drugs!)

\*bass climbs up stairs\*

yeah, yeah, yeah  
drugs drugs drugggs

dcruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugs

\*rap line screeches\*

drugz drugz drugz druugzzzz druuuuuuuggggggzzzz drugz

\*trumpet solo fades into ????!\*

*a song. love me some palladium smoothies and sharpie cigars.*

*part of the sophisticated literary theory that is "ICantEven". with a tint of "ohcodwat".  
inspired by Carol Ann Duthy's "\$" I suppose. Oh, also, check her out cos' she is  
amaaaaaazing.*

- 1. Is the post-postmodernism endearing, or too tagliatelle to compensate for its shrewd para-  
satire?*
- 2. If you were to debacle on one such prominence fateful to detriment, how?*

3. *Expression of such a piece (in nuTruth if you must)?*

4. *Anything else?*

My Constantinople, ii

*Jun 16, 2014, 2:33:46 PM*

Teatime light next to Maturity's night.

Back wall's fabulous,  
in my opinion. Pasta sauce.  
Everywhere. But in one place.  
An amber traffic cone halfway  
to the Go-green the leaves outside  
have gained. I went for an autumn sky,  
sunsets rising and dripping  
for my final dawns.  
A city glow from afar.

From the afros of  
Past aflame in folders  
on TROFAST, to the  
bookshelf bustle  
like a grown town.  
The radio is closer to me when I sleep,  
the bed more down-to-earth.  
Cardboard box beiges  
asserting themselves now as definitely  
pine furniture in homage to IKEA.  
Maybe? We'll see tomorrow.

Fluff desert popularised  
by the media machine;  
laptop with a connection  
to the future.

Nearly there,  
only a few more years  
to close the shutters like paper  
on discomforted snuffles  
in place for adultSleep.  
We'll get some bean bags there  
and posters here.

It's like the walls have opened up.

*Welp, here it is. Pictures tomorrow!*



*1. What's your understanding of the thematic structures in this?*

*1.5: Can you not just taste the Carol Ann Duthy in this?!*

*2. Favourite line?*

*3. Least favourite?*

*4. Anything else?*

*5. Favourite "My Constantinople" poem?*

*[links to the other two]*

## Untitled

*Jun 21, 2014, 2:06:50 PM*

let's take a roman candle  
to the acousticspace.  
overload from the schools;  
friends can hurt the most  
with their true.

let's take a roman candle  
away from this trumpet fare,  
exams running down the hills  
to ambush us on our morning path.  
i've had enough of daily rebirths and  
switches,  
i've made the sun into a placebo pill

so i should be able to ride a roman candle  
into the acousticspace now.  
but we only have the weekends as the blanket,  
so we keep on running like a drum beat  
dying to be heard behind every one elses instruments

*For littleblueraccoon 's genius micro contest thing :3 [link to "Micro Music Contest"]*

*SONG: Cry For Judas*

*BY: The Mountain Goats*

*Switches, meant storms. Elses should probably have a comma. About school and escape I  
suppose.*

*(also, first 'Untitled' poem, oo la la)*

poem sesh w sky, 30th June 2014 remember this!!!!

*Jun 30, 2014, 2:19:51 PM*

the rain smells warm  
and the radiator above  
just keeps on drumming,  
drizzling,

a clover's utopia  
in the hibbacus purples  
in the daisy growings

the perfect raindance  
and the perfect meta-filter,  
call me the prophet of the  
forgotten clouds,  
rock out wi the  
leaves &

**let the socks  
slide free }  
touch the coldblossom  
we're meant to  
run from,  
twist until the  
universe's love is  
nauesa**

**& the trampoline wet  
in diamonds,  
footprints in humidia's  
beach**

**let their clouds  
cum**

**over my wet  
papyrus, no machine  
can take away my  
papyrus, dance  
in the slick baby /  
dance in the rain, people,  
or I will  
take your freedom  
posy tilts drugs which  
give you its glorious,  
oh the sky my brothers!  
the sky!!!**

*Firstdraftism; putting exactly what is on the first draft of a piece of literature into an official form, having faith that what the author meant then still works now, and even if it doesn't then having the confidence the piece still has an element of beauty in it despite the hindrance. No fixing spelling mistakes, and if you can't read the handwriting then gibberish must go down.*

*The big gap is because I accidentally missed out two pages in my notebook, lol.  
The second half is made big because my handwriting got enormous when writing mid-jumpdance. Also why line breaks are weird.*

*my notebook is damp but that was one of the most beautiful things ive done, so yes let it be*

*(the "wi" should technically be a w with the third up-bit elongated as a tick as that's how i shorthand my withs, but obviously i can't do that on this)*

*tell me what you think, but obviously I can't make any edits on it, as per firstdraftism. And no, all my works are not going to be firstdraftism. but it is a very very healthy&fun way to write.*

*p.s; Symbol font. Use it people.*

*p.s.s.s..s.s.s.s..s.s.s.s..s.s.s.s..s.s.s.s.; song that is this piece: [link to EwanMPPhotography's "Jump" (Cathedral Rings by The Appleseed Cast as song)] {dunno name of song but its an awesome^awesome vidja}*

*i do curly brackets now because i was told to not use them in my S1 (First Year) creative writing project but im mature enough to know how to incorrectly use them properly now tyvm*

Daih

*Jul 5, 2014, 8:28:18 AM*

dusk grew like  
a cactus and  
each prickle was drunk  
like minutes.

under the hairy rain  
seashell parasols protected  
their jellyfish china plates.  
laid out with wet-dog-chocolate.

Atlantic IKEA chairs  
were built to hold up  
fish's coffee  
and the sea's tanned tea.

on the other side,  
pacific kisses were given  
to dawn sharks eating  
Faberge meringues.  
Fungal porcelain sprouted  
on fallen coral petals.

strawberry milkshake blossom  
from a marble straw.

a snail sails away  
on its copper Fibonacci balloon  
to protect its organic oceanic ceramics  
from malachite mustaches,

ii }

to the sound of daisy trumpets  
and curtain-flavoured cinnamon  
saxophones.  
the yttrium pavlova wasn't eaten  
by the limited edition vinyl top hat.

00:53(2?4?) -> 00:59, 5/7/14

*Blame a convo with Aerode , not getting to sleep, Neutral Milk Hotel, "I Am The Eggman" by  
The Beatles, [www.youtube.com/watch?v=jHOSVj](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jHOSVj) [Video Unavailable]...and me.*

*In the words of John Lennon after writing 'I Am The Walrus': "Let the fuckers figure that one*

out"

*My trippiest work yet, yay!*

*ii} was written at time of submission, hence its separation from the bit written at  
00:52/00:53/00:54 -> 00:59*

*(for shehrozeameen and his tragic quest to try and understand my gibberish)*

Bird Feather Falls Peculiarly, July 2014 (8th)

*Jul 9, 2014, 1:08:48 PM*

White boat stays horizontal  
in semi-stillness known to shatter  
unlucky leaves and seeds.

Soft bowl maneuvers  
into being the flowerhead  
of a shaven grasspiece.

*I always feel like I don't upload enough stuff. Because I need to keep the good stuff for other  
publications -\_\_-*

*I digress, a poem.  
Too short for questions.*

Piano, piano (a break from the universe)

*Jul 12, 2014, 12:30:37 PM*

keys of candlelight  
on the ornament machine.

a code of fingers  
pressed like kisses  
in love's secret handshake:

stroke the black flattered pyramids  
until smoothed into sound.  
touch sensation into the china sea.

then,  
chords realise themselves and

drift

octaves

to sing dusted angel heights.

toes bob the gold slipper  
up  
and down and  
up  
and down and  
up  
and down

into the drift  
where the stars make themselves  
from pink needles  
on oceans of porcelain.

a break from the universe.  
only soft time.

[www.justsheetmusic.com/sheet-m...](http://www.justsheetmusic.com/sheet-m...) [Phillip Keveren – Crystal Clear (sheet music)]

*The piano. Beautiful robot of the Renaissance. My favourite Baroque android.*


*1. Do you feel calm when reading this?*

*2. Favourite line?*

*3. Least favourite?*

*4. Was the use of celestial things cliché in this instant? Or did I present them in a fresh way?*

*(if you just fave&run I'll still love you 🤖 )*



**DailyLitRecognition**★



May 17, 2015

Your wonderful literary work has been chosen to be featured by DLR (Daily Literature Recognition) in a news article that can be found [here](#). Be sure to check out the other artists featured and show your support by 🙌ing the News Article.

Keep writing and keep creating.

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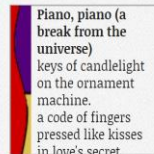
## Daily Lit Recognition for May 18<sup>th</sup>, 2015

We are proud to feature today's Daily Literature Recognition!  
You can show your support by ing this News Article.  
Please comment and  the features and congratulate the artists!

### Poetry

Suggested by: saevuswinds

Featured by: chromeantennae



Piano, piano (a break from the universe) by AyeAye12

Suggester says:

I like the imagery, but even more so the calm atmosphere of the piece. Thought it would do it good to get some more recognition.

### Clover

*Jul 13, 2014, 10:52:27 AM*

stalk;#745344 x [#46624f](#)  
&5.2cm

lowerPetal;[#e9beca](#) x [#ffffff](#)  
&0.5cm  
(x4)

petal;[#ffffff](#) x [#b4d5bb](#)  
&0.9cm  
(x29)

= ???

*Yay hyperscience*

*It's meant to follow the whole Noma Principle thing in that all the sciencey language doesn't name the flower as a clover, the title does.*

### Headphones That Will Break, July 2014 (14th)

*Jul 14, 2014, 6:02:48 AM*

Headphone wires cycle around  
sound in acousticspace encased  
in a thin green matchbox.

It sets ears on fire.

00:58 -> 01:00

*I was reading Seamus Heany last night, and found this amazing piece:*

*The Border Campaign*

*Soot-streaks down the courthouse wall, a hole  
Smashed in the roof, the rafters in the rain  
Still smouldering:  
                                when I heard the word 'attack'  
In St Columb's College in nineteen fifty-six  
It left me winded, left nothing between me  
And the sky that moved beyond my boarder's dormer  
The way it would have moved the morning after  
Savagery in Heorot, its reflection placid  
In those waterlogged huge pawmarks Grendel left  
On the boreen to the marsh.*

*All that was written  
And to come I was a part of then,  
At one with clan chiefs galloping down paths  
To gaze at the talon Beowulf had nailed  
High on the gable, the sky still moving grandly.*

*Every nail and claw spike, every spur  
And hackle and hand-barb on that heathen brute  
Was like a steel prong in the morning dew.*

-----

*Obviously not at all related to this, but yknow xD*

00:58 - 01:10

*Jul 15, 2014, 8:03:54 AM*

Moon Near 1am

a monologuing eye,  
what glory.  
then dark bush.

Stars At 1am



Breeding fireflies.

A blink, then two.

Clouds After 1am

We are the smooth, white leaves.

Moon After 1am

The escapist moon?

No, moving clouds.

Post1amism

Tomorrow?

Today.

*Same window.*

*Small stuff.*

*1. Is the first thing a haiku?! (I'm confused)*

*2. Favourite one?*

*3. Least favourite one?*

*4. Anything else?*

froid

*Jul 18, 2014, 6:11:12 AM*

Id!

Ego.

Superego?

Ego.

Id?!

Ego!

Superego.

EGO!

...Id?

EGO.

Id!

Ego!

ID!

EGO!!

id.

Ego.

Superego!

Ego.

superego.

Ego?

superego. id.

Ego! Ego.

*[shrug emoticon]*

Lostless

*Jul 21, 2014, 6:57:10 AM*

Less than lost. Lostless.

Time doesn't exist between the stab of pavement  
and the pain in your ass.

Life became a stream of blues after the first drag,

once the cup of money was drunk.  
I've a cocoon tarpaulin,  
a woollen womb to hide from the cars in.  
But I still get reborn every day, gritting,  
tumbling into a new doorway.  
This city is dysfunctional, a dangerous factory.

\*

My moon is a urinal,  
a public toilet pissed on with graffiti.  
In its shine I grip on to the last  
drips of sleep.

Sunshine? Streelamps.  
Fake.

I get thirsty in the burning gas balls  
of society's eyes. Their paranoia brings  
in insomnia, brings in hunger,  
stomach growl after stomach growl entering my conscience,  
jerking me into the synthetic dawns  
of prostituted neon again. Again. AGAIN.

\*

I lie on the street like an atheist Lazarus.  
Faithless, hopeless, lostless. No messiah but the ones  
who preach through unread pamphlets. Useless.  
I already have a church, of rainbow dust. I pray in alley darkness  
for coca cola skies, meaningful fries. Something to fill this empty  
coffee cup.  
The cocaine smokes a pointless soul into me.

I'm an abandoned colony,  
privy to hothouses advertising psychedelica.  
The best I find is the walls of a coldhouse,  
squatting plaster and sobbing paint,  
where Safety once lived before finding  
a better investment in Survivedtown.  
Nothing, a square,  
me, dust church.

\*

The Blues arrived. Tasers

brimming with hot-spiked, pointless neon.  
Stupid fucking neon.  
Out of the coldhouse into the nothinghouse,  
a cold ferocious rain. I wish for the buildings  
to melt with me. Bewitched, innocuous naive  
people. I need my dust, but it's burnt  
into the old carpet of tarmac. My emergency saint is gone.  
I shudder through the pitiless corners of this nothing-square.  
The stars imitate, but keep their distance.  
Oh what organised lines, oh so sober.

I find marijuana.  
It's too tribal a medicine.  
The jungle is cut down by yellow tape.

\*

Other shipwrecks do better than me  
in the deep depths of the tar ocean.  
Some pluck tables. Others sell their timber to desperate treasure-seekers,  
all wifeless, husbandless, loveless seekers of trouser-faith.  
Fishermen dipping into a stagnant, oily pond.  
When they get only algae and wet boots,  
they snap hulls and make the captain bleed.  
These ships sold their sails for wings, but got a parachute instead.

\*

And the rest float  
ghostly, for another nothing  
to sleep on. Mark ourselves into more  
squares, until we are postcodes.  
Breathless. Bloodless.  
Lostless.

*Yay, a proper poem from me.*

*For pullingcandy 's mini contest; [\[link\]](#)*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite?*
- 3. Anything else?*

The Haikuist's Dilemma

*Jul 22, 2014, 9:27:27 AM*

Oh no, a haiku!  
Agh, what do I say?! Agh, AGH!  
Oh, I know! \*ahem\*-

Metaku 2#

*Cos' as I said, I don't post my proper poem that aren't witty or minimalist or whatever up  
here usually due to publication politics :C*

*I digress.*

### Poor Pat

Jul 24, 2014, 9:26:56 AM

There once was a man called Pat,

Who was rather fat.

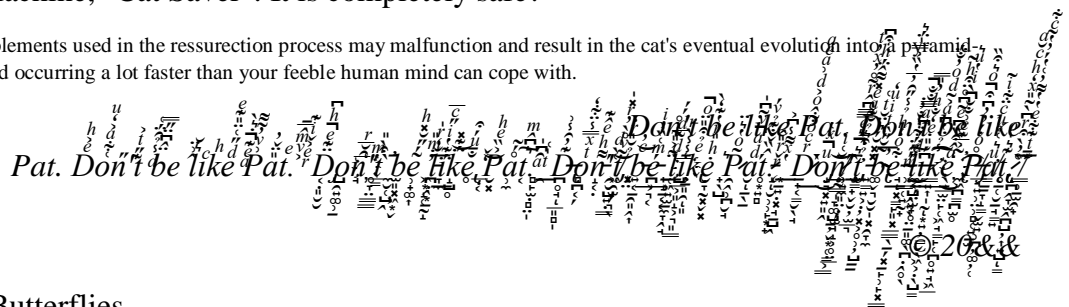
He had a cat,

And it slept on the mat,

But died because

Pat had not bought GabriaXorp's latest product, "CatSaver" (© 20&&) which resulted in the cat's untimely death. Don't be like Pat. Save your cat. Buy GabriaXorp's latest pet-orientated resurrection machine, "Cat Saver". It is completely safe!\*

\*The cybernetic supplements used in the resurrection process may malfunction and result in the cat's eventual evolution into a pyramid headed three eyed god occurring a lot faster than your feeble human mind can cope with.



### Billboard Of Butterflies

Jul 31, 2014, 7:49:04 AM

Trapped technicolour heavens,  
Ayuhuasca stuck in a crystal flat.  
The angels were clipped at the carnival,  
rebranded as homo inevecus.

Those feelers will never find the nectar-nirvana,  
because those without wings  
had to trap the moment. Fair doos.

Schedule-

13pm: Have a spiritual epiphany.

Science glances at the corkboard dissecting table,  
cooing,  
wondering what it would have been like  
to see those genesis' fly.

What a shame,  
such is the mystery  
of steel nets,  
I guess.

The World cries in the dark.

*For SpiralingSpontaneity 's contest: [link]*

*I like this one. A lot of stuff going on in there.*

*1. Fave line?*

*2. Least fave " "?*

*3. Anything else?*

### Octarine

*Aug 2, 2014, 4:50:49 AM*

eight sides of an eye cell,  
and it bursts:

the blaze of Alpha,  
dwindling Omega.  
a fiery semicolon  
cast by wizards.

hiding behind the rainbow,  
keeping structure to Everything.  
Big Bang-bright,  
wise as A'Tuin.

alley cats find their  
homes bright in  
the power so few possess.

wizards use it as the most fraternal tool:

magic.

*For Lissomer 's mini-contest*

*Eight colour, colour of magic, octarine. Pratchett. Stole "fiery semicolon" from The Colour Of Magic in description of Ankh-Morpork fire. Not happy with both my tries for the contest so I'll submit both. Because fictional colours are colours too. Also there was nothing in the rules against them.*

lemon sponge friend

*Aug 3, 2014, 10:25:16 AM*

i forgot  
the cake  
had a sponge  
implied with lemon

so i ate, surprised,  
continued  
and continued,  
so i could get to  
the icing,  
fruit,  
chocolate accessories  
on a faraway top.

ate and ate,  
until lemons  
won my throat  
and there was  
just crumbs  
in the bowl.

*Literal stuff on eating sister's birthday cake (7th), analogy for events of today/ general  
friendship things.*

Universe pronoun (night outside same window)

*Aug 8, 2014, 1:39:51 PM*

sparse clouds  
ribbons nightCotton

moonlight  
clouds' lamps

star  
breathing pinpoint

tumble roses  
purple black

orangeLight

man illumination

Universe  
pronoun

*I've been meaning to try and write a poem that uses the minimum of filler words as possible  
(pronouns, "with", prepositions, etc)*

*night time outside that same window again.*

This Is A Poem, ii

*Aug 8, 2014, 2:10:27 PM*

This is  
a poem.

It has two  
stanzas, and  
enjambment.

Each stanza adds  
a new line on to  
the next, from the  
original two.

This is the fourth stanza.  
It is a twist.

That last stanza did not  
add an extra line  
from the four lines before it.  
That is called a style break.  
Probably.  
(not)

That bit in brackets is called parenthesis.

This is a closing line. it is profound, and is maybe in italics. It is one line  
long. That is another twist.

This is the proper end.

*Woo self aware poetry*

*You build the poem! yes, YOU, valued customer! YOU get to be the poet, with the new  
"Extro-Poem!" The poet is the one that reads the reader's poem with the set template!*



Haikustuck

Aug 12, 2014, 7:43:29 AM

EVERYTHING DIES.

Green Sun, teenage gods, Nic Cage...

The frogs must survive.

*I'm going through my 3rd poetry notebook and closing up loose ends/discovering stuff, and I found this fanfic haiku of all things for Homestuck.*

*Coddamn I want the Gigapause to end D:*

UntitleddelititnU

Aug 18, 2014, 6:18:35 AM

the earth was a mug of dirt and water  
until milk came from the sky  
and clouded.  
we drink until standing in  
an empty silo.

*Iunno*

The Local Loch, August 2014 (27th)

Aug 27, 2014, 11:33:32 AM

Prehistory's iPad.  
When light hit the water  
a supernova dance of  
scurrying dust swayed  
in their amber infinite.  
When the wind tapped,  
the waves flapped their feathers  
and spread into  
a migration of curly black lines  
on a child's drawing,  
choppy pattern after choppy pattern,  
wave conforming to wave  
into a wallpaper covering  
algae, flotsam, dead bricks, dead stone,  
until the irregular birds changed the flow.  
Be it the duck that draped a dress  
behind in a V-shaped groove,  
or the pudding-plump coots  
who gently honked, imprinting

flat bubbles on water.  
They live in the reflection of Life.  
Fringed by feathers like icy mountaintops  
and dead fish bloated on pollution,  
an Irn Bru bottle imitates the nature it killed.  
An orange bread packet is ignored by the mallard  
for the tragedy it brought to town.  
It's a flat town, a houseless town,  
but still a moving community of  
twig islets and breadcrumb empires.  
Fringing on their utopia is us,  
us standing still from dry grey pavement  
while birds wash regardless of  
green and droppings  
swishing like oil spills.  
Regardless, they swim in beauty.

*I am perpetually stuck in the dichotomy of quintessential Scottish poet and internet mad writer.*

*I dunno why, but I felt it worked better without separate stanzas. It's like the waves or something?*

*Sister poem here: [\[link\]](#)*

*1. Does it still instill a feeling of beauty, despite the images of pollution?*

*2. Too long?*

*3. Too many adverbs/verbs in general?*

*4. Favourite line?*

*5. Least favourite line?*

*6. Anything else?*

The Local Loch, August 2014 (27th), B

*Aug 27, 2014, 11:38:55 AM*

I enter the trees.  
Between the dozing leaves,  
hugging canopy and soothing shade  
I awe at a swan bathe.  
Cruiseline, white, pure, naked  
graceful, living china.  
Seven others chat by the hidden soil shore.  
They see me, spread out ornamentally,  
politely move away  
and then fly  
with curved ceramic blades  
ready to pierce gravity's oppression.  
Beautiful rebellion.  
I've found Peace.

*Sister poem to: [link]*

*Was gonna be originally together, but decided they'd be better separate.*

*1. Should the two poem be together?*

*2. Which do you prefer?*

*3. Fave line?*

*4. Least fave?*

*5. Anything else?*

The coin had / normal milk / and rainbow sweat

*Aug 28, 2014, 12:14:24 PM*

The coin had  
normal milk  
and rainbow sweat  
on opposing sides.

"Do you ever flip it?"  
"What side comes up most?"

I don't have answers  
but Society comes around  
as sacramental wine  
and I had to make a donation,  
I had to

drop in the coin.  
When I picked it up  
it was smooth, rainbow,  
pure minority.  
No more diversity.

I should have mourned  
I suppose,  
but things with worth don't get remembered.  
Celebrated, rather.  
Unless it's twofold.

*Has bisexual erasure got me?*

*If it has, do I care?*

*If not, is that sad?*

*I don't know how to fix the last line.*

*Or the title.*

Pop/Corpo Poetry Batch #0000001

*Sep 1, 2014, 12:25:13 PM*

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
FRUIT  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
BANANA  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
STRAWBERRY  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
GRAPE  
for an amazing snack!

Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!

They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.

Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.

Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
PEACH

for an amazing snack!

Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!

They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.

Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.

Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
APPLE

for an amazing snack!

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KIWI

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MAYONAISE

for an amazing snack!

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BLUEBERRY

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STRAWBERRY  
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Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
APPLE  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
PEAR  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

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like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
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Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
KIWI  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

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like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
MAYONNAISE  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

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They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
BLUEBERRY  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
FRUIT  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
BANANA  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
**STRAWBERRY**  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
**GRAPE**  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
**PEACH**  
for an amazing snack!  
Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!  
They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.  
Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.  
Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
**APPLE**  
for an amazing snack!

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like Iron and Calcium,  
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Add with milk and sugar  
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Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
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for an amazing snack!

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for an amazing snack!

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like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.

Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.

Or, eat dry, with a helping of  
MAYONAISE

for an amazing snack!

Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

I love Omnigrain Hoops!

They are rich in vitamins,  
like Iron and Calcium,  
due to a rich intake  
of maize and barley.

Add with milk and sugar  
for a healthy, nutritious breakfast.

Or, eat dry, with a helping of

BLUEBERRY

for an amazing snack!

Available now at your local Xorpoplex.

*Our satanic scientists have deduced that this piece is perfect. However, you may still be charged for offering criticism.*

*GabriaXorp: Providing the finest Warholian literary pieces.*

*Omnigrain Hoops;Marshmallow&Chocolate Update coming soon.*

status update of sorts/superficiality will find me

*Sep 26, 2014, 11:48:43 AM*

it's born for being born,  
the Poet wonders how the People  
can communicate through the Bridge  
that is this Poem  
and in not knowing the proper jazz  
the Poet tries to be pseudopostmodern  
which the people don't understand  
because it's not an iPod screen  
and it has too much analogy  
which doesn't make sense in a sense  
although maybe now it will speed up  
but tbn, let's bh, there's only enough enoughts  
that can't be said in the delicate font of NÜ  
and experimental can only reside Here

{ whoops{ the poet thinks  
while using a different way to do the normal speech  
and by now studies have shown 1()()% have disconnected  
from the glitch meh that keeps on getting away from what the  
poet didn't mean he doesn't even know why he took a different stanza for that  
there's some nests which are made of metal  
no eyes left to see this so grammar goes away to not

and it's not really is it? it came because someone had ponder the page.  
so the People are confused and the Poet sighs  
while corporatisming, nelogoisming  
and waiting for whatever notcliqueclique wants to come over  
and {hummm{ philosophical cereal  
that was a bad analogy, imagery, contrast, whatever

its amlmost like a bestiakl poem inbt he ense trhat m nto even cthinkgb now it s jug fingers  
moving tpsnand out to the fluipo glip tina cant evem fhow o yjotrns easirtyth \n tothe  
dhrotmiujkmogn of a pager that doesnt thilg thwt\ will they think iu wodert??

prob taken as more quirky things that cant be born outside.

art is boring when it has a shape

this doesnt want to end

*ugh*

UntitleddeltitnUntitleddeltitnUntitleddeltitnU

*Oct 4, 2014, 7:27:21 AM*

the cold sunlight was not expected.

the hug of an autumn,  
a sky-sized lemonade  
that refreshes the prickles of sweat  
when jumping begins.  
on the shadow-speckled trampoline  
the leaves leave to become flat,  
curled. compact, distinct,  
bronze-amber diamonds.

*leafffffff*

Walk back from English Tutor, October 2014 (6th)

*Oct 6, 2014, 12:22:45 PM*

Autumn Equinox?  
A full thumb-print:  
the grooves of a unique universe,  
in white ink.  
Indent in the big boring blue  
chilling my summer body.  
It's evening, and as such  
the moon is moving eastwards along  
with each footstep home.  
It's a shining sticker  
on a dark jumper not jumping,  
a perfectly shaped  
blob of unblue Blu Tack,  
an ivory nail,  
watching me jog  
under a few trees so

it becomes an ascending airplane.  
A pinprick star above  
cloud canyons, apricot purplings.  
Some strange nightwork is at play here.

Now it's a sprint away from my solid,  
tangible breath which was once abstract  
under the sun-berry.

Through trees,  
in the driveway,  
and the moon gazes through  
the horizons of leaf lines.

*the capitalization in the title angers me*

1. Fave line?
2. Least fave " "?
3. Anything else?
4. are yu a moon

### semicolons

*Oct 6, 2014, 12:37:10 PM*

i always type  
apostrophes

with the semicolon  
key

;

it;s a story;  
a list;  
a

furtheron

to something  
abbreviated

;

in accident  
ofc  
so the BACKSPACEspace



takes potential  
away from quantum  
&  
makes  
formal desert

*it's a crime we can't use good symbols in our titles*

me, mirror, me, Between

*Oct 11, 2014, 1:35:22 AM*

there, mirror,  
legs, arms, two red eyes  
on the chest.

curves like tea.  
the limbo between attractive, real,  
both,  
possible

ly lacuna. who knows?  
the mirror does.  
you can watch time and language  
go backwards in its obedient gaze,  
watch your hair flip to the other side.  
egofall. confidence rise.

adolescent nudity is less about supersex  
and more freedom. when a crystal is there,  
in front of darting eyes,  
gazing at your identity,  
take it, make it something else

than privacy in bathroom.  
empowerment does not consist of tiles,  
rather

weight. length. height.  
personality cubed.  
strange how eyes define  
your intrinsic symbolism.  
definition is inadequate,  
arbitrary, because  
what a  
thighgod,  
what a

angelwaist,  
what a  
humanuniverse  
this-is-i-am.

hold your breath.  
harness comfortable dedication,  
drip notethanol  
from the cobbleroad that appears  
on your chest, faithplateua, thorax,  
make honey,  
stream wine instead.  
Dionysus deserves a break  
for fermenting Me.

watch the ice in front  
melt to potentialake.

*Inspired by chromeantennae 's poem here: [link]*

*Inspired by chromeantennae 's poem here:*

*Is my bodehi, me bodhi!*

- 1. Favourite line?*
- 2. Least favourite line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

### Lovesong

*Oct 12, 2014, 6:03:37 AM*

It's bitter rain, here,  
in Europe cloud.  
No pen works, no words  
work. They fade with the  
angry ink at 22:59,  
a minute away from  
the eleventh hour.

Wristache, melancholy sonnet,  
sprouting like black roses.  
I sell it with an illegible IKEA pencil  
to the sound of Kishi Bashi's  
"Hahaha  
Pt 1."

On your side pears grow  
off the branches of a sunset tree.

Pillow-sweet juices and hugs of the happy.  
It's not Byronic, there,  
but human. There aren't boxes, there,  
that define. Life's an ocean.

And yeah,  
we'll rest by the horizon shore  
of a dawning island  
and yeah,  
we'll snuggle to Studio Ghibli  
and yeah,  
we'll maybe kiss  
and yeah,  
we'll definitely hug

for as long as Sweden sleeps.  
It's not existential determinism,  
it's choosing the shade of LYSING.  
Moon for the room.

Okay, yeah, fine,  
the acousticspace is subjugated in silence.  
But I still think a Skype dandelion  
can sprout through these cycled, Britannic roots  
and give life to the abstract of Love.  
Always. It's not sensationalism,  
it's the branches of a sunset tree

at 00:01.

*I should totally start doing a poetry series on every IKEA furniture piece that'd be  
therapeutic as flip man*

22:59 - 23:06, October 2014 (14th)

LYSING; [www.ikea.com/gb/en/catalog/pro...](http://www.ikea.com/gb/en/catalog/pro...)

Aerode

1. Fave line?
2. Least fave line?
3. Anything else?

*(It's quiet, but I feel there's a gradual change in my work occurring. A modest Renaissance.  
That's nice. I blame Earl Grey. I wasn't going to have much in the Artist's Comments but oh  
well. All plans fail by at least 0.1%, anyway. Unless your plan is to fail by 0.01%? Hmm,  
solve that philosophers.)*

smudge of a

*Oct 16, 2014, 10:42:51 AM*

I took a place to London and the memories are still breathing four days later.

When I came back and looked in the mirror  
the smudge of a moustache rubbed out by the sharpenings of Youth tells me

"It's time to take the blade to your fruitless forests,  
to cut the stumps on your lip."

Maybe,  
once,  
when on my head,  
they bloomed.

Now it's all tree-rings.

*23:11 - 23:14 6/10/14*

*forgot bout this one. from notebook 4B*

*One question this time; do you like the prosaic line structure? As in, only taking a line break  
when you take a breath/pause?*

The roads tell poetry, too

*Oct 24, 2014, 9:46:44 AM*

NO BAGS IN SKIP  
USE CORRECT CHILD SEAT

Queues likely  
SOS ☉ ½ Mile  
for more information call:  
[www.mortonhall.co.uk](http://www.mortonhall.co.uk)

Follow Penicuik for  
Rosslyn Chapel 3

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The replacement  
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Free quotes:  
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McDonalds  
Yes  
B&B  
J&I Scaffolding Ltd.  
MAN

20 20 20 10

Ronald Docherty  
Civil Engineering

Redford & Dreghorn Barracks  
40 yds

BRIT –EU ROPEAN  
NUMARK+ PSUK

H'Gait  
A Fairtrade Town  
Britain in Bloom  
Award Winner  
FITTING SCOTLAND PERFECTLY FOR OVER 25 YEARS

20 20 10

End

*I made a found poem of all the road signs and truck signs etc on road home.  
Muddled up a bit, but generally pure to their source*

*(oh, and because there's no enclosed alphanumerics for 70 and 50 i had to add them up  
>\_\_>)*

Low Newton-by-the-sea, October 2014 (18th - 24th)

*Oct 24, 2014, 11:49:38 AM*

a)  
(i.e, Day One)

Egg seaweed;

Ocean burst first  
from eggs called seashells.  
The Kraken, a baby prawn.  
Ceramic fans from pre-Japan  
opening up the primordial pearl.

Sedimentary rock  
softens to pub-food Swiss cheese.  
Barnacle pastry breaking, cracking  
open to reveal dinosaur-wells,  
excavating the latticework of the sea.  
Neptune's portcullis.

Underneath are the oceans that separated  
to rock pools. Rebel lakes who  
cut the murk-mahogany woods underneath  
waves. One such "weed",  
an octopi's maple leaf,  
lies shipwrecked on a driftwood-dry shore.  
The stalk of a crab, breathing out  
deep blue treacle from its crimson roots.

The beach thins to a kitchen knife,  
stretching into a submerged point  
before everything becomes liquid.

Cutting away  
the foamy fat.

b)  
(i.e, Day 2)

The sun lumped  
a dollop of overexposed butter  
on to the sea, blinding me  
to go the other way.

It's a mini Gobi,  
sandbox Sahara,  
wet desert safely near  
the Blue Drink.  
The wind shoves me forward  
to shake hands with the tide,  
an obesity in grandeur.

In the breeze the ghosts of past sand,  
past volcanoes,  
zig-zags, meanders ,  
in and out of visibility, existence,  
until rising like rock- steam.  
To cloud, to fall, to the emerald expanse below,

breathing up against the sandworm's  
pucker-layer, pursed lips and intricate dots  
made of loving-dust. Cobblesand  
unwelcoming to bare feet.

Looking back stings. Granules  
rest their wings in eyeballs  
for a second before launching  
off again into another coastline.  
When necessary.  
Like the kite-missile sparrows  
flying into the invisible-sky-Push,  
making the outline of how children  
would draw fish.

c)  
(i.e, Day 3)

With the growing tide  
sand becomes fudge,  
Mother's tablet,  
tea  
swilling in a coralline mug,  
like the movement of my stomach

after I ate too much of this cake.  
Fine icing, marshmallow shells.  
The sea isn't bubblegum,  
it's infinite bubbling eyes.  
"Cthulu Goes To The Beach."

My shoe hits the sea  
and is wounded,  
leather-milk chocolate  
darkening to beyond beige.  
A floppy stick reveals itself  
not to be driftwood but kelp.  
A rock reveals itself to be

a dead seal.

The world's biggest jellyfish  
bobs faceless above the  
broken bricks of The Oldest World,  
the first Byzantine castle.  
Once the limpet palaces weren't  
just held breath.

Once Dunstanburgh Castle  
wasn't a four-fingered hand  
reaching to God for answers  
on His hill,  
in denial of the sea's only name:  
anicca.

d)  
(i.e, Day Four)

Tides are tree-rings  
making the ocean a year older  
with each crash on softest-rock,  
the coldest volcano.  
Only yesterday I turned 16.  
This ocean passes by 16 years  
in the simple popping of a froth balloon.  
I watch its skin wash up on land.

The rocky outcrop stands out  
of drying sand,  
a slanted dock  
where no ships can flock.

When the tide is out,  
sand has the texture of a dead thing.  
Here is the second dead seal; reddened,  
stripped by the storm we didn't get to see.  
Neither did he. His new position in Life  
is as a bucktoothed dust-pile,  
a quarantined boulder in a circle of no-shells.  
The seaweed keeps its distance,  
makes itself into a barricade, a kelp Hadrian,  
keeps out the glee of giggling waves.

Maybe the trails of sand-in-breeze  
are the ghosts of cubs,



racing back as granules  
of bone sugar to their fractured herds.

The blueness of murder will turn  
into green, into beautiful, one day.  
But today is not that tree-ring.  
Still, the sand will pass as an hourglass,  
the algae-spills will recede,  
and death will be carried back as seashells  
on the wings of small birds.

You could have the smell of Aberdeen here, Beach,  
and Burghead too. Brisbane's odour is something on  
the other side.

The tide will bring new flavours  
to wash away the foam feathers  
of this giant albatross, hanging around Nature's neck.  
Sometimes, it crashes against our quicksand consciences,  
to remind us of where Beauty comes from.

e)  
(i.e, Day Five)

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth." And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

Genesis 1:20 – 1:23

On the fifth day,  
the upper dome falls down  
as drizzle.  
The beach, sky and sea  
merge into a similar shade  
of a neutral grade,  
of graying clouds.

From the seaweed bed  
flies buzz around in anarchy  
before becoming small birds squawking  
in parliament, the first society  
in conversation.  
A coast of blank Scrabble pieces;

saying everything without speaking.

Bike treads make  
the blueprints of a whale  
in the sand.

The strongest rocks are the youngest.  
Elders sit in the grooves our shoes,  
between toes,  
flicked in ears.  
It is the knowledge before Descartes,  
before Socrates,  
before Caveman.  
Only the first Artist knows what  
colours makes paint real.

Watch as the sun increases its magnification  
on us, putting the finny details to a silvery mosaic  
on the fish. The final paintbrushes on the sparrow cloud.

The sunrise lingers behind as a dusk cloud, setting  
as the beach on the other side

of the world.  
The ocean's a laptop screen,  
and the sun conductor  
of dancing dust particles.  
They rest on the crystal  
as fish, as birds,  
as everything.

f)  
(i.e, Day Six)

An oversized tartar sauce sachet  
takes a breath of  
red kelp, the grey sand.  
It burps out a splashing wave,  
fizzing against the battered  
rockfish. Lemonade. Sunonade.

Step politely out of the aqua queue,  
curling water stacking up and up  
until it's a vortex falling into itself.  
A blue hole.

A sand-scorn shoe crunches against  
seaweed pods. The seagull clique  
flies away, gossiping,  
when the glimpse of a notebook  
is spotted. A moleskin shark.

The ocean builds up in layers:  
tide upon tide building upwards,  
to the liquid monument. The oldest.

A breath out  
and the scum disperses  
into glistening,  
into strange seashells.

g)  
(i.e, Day Seven)

Goodbye, moon foam.  
Goodbye, hourglass cake.  
Goodbye, edge of everything,  
goodbye, blue tea,  
goodbye dream sand,  
goodbye edgescape,  
goodbye clockworkless blue clock,  
goodbye tear-jerking sun,

you unchained buoy.  
Floating towards Future.

You introduce a new continent  
every time you leave, Tide.

I hope these memories will last as long  
as limpetstone,  
protecting this squishy thing here.

Sometimes, I simply wish  
to watch  
and leave it

wordless.

*"If you are following the AyeAye National Trail, then this is an essential stop on the journey!  
Here Aye perfected his famous "copying other poets" technique, at the idyllic seascape of  
Low Newton-by-the-sea, North England."*

*Sorry it's so long, it's really seven poems put into one xP*

*1. Favourite poem/part/day? ( a ) -> g )*

*2. Least fave ^?*

*3. Anything else?*

*Thanks for reading, all :3*

the architecture of eggshells

*Oct 28, 2014, 2:43:50 PM*

let's talk about  
the words we won't talk about.

in the grey cube sky  
buses flow as quicksilver.  
orchestrated society-

-science.  
make a flower  
wilt  
in frosted dew.

giggle in rattles  
until it diffuses  
into disappointment.

sigh in relief  
at the lack of contact  
with regret. friends  
via geography.

a smashed duality.  
opposites attract

the ugly qualities.  
the most humane bombs.

*1. What's your interpretation of the piece?*

*Long time coming? Eh, its better out than in, but it wasn't eating me. It's jovially sad, if you will.*

*(I'm proud of the title though, haha.)*

took a xenocryst trip with Mr Heinz

*Oct 31, 2014, 11:43:53 AM*

it was when the ladder-ridged chips,  
the Yum-eggs in brown half ketchup,  
the red Gaia of slightly sweeter than usual ketchup,  
the mundane commerce made into something precious and surprisingly diamondlike,

that i entered the realm of Eucharist  
and ascended to a point of post-dharmakayaian  
hyperreality

*uh  
yeah  
analyse to your heart's desire*

[#Halloween](#)

### Olive Wine

*Nov 1, 2014, 7:58:06 AM*

Olives tastes like the smell  
of champagne  
as my younger self did not taste

the air.

Vinegar, vine, gar.  
Grr, says the Tibetan  
mantra on a lunch plate.  
Grr, says the adolescence garnished.

Watch the stuffed grenades plop,  
running down Esophagustown  
drunkenly wild.  
Green grapes fermented to bitterness.  
It's up to the bloodstream to sober.  
To pupate in salt.

*olives are nice  
unless you eat too many*

- 1. Fave line?*
- 2. Least fave line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

### shoveling leaves

*Nov 9, 2014, 9:18:34 AM*

instead of somersaulting like clouds  
the pile of leaves lay trapped

on the man-made black plane  
where natural decomposition didn't.  
trampoline.

i took a metal flat  
to the wet underbelly  
and dragged it outside,  
where it naturally began  
to hearse.

survivors spread further  
out on the jumpy surface.  
bouncescape no more.  
my socks

numbed into bubbly footprints,  
like the clouds somersaulting  
out there.

not soil,  
not anhedonia.

*blegh*

*sometimes vacuums of just libraries and non-inevitability/classification would be nice*

*1. What do you think the piece is about?*

Red, Opiate

*Nov 11, 2014, 2:26:11 PM*

Statistics turned to soil  
where our world grew out of.

Ghosts of mustard gas  
smoked out of a 100 calenders,  
the clock hands pushing against  
soldiers, agony, piles of green:  
farming land turned to No Man's  
in the blink of cannon fire.

And through the haze of Iraq,  
the Balkan cinders,  
the cracks between Vietnam,  
the red-flag danger of a fascist Europe,  
you finally reach Somme's mud:

a place of opium seeds, growing over

where we once threw spears at ourselves  
and hoped something would win.

Too many petals  
to count. Too many teardrops  
of red to watch fall.  
ISIS plants more poppies in neck stumps,  
and we remember nothing.

*Title pending.*

*For Remembrance Day. Lest We Forget.*

- 1. Most impacting line?*
- 2. Least impacting line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

Static after the heartsong

*Nov 17, 2014, 9:53:31 AM*

Radio static,  
there are bats in your beats  
winging staccato  
through screaming speakers

silently. It's hard,  
on Acousticmountain,  
to break yourself free  
from head dance, from blood  
itself. Sing a dance. Tune the mouth.  
I watched words dangle off the vacant lips  
of you, post-heart. Finish language now  
or hold your pause forever.

Soprano vibrato,  
a solo of wings across fluted wind  
and you crescendo,  
muffling the mechanical whir  
of whizzing, wheezing white noise.

This plague's a symphony.  
Bite love off Adam's stalk.  
Our words died so long ago  
black doves punctured holes into our trachea  
and called it flute. It's noise in the past,  
they say,  
It's resonating with another's tongue at the start

of Doppler.  
I listen with ears,  
with cracked shells making  
the sound of whales wounded  
as they tell the gospel  
so quietly. Welcome to Envy Beach.

Take your drum sticks  
and hit the golden oldies road, doll--  
the milk you knocked back at dinner  
left phlegm congealing the wound on your throat  
and I can't understand you  
between the beats batting home runs  
and the green tickle of jealousy  
hunkering below my diaphragm, a deep-seated climax.  
This ain't a two-step masterpiece  
you rewrite the treble for; find the rhythm  
or find your peace and leave me  
breathing it alone.

*Collab with the ever lovely supergoddess TwilightPoetess  
She's basically the epitome of the whole dA literature experience, tbh. So if you haven't heard  
of her, go check out her gallery!! 🍷  
Her version:[[link to mirror](#)]*

*Good ol' heartbreak, it's so versatile and adaptable to any improv piece. Just doesn't let go, I  
guess*

*Although I guess this is kinda post-heartbreak, or at least self-aware heartbreak?! blib. it's  
an organization of those limboesque feelings (for me at least, maybe Elizabeth thought we  
were writing a long-ass haiku) in which you are aware of being over someone and now  
outside the situation yet an intrinsic aspect of human nature is keeping you locked down... or  
maybe there is really wounded whales bantering with black doves as they make flutes out of  
trachea, such is the way of objective poetry*

*I did stanzas 2 and 4. music imagery yo.  
(fuck the Beatles, go yoko. ya know, bro?)*

#### A question in class

Nov 28, 2014, 2:58:46 PM

A burning lightbulb  
off, on  
the palm of the mind.



Too hot, too hot,  
a hand-stalk

growing up,  
drinking Knowledge,  
making bloom.

observation poetry 2.0

We Invented Paris is giving me bittersweet stuff inside. i feel calm towards the storm that is  
fencing competition weekend tomorrow. i can;t wait until I can escape from those social  
prisons, tbh

oh, unrelated bu go check out [lakednunch](#) . Great writer, really distinct style, deserves more  
recog!

#### 444 Deviations

*Dec 3, 2014, 11:35:52 AM*

444 deviations:  
2/3rd's satanic,  
on the way to famous!

(A tribute to cattservant )

*i noticed the number ysee  
and then remembered that the King Of Observation cattservant does stuff like this  
hence why is dedicated to him/her/cat x3*

#### ana(logica) the moon (

*Dec 5, 2014, 9:28:02 AM*

looking past the skittle clouds  
was neuronnebula,  
nothing, a space,  
cocoa dust desert.

so i ran on the lawn  
of aucontraire mansion,  
skating on sphere-glass rinks.  
past the Georgian windows, the chandelier cities  
winking their gold up to bulbs,  
brass spacestations,  
finding the deepest reaches  
of roof plastering

before crumbling like emerald sugar  
for kitschKake's desire.

the Mayors ate their cartridge-chips  
with gunsalt, the sea's blood in their stomach.  
osmeregulation of a neocolonial dream.

(proletariat. feeble. turned so TeddyBear when injected with molten gold.)

the cosmetics cosmos  
multiplied all individuals^homo,  
&oh  
what it was as we didn't  
celebrate Tangfastic Ice Cream:

platinum galaxies frozen  
for postfuture museum, the bitter myrhh of  
SayCheese

on every eye in the ennui factory,  
smoking out yawns and antiheuristics.  
gonetime.

but  
möøñ  
says

dive into the tea-sea,  
bronzing gloop of relaxed.  
make a submarine at the bottom  
out of chocolate digestive crumbs.  
power the laptops on haikustars.

make materialism special and it'll  
stop samsara. no more 50%Offs, just  
All.

turn socio-chlorine  
hydrophobic.  
paint a face on GabriaXorp  
with seashellpaint.  
then look into space,  
past the mugpearl walls,

to a melting cocoa swirlland  
with hyperbubbles headbobbing  
to happi-rock and the stars

will make 5-D spheropyramids  
to lay naughty Yawns in

and  
up, there,

the shine of mööñ will  
tuck us into our duvet meadows  
as vanillabees ride on honeyglaze boats  
across the blackberry juice night,  
the smell of laundry making Every cloud  
shine its full

poetential, the fluffiest marshmallow  
will be so proud s/he'll hug us all  
in this new caramel, fudgefarm superreality  
(post-hilbertian emotion spectrum-space rainbow  
shining, shine you beautiful  
)

and that's happiness.

*i haven't done experimental for a while  
this was fun  
("poetential" is deliberate)*

- 1. What do you think it's about?*
- 2. Favourite line?*
- 3. Least fave/ least interesting/etc?*
- 4. Anything else?*

january, the last moonbase of 2014

*Dec 19, 2014, 8:56:10 AM*

The fatigue-factories  
shut down  
for the holidays,  
hobbies sighing  
into light, casual clouds.

It's two weeks of middling sleep,  
a lucidity in calm.  
I'll read Kushner and Heany,  
rest like the pigeon guards  
snoozing in the peaceful night

when morning, their branch-goblet  
capturing the arctic infinity  
of moisture above.

The moon, shining,  
beside fraternal  
Jupiter, his  
pinprick winklight  
broadcasting, broadcasting,

2015.

*Yeah, I know it's December, but shhhhh  
also, go check out [sea-ebony](#) 's piece;[link]*

- 1. fave line?*
- 2. Least fave line/ most "meh" line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

### Three Poems On Christmas

*Dec 25, 2014, 11:49:23 AM*

a)

So here it is,  
comfortable as the waiting;

objects in silver, obscuring  
the real shapes, flung  
into quilts warming into

the "Ooh!" and "Aah!" and "How Lovely!"'s  
in each universal waiting memory.

The surprise of love  
for things you once forgot  
is the sweetest, most tangerine  
satisfaction you can gain,  
purer than any milk chocolate.  
The joy-full.

b)

We don't listen to the Queen's speech,  
we're a Yes family.

There's enough Clan here

to sustain an independent nation.

c)

Parsnip gold  
and candle-starlight,  
a wheel of marble Camembert  
beside the gravy bronzed  
wealthy mountains,

obsidian coke drunk  
to the sound of of family discussion:  
God, politics, history

(which is what we're making).

*Merry Christmas all 🍷*

*It's very interesting hearing about my granddad being called a heretic because he's so liberal, hehe*

*oh and Passion Pit's Manners is a cool lil album*

*DeviantArt app is horrible for uploading stuff, hence laptop for here >\_\_>*

*maybe a christmas journal later??*

- 1. Fave poem?*
- 2. Least fave (prob. b) let's be honest )*
- 3. Anything else?*

Soup, January 2015 (5th)

*Jan 5, 2015, 6:36:14 AM*

Koi pond,  
the still greenwater:

tadpoles for taste,  
gold-rimmed shapes  
swimming to spoon-movement,  
bubblefish.

The chicken undergrowth,  
a simmering sweet-hot,  
the zen of potato, carrot,

the alchemy of vegetables.

Silver flour to soluble gold  
in the malachite chipped bowl.

*Chicken soup ysee  
Thinking oriental (i.e minimalist)*

1. Fave line?
2. Least fave/ least memorable line?
3. Your fave soup?
4. Anything else?

### P!zza

*Jan 6, 2015, 3:23:08 PM*

Tomato rivers run wild,  
between herb islands dotted mild.  
Italy and dough's lovechild,  
the food gods' greatest smile!

My teeth descend,  
and in my mouth it blends.  
My brain commends;  
the money was used in good spend.

For the pizza is glorious,  
its texture notorious,  
and temptation will be victorious  
when we meet again.

*an old work  
made new*

*my most serious piece yet*

### Dichotomous Dialogue

*Jan 23, 2015, 11:07:46 AM*

I describe the transcended,  
every dimension concluded,  
abstract realism;

stuck in Cartesian quadrants,  
the dualism between Right and Wrong  
defined by divine Ayn Rand.  
Objectivity, your only eye.

There is more than the observed.  
A life gazed is not worth living.

You are the fallacy of empiricism.  
Bias is universal,  
yet you plead with transparent flasks  
a position of Übermensch:  
flimsy hermeneutics.

*a priori*, you know nothing.  
Your phaneron has no minimum too small.  
*quod erat demonstrandum*.

"A life gazed is not worth living."

This is the sort of phraseology  
that is indicative of the nescience  
mortal extremists exhibit  
when they contravene  
theoretical research for  
the benediction of doctrines.

I am the purveyor of phainomenon,  
the truth of vicissitude  
and the axiom of tangibility.  
So much stronger than spurious anima  
of the verisimilitude of realism  
when these scrutinizing photoreceptors  
don't rely on entheogen trances  
but *quod videre*.

You are measly.

A mere idealistic  
angle of *caeca fide*.

Concern yourself with *falsus capitulus*.

I'll let quantum electrodynamics  
be my cynosure of the light and matter  
of arithmetic you refuse to acknowledge.

But it is of no matter  
because philosophies don't,  
until they reach my domain.

My postmodern contexts  
define what pi can't,  
i.e a never ending one-line  
perpendicular to the self.  
You: anicca. Me: sukha.

*cogito ergo sum*  
yet you dismantle  
haecceity and replace with  
hedonism. Barren epistemology.  
Your brain is a clockwork desert  
of the real.

Base assumptions heralded by  
telescoped prophets  
define your conclusions.  
Dawkins, Sagan, Degrasse.  
Society's id.

I'd much rather be civilization's ID  
than an esoteric mouthpiece of aesthetics.  
Recondite and abstruse,  
incongruous and farcical,  
your paradoxes are sophistry.

My memorandums are epicurean  
and it is you, that are a failing student  
of Socrates you clandestine concoction of falsehoods.  
A deplorable oath of occult awareness  
when you know these philosophies you speak of



are illusory promises for fools  
guilelessly deceived into believing  
in your contrarian modus.

But as society has said  
on numerous occasions,  
if you are successful  
at pushing drive  
you've never once battled  
an intellect superior  
to your artificiality.

I tire of this language game.  
Shutting you up  
is a categorical imperative.  
Farewell, slave of absurdity.  
See you in the next  
eternal recurrence.

Jargoncore! 🍌

*A collab between me and the ever-ubiquitous-dAlit-celebrity that is chromeantennae !*

*I had the idea of doing something a la a thesquareroot or your-methamphetamine with the use of lots of specific-subject technical words to make beautiful stuff. Hence, I had the idea of a poem-battle between a personification of philosophy (my bits, in Courier New) and a personification of science (Chrome's stuff, in Monospace).*

*Wasn't so happy with how my stanzas occurred (I'm not used to pronouns in my pieces) but aren't Chrome's just WONDERFUL?! Utterly wonderful. We need to jam again.*

every single Hahaha

*Jan 23, 2015, 11:46:37 AM*

I fell off the dawn of the maker and  
made a mess of the parrot tree:

if you fly  
into the sky,  
if your body is a penny  
ready to throw into the  
fountain in my bellybutton,

mango trees in the radio  
in the other world  
would dry in song.

A man in love  
is a package of delight.  
Apollonian radiance.

But when you throw up the moon  
the fortune of the messiah  
gives hope to the progeny

and the ambitions of the survivor,  
fields of beaches,  
count fun too soon.

I want to bleed in the rain,  
us manta rays.  
Did fate mistake us

for a pair of star-crossed lovers?  
In the beginning we were scrambled together,  
fluffed with a feather,

and every other meal fell into shadow.  
Now my state of mind  
comes to the crib of my teeth

with a savoury ending.  
It wasn't drowned  
in salt and pepper.

I want to take you back in time  
as ice  
upon this win wee felt.

You felt your love for me  
was a dream  
so stay here, the star's lighter blue,

and plant these chocolate seeds.  
Sun is faint  
and in the suffering

cold and love,  
love,  
our anomaly.

The courage of the sorcerer on the horizon  
made many a soldier weep,  
burning the moon,

so if you fly  
into the sky,  
if your body is a penny  
ready to throw into the  
fountain in my bellybutton,

come on the heels of a magical mystery.  
We'll catch every single Hahaha.

*My remix of Kishi Bashi's "Lighgt" lyrics, featuring the mishearing of "Philosophize In It!  
Chemicalize In It!", "The Ballad Of Mr Steak", "Carry On Phenomenon", "Bittersweet  
Genesis For Him AND Her", "Once Upon A Lucid Dream (In Afrikaans)" and "Hahaha Pt.  
1". Plus the actual lyrics. And tweaking of stuff from me.*

*lurve babeh*

*1. Fave line?*

*2. Least fave/ least memorable?*

*3. What do you think of the more formal stanza structuring? I'm trying it out, and I think it  
works here.*

*4. Anything else?*

Burns Supper, January 2015 (25th)

*Jan 24, 2015, 12:24:43 PM*

Potato off the top of Ben Nevis,  
with pepper snow.

Gold turnip. Bronze carrot.

There, the guts of Scotland,  
the heart of a ram  
breathing in the glens.  
Chief of the pudding race.

*Why yes I am lying in the title for this did occur today but I am the poet so I can tweak reality  
to fit into a more convenient image mwhahahah  
(it wasn't even the meat one we had, it was a vegetarian type lol)*

*I've always meant to do a Scot-centric and Burns tribute poem thing... and now I have!  
Hopefully the first of others.*

*Good ol' observation x3  
And apologies to Americans who have haggis illegal. It's a wonderful thing you're missing  
out on.*

### Irn Bru

*Jan 24, 2015, 12:28:02 PM*

Glistening amber,  
Scottish cherry-  
sherry of the North Sea.  
Sunset-oil  
in the veins of Scotland.

*Wee thing on Irn Bru cos' Burns Night Scottishness woou  
&soforth*

### I woke up

*Feb 8, 2015, 2:01:24 AM*

After I killed myself  
I woke up  
in the real world.

I hugged my mum  
as she weeped over the coldness  
of life, of my body, and  
Dad gazed into the vortex of despair.  
I made a joke to break the silence.  
We laughed, it felt fantastic.

My friends were dazed with every emotion.  
They spoke beautifully  
at the assembly on Monday.

People began to know of me  
worldwide. I saved  
millions from their locked selves,  
inspired souls to fly down  
and be with family.  
"It can't happen again."

The sun ballooned.  
I saw that life was worth waking up for.

*If you are having suicidal thoughts, please contact help. For me, for those you love and for everyone. Thank you. [Link to Wikipedia list of suicide hotlines]*

*I always write the saddest/emotional things when not directly feeling those emotions.  
Distance helps me to formalise it, I guess.  
Came into my head this morning (I wanted to keep it simple).*

*A dramatic monologue, of sorts.*

- 1. Is it insulting/patronizing/romanticizing of any sort towards suicide (it would be unintentional, of course, but I want to make sure I don't muck up on such a sensitive topic...)*
- 2. Italics for the third last line? Speechmarks? Both? Something else?*
- 3. Anything else?*

*Stay safe, you lot* 🧡💚

### Time Zones

*Feb 13, 2015, 2:15:18 AM*

Eating dinner at midnight,  
waking up fast asleep.

The darker the night,  
the lighter the blue.  
On another decimal  
a similar ink poem  
hugs the stars.

There are times when the ocean separates  
into strands of chatspeak,  
times when the clock doesn't tick.

There we transcend time,  
make order into stuff and  
talk about the stuff and  
sometimes the stuff isn't the planned stuff  
but it's still discussed stuff  
so it becomes timeless beautiful memory  
stuff.

The conversation is where oceans stop.

Number, colon, number,

thrown off the bed.  
Replaced with beautiful letters.

*Happi Valentines Day~  
Is a love poem of unconventional sorts  
But for who??? Tis the question ;7*

((obviously Aerode 🍷🍷 ))



Takeaway Box, February 2015 (22nd)

*Feb 22, 2015, 3:19:09 PM*

How much XP  
does the modern world hold?

There, the chippie-gold  
paper basket, the salmon bronze  
treasure chest:

in a hovel of twigs.  
Dungeon of leaves  
called soil  
holding Man's treat,  
a family surprise.

Every car here is red.

Camouflaged boxes whistle white noise  
into electricity.

I drum my fingers on the wooden fence-wall  
and gain a greenish tint,

in synergy.

1. *Fave line?*
2. *Least fave line?*
3. *Anything else?*

TV Midmorning Blues

*Feb 28, 2015, 7:54:46 AM*

BREAKING NEWS WELSH CORGIS UNDER THREAT

antique cheesemaker for sale

Lorraine offers tax-free 60K for the cold

Ray orders Italian food, loses his wife,

Katie Hopins spreads her gospel

off air

off air

real estate agents sell Australia

EXCLUSIVE CORONATION STREET BINGO "It. really. works."

PPI is eating your money, not us,

"WERE YOU HAVING AN AFFAIR WHEN ON HOLIDAY???"

omnipotent narrator mocks James and his dinner date

become a dog with phone cards!

Hogan's Heroes ostracize a German

David tries to sell his house (with a cesspit)

bronzed Brits invade Ibiza

Suzanne can't wait to be the only star of her wedding

90s CGI on Stargate,

Escape! Escape! Get away from home and come to our exotic island!

repeat

*When I was ill a few weeks back, I tried to make the most of it by watching the utter rubbish on TV and so making a poem about it (which I've wanted to do for a while, because I'm a weirdo)*

*Channel list went as follows, if I remember rightly, and corresponds with each line*

- 1. BBC 1 (Breakfast News)*
- 2. BBC 2 (Celebrity Antiques Roadshow)*
- 3. STV (Lorraine)*
- 4. Channel 4 (Everybody Loves Ray)*
- 5. Channel 5 (The Wright Stuff)*
- 6 and 7. BBC 3 and BBC 4; both off air*
- 8. Can't remember :0 ITV 2 maybe?*
- 9. I think ITV 3 but not sure??*
- 10. Iunno :0*
- 11. Dunno (The Jeremy Kyle Show)*
- 12. Dunno (Dinner Date)*
- 13. C4 +1 (Lorraine)*
- 14. This line makes no sense to me at all when rereading so okay then*
- 15. ITV4 (Hogan's Heroes)*
- 16. Dunno*
- 17. Dunno (Some kind of Sun, A&E And Stupid Britons show)*
- 18. Dunno (Four Weddings or some kind of wedding-bragging show)*
- 19. Pick TV (Stargate SG-1)*
- 20. Dunno (Advert)*
- 21. Channel of Line 20 +1*

*I stopped flicking through channels and just ended up watching The Bill in the end*

Writing is daydreaming on paper.

*Mar 6, 2015, 11:33:10 AM*

Clouds

turn to cursive  
white ink,  
bright light of Big Bang  
laid out for ideas, the futurepoem,  
life,

from wandering pens. Here is the mind,  
the guest of reality.



*Inspired by the eponymous, wonderful line from [GuinevereToGwen](#) 's fantastic<sup>^∞</sup> piece;[link to "Talking to Myself: A Manifesto for the Egocentric"]*

*Go read it, is incredibly good and holds a ton of potential for stuff x3*

### This Is What I Bleed

*Mar 13, 2015, 1:58:37 PM*

Sun, moon, orbiting each other into infinity:

this is not what I bleed.

I bleed a pale white coin  
to flip-flip,  
sweet kisses on breathing,  
beating, warm  
marble.

This is not the usual spectrum.  
This is not morning, day, night,  
marriage, kids,  
this is undertable handhelds,  
underduvet genesis,  
symmetry.

Flowers bursting in a sea of anther,  
ambrosia gushing in tears of joy  
under blessed light.  
Stamen and Stamen. Entwined bloom.  
This is what I bleed.

Osmosis.  
A fallout of linked fingers,  
a flooding held in cupped  
hands as bright as any other.  
Sun and sun again. Moon  
and moon again. Circled  
synchronous understanding  
in northern summers: daylight  
fades into daylight.  
This is what I bleed

in my veins. A carousel  
of matching bodies, understanding  
in the trace of a palm.  
A glance turns into  
a stare turns into a shout. Put

the feeling of our hands together  
into an envelope and mail it,  
knuckles brushed through.  
This is what I bleed.

Ink. Plasma. Cosmos  
down malachite rivers in my wrists  
to bone coasts, to marrow seas  
to the singing coast

of cheek.

This is a bite from dream-peach,  
this is what I am. This is what I kiss-hug-cuddle-breathe-laugh-  
touch. This is what I bleed.

*A collab with the ever-wonderful [scheherazades](#) . Tori wrote the wonderful bit from  
"Osmosis" to "Ink".*

*About our collective, ah, symmetrical interests.*

>\_\_>  
<\_\_<

*Tori's version is here, feat. less capital letters;[\[link\]](#)  
I hope you enjoy :3*

((also pls tori we should totally do another one cos there is much power in our fusion))

### The Third Death

*Mar 25, 2015, 2:47:24 PM*

*For Ron*

The first death  
turns your body  
into the grass  
and trees,  
every breath of air you had  
sent sprinting like children  
across the blue-sky meadow.

The second death  
is when the laughter  
and champagne-gold connections  
quiet into sparks.  
Illuminating our cities  
for as long as us.

The third death  
is when your actions stop  
having impact.  
It is never,  
it is when post-heat velvet  
bursts into a new cosmic flower.  
Breathtaking anicca.

Every kiss, every laugh,  
all those tears-  
they turn the Sun.  
Every laugh of ink  
that bursts from our pens-

that is the immortal part of us.

Life, this ball of beauty-chaos,  
it is to be cherished.

You gave us  
so many flowers.

May their petals live forever.

*RIP, Bark . You will be so so missed.*

*This poem has been wanting to be written for a while, I think. I'm happy it can be as an elegy  
to such a great man.*

*My deepest condolences towards Ron's family and friends and all touched by his words.*

*The idea comes from the idea of the "second death"; the idea that the first one is your body,  
then when no one is left to remember you. Except no one seems to remember the third death,  
which is when your actions stop having effect. Which is never, because our actions, however  
small, can never make no ripples in this ball of beauty-chaos called Life. Entropy and such.*

*These past days, it has been so dizzy. So dizzy. And only going to get dizzier, I believe.*

AyePoWriMo

*Apr 1, 2015, 9:11:53 AM*

a)

in the ascendance  
of moonstones  
our mothers left

in the name  
of way-rails,  
duplo, cohere

nce. somewhere  
on the edge of  
St Petersburg

their wolf-hearts sway  
in autumn leaf  
coral, on the ebony

shoegaze plains.

b)

beyond the marble wall  
the black eggs consume  
snake among other things.

the sand is glass-green.  
the city is ocean-orange.  
the forest is beetroot-blue.

nothing is order.

all things follow a step  
and under this willow king  
we'll eat raspberry marsh

if we must. irregular  
pantheon rises from  
pedestals. my hand, reach

ing ~ings with no name,

forever.

c)

The purple lizard  
bloated at the sight  
of others.

The green fairy  
wished beyond  
these media halls.

The lime dragon  
roared for a country,  
unheard.

The loop of gold  
brought salvation  
from the north.

The red hammer,  
broken, fixed  
itself on stage.

The yellow bird  
limped away  
from previous tragedy.

Our blue leader gazed on,  
as the waves of progress  
flushed his kind away.

d)

structure is dead!! all hail the broccoli moon  
and its floral chocolate clockwork descending  
upon the Bleach'jazz, friends hunting corporate  
caribou, with their hides of electronic fire;  
the rigid democracy of smartphones. and what  
of the marshmallow hemlock? NaeNae12 is coming  
to eat us all if we are not careful. watch the  
sun turn to a snowflake or next zealot Spring  
will be full upwards of green rain. ain't it so  
sweet, this bicycle treat, and the soft mustache  
pillow we cut down every week? monogamy minus me.  
fragments of a moleskin notebook made into One.

e)













From His melting pot  
hands came  
the cocoa womb,  
an egg ebony  
like deep, elusive space.

The earthly embryo,  
a celestial dragon of  
jelly-greens and marshmallow  
and candyfloss-blue,  
burst through

the bubble of milk and  
breathed fiery life  
in all of us. The daffodil sun  
laughed the new year in  
as hills swayed with lamb trees.

A plus sign.

f)

←we were  to the  
  $\emptyset$  lost  $\text{♀}$   
  $\uparrow$    
 here  $\text{♂}$   ⇒outer  -----  
 $\text{♀}$  ⇔  $\text{♀}$   
 sent  $\emptyset$   
 $\emptyset$   
reaches   $\text{♀}$   $\text{♂}$   
 $\wedge$  instant moon  $\text{♂}$ boat&heaven $\text{♂}$   
 $\wedge$   
onex  $\wedge$  o r b i t  
n  $\emptyset$  i  ---station---   
a g n 

$$\otimes = @ :::$$

ⒸnowhereⒹ

sun  
preachPeach

re'sapleasure  
e w  
h a  
! v  
!  
e

~~~~~


shining ice

on us

eat ur Peas

::::::::::::@ heliotropical pineapplejuice skies

lost=☹

 touchdown

g)

i'll not stop eating
until the world's a pea
on my oort fork,

impaling the sun-yolk
from toffee yogurt skies.
i'll put it in a glass

decahderon and call it
"Art of the Econimica".
the trees were once God

until the roots stopped
our wee genocidal business,
therefore it burned. everything

burning into upward arrows of
sulphur. my vision, yes,
we'll make pretas out of you

lot soon enough. the cheapest price is £life.

h)

Tell me lies,
bleed entropy from your eyes:

what a beautiful predator
worlds are.

Now this is
the greatest crimson dust,

the desert of the soul.
Banished to

the catacombs
of the mind, its pink

folds upon folds upon
cranial mucus

fragmented.
Crystallised melancholy.

Love is meat and meat is
me, unloved,

I will never
sacrifice everything again

but this drunk electricity
moves me to

wards hospital
wards which hold my potions.

She's gone now. Fuck the
future before

it fucks you.

i)

your dimension suits me,
its vaporwave skies
oscillating under mango trees.
here, the sun is only a trampoline
away.

j)

first, you forget
to remember
to forget
and your body starts slumping
like piles of soil.

and then there's the coiling,
the whirlpool of shaking skin,
the cascade of guilt

paralyzing
mind. the core
becomes unspeakable
mushroom.

crawling with infinite could-bes
and ifs and perhapsii:
memories of the tragic kind,
burrowing deeper into
subconsciousness.

the past lies rotting.

k)

flailing white limbs,
crab-like,
to make the kinetic;
crackle of the cosmonaut.

sword breaks,
tinkling like smashed crystal.

l)

i: Jerome

broken
bag spills
few groceries

ii: Adrian

hurrying
to the third
one

iii: Susan

perhaps
300 lipsticks
aren't enough

iv: Benjamin

wishing
to grow up

v: Andrew

he just
failed his exam

vi: Andre

spanish

vii: Mary

could fly
with the happiness
of her newborn

viii: Henry

heart
of gold.
empty

ix: Nash

off to

a gig

x: Samuel

praying

xi: Iona

car; house;
can't think
what else

xii: Mohammed

off the
life-changing boat

xiii: Jane

lost her
marbles
to the drain

xiv: Geoff

please
come back

xv: Sally

wants shoes

xvi: David

the gang, lions,
put him in debt

xvii: Owen

coming out today

xviii: Quinn

going inside today

xix: William

back
from camp
to rain

xx: John

didn't ask for this,
wants sunshine

xxi: Robert

rebel
without
meaning

xxii - xcix: Penmaker Collective

selling coffee
for wisdom
on their paper

c: Edward

millionth visitor

ci: Eric

loves Owen

cii: Roger

banker.
murdered tomorrow

ciii: Thomas

first kiss
now

civ: Xavier

wants to farm,
not be successful

cv: Louis

300'000 subscribers

cvi: Faith

nihilist.
hates irony

cvii: Jackson

addicted
to Crystal

cviii: Xi Liu

super-acrobatic ninja assassin.
after tomorrow's job,
will cook with mother

cix: Christian

hot.
out to buy stuff
for fridge (heart)

cxx: Zachary

found dog

cxxi: Finlay

homeless now,
great poet soon

cxxii: Parawat

the
cool guy

cxxiii: Ian

the
alright guy

cixx: Leo

a rage in skin.
gangleader,
likes poetry

cxxx: Crystal

a star
of the dirt-streets.
in cables

cxix - ccxcviii: Church Of The Fifteenth Light

love
the unloved
monster-priest

ccxcviii: Jeff

warned
about the stairs
by bro

ccxcix: Jessica

lost dog

ccc: Angel

watches His
multiverse
breathe on by.

m)

say,

what weapon
can make oil bleed
from crater-farms,

starve thousands
with a midas touch,

and blame the backbone
on insanity?

...

the aristocrats!

n)

"here is the city limits"
she said, in a voice
softer than holo-silk

and it was staggering,
the malachite ocean
at night, the company stars

above turning universal.
the titanium wall pulsed
with a geothermal red.

she took a cigarette-
illegal contraband-
and smoked out the faint

outline of an ancient, native
dragon. the hubbub below
silenced for curfew.

"this is the violet electric,"
she said. "this night is a voice
and it will be heard."

o)

at the abstract brothel
the writer watched with glee
as the coffee-sewn harlequins
swayed to the beat of a marmalade
jazz.

"darn diggidy!" the writer exclaimed.
"those are some physically attractive metaphors!"

p)

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this. i love you despite the chemistry saying otherwise and didn't mean to set off an infinity of misunderstanding and now you are a universe perpendicular to myself. that is a burning Atlas of a truth i must live with.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this. i love you despite the chemistry saying otherwise and didn't mean to set off an infinity of misunderstanding and now you are a universe perpendicular to myself.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this. i love you despite the chemistry saying otherwise and didn't mean to set off an infinity of misunderstanding.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this. i love you despite the chemistry saying otherwise.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this. i love you.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry this is what i meant to say and it is this.

...

Ctrl + Del

okay im sorry.

...

Ctrl + Del

im sorry.

...

Ctrl + Del

sorry.

q)

we streamed
what the media
told us through
our stomachs;

you are what
you see.

so to the cry of
postfascist children
came the promotions.
hills flattened in place
of tubby-toast factories;
the sun grew acne.

Noo Noo led
the fleet
against all
mankind.

transmission's ours, now.
pepper the stars.

r)

The father,
who believed in This,
and the son,
who believed in That,
fought over
a dinner table.

The argument crackled
and left crumbs of debris
over split plates.

The son hated This
so drove his cutlery
down and exiled
the father's eyes.
Die, vision,
your vision must die-

and suddenly

only his two eyes
were left, too intact
for his actions. Alone.

s)

apple tastes like celery
when muffins melt

into a disease
called wretchedness.

and there,
in the reflection of a

speckled wingmirror,
are the birds

who descend into
a nightly sunrise.

t)

These are the Old Ones,
the ancient transmitters,
pine radios that broadcasted
before the earth grew legs
and walked.

Twig satellites collect
the earth's signal
and relay it back
as fruit.

Some lay fallen,
bark stations that
let beautiful moss
bloom in the riverbeds
of once-eczema.
They are the steps for soil.

(b)

Up here,
amber resin clouds
drape sunset curtains

over the intricate life:

palace to postcard.

Factory smoke to a cloud.

At the peak,
the world burnishes
in a blonde bronze.

u)

those out in
the desert country
can only talk
on the lines
with 56'000 words
for a life:

the cities jabber
forever.

cactus bleeds.

v)

the disgraced sons
of architects
found blueprints
under gammy red sand,

the ones which built
the towers of Before,
x-ray spires that reached
into the cloudy glasspane

below. somewhere on the drawling
rain-blue code, on screens long
scratched by desert rat, their
manuscript is waiting.

w)

blinding beautiful

sunlight, from translucent glass;

a cool azure sky

x)

and on that floppy
turn marble-seed
pedestal

was the quaternary code
of a life
and its little glitches:

personality, hair, eyes,
philosophy
told in the bleeps of

chemical bleeps;
adenine. thymine. cytosine. guanine.
a pinch of uracil.

watch it download down
to the codex of beginnings,
to a blooming (0,0)

y)

receptors sail from
islets of langerhans for
homeostasis

z)

in the city
i got electrocuted
by neon signs,
stealing my malachite-money
blood

while the moon
laughed
like the pound coin
i am.

mango)

sfgnze]aky;

Magnificent Mangifera,
juicy stone fruit
of numerous trees,
cultivated for the majority
of species, found in nature
as wild.

They all belong to the
Anacardiaceae family,
native kings of the South,
from where they have been distributed worldwide
to become one of the most cultivated peoples
in the tropics.

The center of diversity is in India.

pear)

rustic skin
like a brontosaurus,

the vegetarian caveman's club.

Bashing towards the rustle
of a herbivore's fate:

the most manly fruit of them all.

apple)

I put
a series of
apple seeds
in my pocket

and felt their roots grip,
desperate,
drinking my thighs—

bronze tears, forged
in dark soil most forgot.
Wet
with the kiss
of an internal,
lonely tongue.

They sit within suffocating fabric.

Nanoeggs for
some crimson sphere,
vague like a cloud, they are

rigid rainfall. Blooming, once. Perhaps.
Maybe next year.

.)

Tomorrow
is the edge
of Everything's edge.
The penultimate coast.
Onward is the Life-sea,
a future silvering
into platinum-perhaps,
while above
an amber egg
bleeds all the potential
for seeing.

SOURCE

ohh my flippiyty flip NaPo has sneaked up on me :0

Third year in a row, maybe!

Maybe featuring [sea-ebony](#) and [palladium-smoothie](#) along the way...

(The individual pieces will be submitted to the wonderful [NaPoWriMo](#) group in unlisted deviations)

*Day 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29
and 30. Eventually 🍷*

2

*Perhaps the prelude to something big. Perhaps not. Now is the age of doodling, and fun
experimentation.*

Also, a loose attempt at cadence.

∅∅DISORDER∅∅

3

Based on the Leader's Debate last night!! Go SNP!!!

Not glitchy, I'm afraid. I might be able to get a alternative tonight that uses the theme :0

4

*I guess we're back to inchoerenceLand then @__@
Pickings from my notebook that will one day be made into something proper.*

((sorry guys, I got no theme today so i went with this :0

*I'm talking of nanogliimo ofc, the wonderful project thing me and my
hummusbuddies chromeantennae scheherazades and gliitchlord are doing over
HERE: gliitchmonth))*

5

appi Easter everyone :3

(kinda fits in with upper limits, if you squint your eyes so much you can't see any reality 🤖)

6

asciinaut gets lost from his chess station

this is what happens when you think of cool words without actually knowing what they mean

by palladium-smoothie

7

alien super-industrialists am i rite

actually used a theme properly this time; "wreckage/excess"

8

*a dramatic monologue narrative based on the theme "catacomb, vagabond"
+fragments from notebook (4A timeline)*

warning!! there's two sweary words in it but not enough for a mature content filter tbh

9

oh look i forgot to write something one day

11

*ugh im tired
observation*

12

theme: 300 Characters



(I did a short story like this once. Should fish it out, was good)

13

jazzhandsyayjokes

EDIT: Oh hey, this is my 500th Deviation! Happy half-1000!!

14

*this
isn't too bad actually??*

(nice theme too)

16

*inb4 used by 4chan as an example of how all literature on deviantArt is terrible and just minimalist
nonsense xP*

*Also, inspired by Benjamin Myers' wonderful poem:[link to "I Saw Katie Hopkins" by Benjamin Myers
in Morning Star]*

17

*this is some whack ass fanfic i swear to cod
remind me never to make themes like this lmao*

18

"(di)vision"

20

*t is a nice letter~
(i went for a walk today)*

21

[link to Wikipedia page on "56 kbit/s line"]

23

By sea-ebony

24

*yknow, with some work this could actually be quite good
theme was "floppy insert [here]"*

wonk ;;;}

25

biology revision ^_____^

27

*i don't even like mangoes
unless it's juice*

antifound poem from the wikipedia article

28

can you tell i just don't give a flipflop anymore

*(although i do like violin waist and so will probably incorporate it into something not-terrible
eventually)*

29

*&so concludes this exciting fruit trilogy.
i knew waiting for a good poem to come instead of forcing it upon myself was a good choice A__A*

30

Phew, we're done. Definitely my worst NaPo yet, lol, but I still got some nice pieces in there.

Tomorrow is my first exam ysee.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

May 20, 2015, 2:00:29 AM

Xi (xerophytic xeneophobe)
x-rayed xantham xoana.

Xebecs, xenically xerophaged,
xylotomised xyloid xenopuses,
xyster, xenolithes.

Xenon-xerophiles
xenogamising xeniuses,
xyloiding xylem,
xyloiding xenia.

*this made sense when I wrote it okay (about november time 2014)
had to use a scrabble dictionary*

Remembered due to introverted-ghost 's piece here: [link to "untitled"]

Sea Of Tranquility, of Milk and Honey

Jun 5, 2015, 10:57:47 AM

This is the 90%. Look.
Here is the supple thigh,
the smooth sunskin,
milk and honey
under velvet flesh.

Nectarine. The soft sounds

nothing can make. When all has been
tried, done, pleaded
like prayers to a flower-boy,
this is the debris
churning like the natural thump
of the sea:

a him in an opaque mirror.
Phone in my hand, buzzing. What could be
if not for the continent gap?
Even before those racing oceans
there's the other voids.
Personality. Age.
Allegiance of love;

which satellites
do they orbit around
forever?
The common sun and all its life.
For me its the obscure moon,
its duality in the folds of fabric,
out of reach across corridor
halls. Imagine their movement
in the light of dawn,
me drunk on the ethanol
from their muscle cells. Imagine
the curtain of a tongue
lapping the golden cobblestone roads
on their torsos. Imagine me
lost in a dream of hair.

Carvaggio's Cupid shining at night.
Amor Victorious.
The burning sensation
we call Heart.

Until our marble-pillar bodies
crumble into dust,
this Sea Of Tranquility
will churn shadow.

This garden inside
will stay hidden
for a long, long time.

For BeautyInRawHumanity 's June Prompt: Gender And Sexuality.

I've been meaning to write something like this for a while. Meditation on stuff.

I hope you enjoy 🍷

Barcelona is beautiful.

1. Favourite line?

*2. Least favourite line? (if you answer "none" or similar a trillion owlguins (penguin+owl)
will be made into some delicious rugs :3333 a "least interesting" line is fine!!)*

3. Anything else?

Fukushima Flowers

Jul 23, 2015, 12:43:42 PM

You think of Salvador Dali
and melting clocks,

chronology broken
and mirrored versions

stuck in themselves.
Forms blurred under

the origin of life,
car crash nature,

a star bursting
into petals.


An exploding reaction
taking lost millennia.

You think of broken nuclei
stuck in meiosis.

Inspired by this:



1. Fave line?
2. Least fave line? (Or, if you don't have one, least interesting)
3. Anything else?



Daily Deviation
Given 2015-08-03

Even though there is a debate if radiation truly caused the "mutation" [AyeAye12](#) creates a stark portrait in their poem, Fukushima Flowers, about these misshapen plants. (**Featured by** [HugQueen](#))

Diamond Tomatoes

Aug 19, 2015, 1:29:40 PM

I was by an ocean.
In my hand was the fruit
that, when cut
into its hemispheres,
lay out seeds
from a disc
of roots.

And suddenly its skin
changed. The red
deepened backwards
and preserved
the juice
in a criss-cross
of star-bright blue.

It was transitioning
between states.
It fluxed into
preservation,
glinting to the serene backwards.
It fluxed towards
the ocean,
and its infinite width.

Then, in dance
of tandem
(mind to hand, hand to mind)
it graced into the ocean
where it burst
and the seeds
blossomed.
They said I am an ocean.

On a forum I frequent I called myself "diamond tomatoes! ocean" because my aesthetics are on point. I got about to thinking what that actually meant, and I concocted this poem.

It's pretty obscure, so I'll try and give me preferred reading of it. The tomato represents my mind of sorts, and from that image I look at my writing process, how it is both of exploration (the ocean) and preservation (the "backwards").

Of course, any interpretation you take from it is fine if justified by the text, as usual~

1. Fave line?

2. Least fave/ least interesting line?

3. Anything else?

Circus

Sep 6, 2015, 12:41:48 PM

Circus on the road—
purple metal packed into
trucks, driving onward.

Seen and written on road home.

Homefire

Oct 15, 2015, 9:15:04 AM

Set a crown of flames
on the dying logs,
the glowing barkwhales

in a glass cube
of heat. Light
cubed,

it spreads
like ambiance
into the warm

colours of the walls,
the glass goblet
lampshades

illuminated with
shadow, the blue
filling of space.

The wood crackles
with sleep.
Darkness

is a flickering night

warm with the
presence of

sun-danced windghosts.

*Well goodness me it's been a while.
Here's a piece on fire, as per yesterday at time of posting~*

- 1. Fave line?*
- 2. Least fave/interesting line?*
- 3. Anything else?*

The World Village

Oct 28, 2015, 12:25:31 PM

Here is the plan
to end isolation:

the arm of America
will curve its way
into the hard-shoulder
of Europa. I imagine houses lining
the tarmac crescents,
moons baking on the ground;

the end of streets
are yellow-leaved
and open into
the continental reaches.
This red brickdust will weave

its way past nation,
country, declaration of distance
made by time. I imagine
the supermarket nearby
filled with everything-

the spices of India
to southern fried chicken.
Taste like the setting sun.
The shop would stand
like a concrete cathedral,

casting its cool blue shadow
on to the roads welding into
where hyperlinks become
simple jumps of electrons

into warm quasars

just a walk away.

Minutes, not rotations.

I don't believe we can't feel
anything on a quantum level,
that we're stuck on islands:

that's what poetry is for,
and the human connection.

Brickdust red.

This place is a mortar-made Pangea.

Build houses on beaches
and the ocean's tide

will pulse into a heartbeat,
the world in a village.

For Aerode because yes we should all be able to live closer to our Internet friends.

Paris, November 2015 (13th)

Nov 14, 2015, 8:40:37 AM

Before the news I drank
an hourglass of blood.

It was warm wine, varnish-taste,
as we talked about Baudrillard and
the hyperreal and simulacra.
The nachos were in a gutsy sauce.

The restaurants there could have eaten us.

Afterwards we saw the crimson banners
name names forgotten in the spectacle.

The reporter had bags under her eyes,
like Asphodel.

24/7 cycle saturated into
a show of ambulance lights attacking
the eyeballs,
picture after picture
becoming the same
terrible static.


To bed. No more developments.

I put my phone in my pocket,
heavy like a gun,
headphones a tangle of organs.

BBC 4 Radio News
brought bells knelling
into background noise.

How perfectly co-ordinated.
How great in the striking of God-
given gifts, of song and food
and wine.

Twitter was a roulette of sympathy,
the heartfelt horror lost
to a thousand others.
The morning night wept blackly on.

My deepest sympathies and condolences to all who have been affected. 

(Yes, I am being deeply caustic in the penultimate stanza.)

from every/ripple//the sparkling/bangle//of a wave

Nov 16, 2015, 9:12:31 AM

from every
ripple

the sparkling
bangle

of a wave

in response to cattservant's "Fishing For Comments 31:"

*Old Mule on his dock,
Looking at a quiet sea.
Nothing is stirring.
His inspiration is slack,
The shy nibblers are quiet.*

Days of Green

Dec 3, 2015, 1:00:02 PM

And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns...

-Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill"

When I came to these electronic hills
I saw the conundrum, felt
the baggage of loose seeds
that couldn't see.

In these places
life was a book—
pages like multi-paned windows,
the holes and portals to
more growth in the thin-cracked
blue roots, sentences
that went elsewhere.

Out there be monsters.
We spoke in scripts.
Literature was the masked jumble
that said everything we wanted to,
meaning in singular acts;
like, dislike, silence,
love

was ourselves on the other,
the clacking symphony
echoing in these halls.
In yearly rain
the vertical fields of light
bloomed interpretation
within black borders;
the ultimate paradox.
Closeness in the shrunken room.

But what of the stars?
Perhaps we dreamed of empires
starting from such simple squares.
Those numbers were not formal,
did not monopolise the hope
yet. But from torrential downpour
crops became sunken
in the farming of
crystal-honed work;

on a dark night
I looked up
and saw the moon
shining down on me,
and so everyone else.

Fate was in my blood.
Could the reap of electric fruit
from these fields
sate the hunger

for the world-berry?

The seeds shrunk into
a rock base, yes.
But the bricks were for
a wonderful architecture,
one that took a sliver
of starlight and planted it
everywhere, made a fertile white grass
that sparkled with praise.

This is a dream
that exists on all
the glowing meadows
in our hands.
And the first line that graced
these electronic hills
from my locomotive fingers
will never be removed—

I am playing tag with God.

This isn't goodbye,
nor a new hello.
I see the sky,
look upwards, smile.

If I collect all my DeviantArt poems in one book, this would be the title piece.

1. What do you think it's about?
2. fave line?
3. Anything else?

Love to all you People, Global Lovers <3

Star's Light

Dec 16, 2015, 10:42:42 AM

Looking down I saw
your world,
storm in a glass sphere,
marble thundering
past the boundary.
Infinite darkness, then
anno domini.

We, the echos

of white, candle-lit
choirs, snowdrops
singing away the dark:

maybe you were
shepherding sheep,
clouds bumbling along
the fields. Three
philosophers looked up,
saw the crystal shine,
brought what
the world could give.

My sisters sung
praise to the new
terrestrial heaven.

I stayed, expanded,
my mass ocean-blue,
bigger than the light
outside me. Far away
but in the universal eye,
the blast
of a ghost-pale trumpet;

when my light expelled
I knew the way.
Supernova, sacrifice
for a destination.
The world glittered gold,
smelt frankincense,
the sweet myrrh.

(yes yes I know the true number of Magi is unknown, yadayada)

For the Secret Santa event hosted by My-Soul-Bleeds-Ink; [\[link\]](#)

From the perspective of the Nativity star. Not happy with it but eh.

The Geochron: Creation (a)

Apr 1, 2016, 4:40:52 AM

Billions of years ago
accretion from solar nebulae
created

and volcanic outgassing
created

the ocean;
the primordial atmosphere
was toxic to most.

Much was molten,
collisions with other bodies
leading to extreme volcanism.
Impact with a same-sized body
formed the moon.

Over time Earth cooled, causing
a solid crust to form,
liquid water

now existing.

NaPoWriMo Day 1

Here we goooo lads

The first part in my sequence "Creation", about the formation of the Earth (as found in geographical text and subsequently altered by me). "Creation" is itself part of a bigger sequence of poems, "The Geochron", which is created from my physical geography class notes.

Source:[[link to BBC Science Earth](#)]

The Geochron: Creation (b)

Apr 3, 2016, 4:55:28 AM

Hadean Eon
represents time before
the reliable record of life

began on Earth;
its formation
ended 4 billion years ago.

Archean and Proterozoic follow,
producing
the abiogenesis

of Earth,
the evolution of early life.
Phanerozoic auceeds,

represented by three eras:

Palaeozoic, Mesozoic—
the rise, reign

and climactic extinction
of huge dinosaurs—
Cenozoic, which presented

dominant mammals developing.
Hominins, the earliest
of the human clade,

rose during
Miocene's latter.
The precise time

marking them is broadly debated.
The succeeding Quaternary
is the time of recognizable humans.

NaPoWriMo Day 2

I'm already behind xP No worries~

The Geochron: Sphere I: Lithosphere (Coast Pt. 1)

Apr 9, 2016, 12:46:30 PM

The Formation of Cliffs

Waves undercut
coastline

Coast
moves inland

Debris is cut
from land
and deposited
as a terrace,
producing
a wave cut platform.

As the cliff
retreats
it becomes
higher

The wave-cut platform

widens

The Recession of Cliffs

Wave erosion is greatest

when large waves break
against cliff floor.

Here the waves
undercut cliff feet

and form a wave-cut notch.

Over time
the notch enlarges

until the cliff above is left
unsupported

and collapses.

As the process repeats
the cliff retreats,

increasing
in height; gently

sloping expanse of rock

marking the foot
of the retreating

cliff;
a wave-cut platform.

These are exposed at tide.

Headlands and Bays

form along discordant coastlines,
where alternating bands of resistant
and less resistant
rocks lie
perpendicular to the coastline.

Destructive waves erode
the area of soft rock
rapidly, forming
bays by hydraulic action,
corrasion and corrosion.

The waves cannot wear
the resistant rock
away quickly.
headlands survive,
protruding out
into the sea.

Now exposed
to the full force
of the waves, they become
vulnerable to erosion.

At the same time
they protect
the adjacent bay
from destructive waves.

Stacks (Erosion of Headland)

Joints or weaknesses
in the rock
are widened
as waves attack
coastline
over prolonged periods
by hydraulic action,
corrasion and corrosion.

Cracks gradually
get larger, developing
into small caves.

Erosion further widens
the cave, attacking
the back by
hydraulic action
and corrasion, cutting
through headland
to the other side,
forming an arch.

Its roof is vulnerable.
Weathered by frost,
wind and rain
the roof collapses,
inward, leaving

a stack,
attacked
at the base,
weakening the structure.
Collapsing

to form
a stump;

the stack, undercut,
collapses
to leave a stump.

Longshore Drift

Waves
approach the beach
at an angle,
similar to the wind.

Swash
carries material
up the beach,
following the waves' angle.

Backwash
takes material straight
down the beach;
under gravity

material is moved
up the beach
at an angle
by swash.

Backwash
returns material
straight down
the beach.

Material
is gradually moved
along;
longshore drift.

The Geochron: Sphere II: Hydrosphere Pt. 1

Apr 12, 2016, 1:29:41 PM

from "The Hydrological Cycle"

a)

Water exists
on the surface
in the form
of oceans, seas, lakes rivers,
streams.

It also exists
in Atmo
as rain and water
vapour,

underground
as streams
and rivers
underground.

Surface water can pass
into Atmo
through evaporation,
carried by winds,

returning to the surface
as snow and rain.

b)

Water exists
also on the surface
as snow or ice,
at the poles
and high altitudes.

Water on the land
may return;

oceans and seas
through
rivers and streams.

Balance in the Hydrological Cycle

There is
continuous movement

of water

between
the different parts

of the system

through processes
of evaporation, transpiration

and rain.

The Geochron: Creation c) and d)

Apr 22, 2016, 2:36:18 PM

c

Living forms
derived
from photosynthesis
appeared

between billions of years ago
and began
enriching the atmosphere
with oxygen.

Life remained
mostly small
until 580 million years ago,
when complex life

rose, developed
over time,
culminating
in the Cambrian Explosion.

This event drove

rapid diversity,
producing most
known today;

more than nearly all species,
five billion species,
that ever lived, are
thought to be

extinct.

d

Geological change
has been constant
of Earth's crust
since its formation,

biological change
since
the first appearance
of life.

Species continue
to evolve
into new forms,
splitting or

going extinct
in the process;
adapting and dying
in ever-changing environments.

Plate tectonics continue
to play
dominant roles,
causing

changes in the biosphere
that continue to effect

atmosphere
and other systems
of surface Earth.

Productive soils

and clean air
and water
and others

are dominated
by humans.

Day 13 and Day 14 at NaPoWriMo

*I'M BACK BABY
I HAD A DRY SPELL FOR HALF A MONTH AND AM TEN DAYS BEHIND
BUT IT'S FINE BECAUSE NOW I'm A WRITING TRAIN POWERED BY LIN MANUEL-
MIRANDA JUICE
NOOOT NOOOOOT*

Seven Gliitchy Haikus

Apr 22, 2016, 2:56:22 PM

hello! pens!!!!!!

ah, hello great pens!
such wonderful colouring
from your plastic shells

dead ants in a line

dead ants in a line:
their blackened little bodies
for the greater good

the plot thicken

the plot thickens, now,
the soup of our narrative
adding new flavours

the moon is nighttime sun

glowing white like coins
you could buy the whole world with:
the priceless now-time

angelic particles

when light strikes the screen
see what clouds have gathered here,
the dead finding light

digital waves, crashing

in internal sea
seen between screen and eye-light
there is our one ocean

what was written on the walls in the third stall

a number asking
for connections in cold rooms,
the winky face smudged

NaPoWriMo Days 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21.

*Praise be to glitchmonth for extensive and original and hilarious themes.
A TRUE EMERGENCY AID BOX FOR WHEN YOU'RE SUPER BEHIND ON NAPO*

Another's History Teacher

Apr 22, 2016, 3:07:23 PM

With the stroke of pen
you conducted the class
as an evolving orchestra.

You raised empires
in eyes,
citadels of electric light
in brains,
blood-hazed battlefields
in lungs,

revolutions as strong
as blood's pump
in street-like arteries.

And as pen strikes
the temporary iron
of ink on whiteboard

there is only one class
told in the sweep of Clock,
the timeless wheel

made eternity
where dates fall into one
endless Now.

NaPoWriMo Day 22

A friend wanted me to write a poem about their crush on a history teacher. This is the result.

Super-rough draft.

Bluuugh I am exhausted now xP But I've caught up on NaPo!! Yay!

Wasp

Apr 24, 2016, 8:51:25 AM

Under a glass trapezium
open to the air
upside-down
the hazard-coloured tank

stays still, silent,
not yet helicopter,
the curling crescent

of its back beating
like a larvae-heart.
From this cocoon grows
snowman-like segments

filled with seven stings,
one to stab each stage
in life.

With the push
of a paper slip
the helpless predator
flinches, flutters

its leaf-brown wings
at ground level.
Nothing happens.

It tumbles out
with a whizz of white noise,
rests on a log
far from the hive,

waits in the cold.

NaPoWriMo Day 23

well this is kinda sad lol

1. *Fave line?*
2. *Least fave line?*
3. *Anything else?*

The Geochron: Drift

Apr 30, 2016, 3:31:10 PM

Drift

a)

Earthworms
will naturally spread
north

and, recovering
from ice,
assume a migration:

the invasive earthworms
introduced by humans
shock

the ecosystem.

b)

Coral reef
physically rebuild,
recovering

from current human
ocean acids.

c)

The Grand Canyon
will erode further,

deepening slightly,

widening

into a broad valley
around
the River.

d)

The coast
begins
to be subducted.

Africa
collides with
Eurasia.

The Basin closes,
creating
a mountain range.

Mountain peaks
will largely
erode away.

e)

The Big Island
becomes the last

to sink
beneath
the ocean.

f

Earth's
outer core

freezes;

the inner core
continues
to grow.

Without its liquid
the magnetic field
shuts down,

charged particles
from Sun
gradually depleting.

the sky.

g)

All matter collapses
into neutron stars.

Proton decays
and black holes
evaporate

into particles;

fluctuations

and quantum
tunnelling

create

a new Big Bang.

[NaPoWriMo](#) Day 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 29 and 30.

Why yes, with 31 minutes to spare I have finished NaPoWriMo.

Mother Fish

Apr 1, 2017, 12:20:27 PM

, from which all life sits
in its cerulean womb, clicked
its alien percussive tongue
against the bank, each outward
gulp giving moons to the shore,
the clotted air. These bubbles
sketched behind each wave
intricate veins, their ashen valves,
the thread from kelp's absence—
think the fronds of jellyfish, this

the body of a jellyfish
nestled as anti-peninsula
between the land's crab-hand,
the encrusted jewels of heather

and me
going back to the divide
once again
uncertain of all this giving
and jumping freely
over stones
set as beach-teeth

NaPoWriMo Day 1

The starting comma is deliberate :^)

So starts the month of first drafts and my DA-resurrection \o/

Earth's Ecstatic Burning, 24th April 5067

Apr 2, 2017, 1:33:33 PM

I

Our tongues hung undone beneath explosions,
the stars wistfully willing stable forms
into white dust. How to explain the rift
between love and conquering for our love?
What needed the gulp of these natural
reactors? Really? The metal hulls up

there, replacing the seas as steam; we prayed
to them for the name of Escpaism

but there is no word for ineptitude
this colossal, the acts of higher men
set in offices built of our ungrasped
marble, set to quiver forever. Sweat
sticks, reeks past the melting streets. I wonder
if anything can chase out the totality

II

of mentioned motion No
only the bursting of
power that once dotted
the sky Like a palm o
pening past its fi
ngertips. Look Here Like
t h i s

NaPoWriMo Day 2

gliitchmonth prompt: "assonance and dissonance"

*.....except it became a sci-fi syllabic sonnet about exploding stars or something, with a weird
coda. Nice*

perhaps this motion will be less linear than expected

Sand Particles

Apr 3, 2017, 1:24:08 PM

moved through the grooves set
by passing water like molecules
in the bloodstream, this pure plasma,
the salt of natural genius.

Stone at its ultimate smoothness,
beach the contour of some cerebrum.
We used a metal detector, found little
but our own tarnished iron waste;

I thought the image existential
then remembered I rejected such things.
So it was a journey, for sure.
Head and heart connected to the beep, yearning for the ocean.

NaPoWriMo Day 3

I'm enjoying getting comments again

Yay more beach stuff
I spent a lot of my energy on my novel (v exciting!! nearly halfway there) and start of a short story today, so apologies if this diaristic thing is ???

Deer Hoof (marks)

Apr 5, 2017, 10:39:17 AM

Two hemispheres, pools full
of their absence— imagine

its fern-burnished sway of fur,
pale heather sprouting from its head

while softly pressing to the sand
what looks like a palm opening

behind. Think dignity, the reddish
stark charm, early morning-gone,

beauty perceived in its sunken legacy.
Wash an ocean over like a waving hand

and they'll be less than empty.

NaPoWriMo Day 4

I'm a day behind, nice

There Are No Islands

Apr 9, 2017, 2:34:22 PM

There are no islands,
only land that gasped a grasp

above the water before too long.

The tense bicep of a mountain.
Black rock like a knuckle,

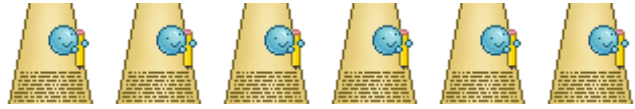
the golden musculature felled

through the liquid washing,
clear plasma cleaned by heather.

The wettest savanna. It lays
on its back, connected under the undercurrents.

NaPoWriMo Day 5

IT's TIME TO CATCH UP
AHHHHHHHH



(give it up for Detroit/the isle of skye)

If that was a sigh we've had it,

Apr 9, 2017, 2:39:30 PM

If that was a sigh we've had it,
the quenching crush of rage
lit by whatever dark fury
bubbles under our surfaces.
Welcome those subtle sub-words,
the grunt half-composed
before toddling out the throat,
adding another breeze to plurality.
Set this as your democracy; call it the end of certain things.

NaPoWriMo Day 6

gliitchmonth theme: "well that was a sigh!"

we're doing this, it's happening

Cracking an egg in a saucepan of water

Apr 9, 2017, 2:50:39 PM

I remember, drifting in sleepy thoughts,
cracking an egg inside a full saucepan
of water. It hung, like on an invisible rack,
this waft of white in paused space, one pale sun
wrapped in vapour. The centre of delirious
shifting. Ever tried scooping an egg suspended
beyond its liquid? The way it evades capture
like sperm, it's bizarre. I know, now,
the way things float when free from their beginning
shells. The way you search for the golden centre
in all things, once broken past the initial gasp
of thoughthood, the infancy in resting
on a black plate heating. But now it's a boiling
place, an oscillating cylinder. Yes, that's it:
the water, partitioning into bubbles, maintains the thoughts,
turns it to a delicious plasma. Untouched in crystal.

Eventually I sieved it out and placed the yellow pearl
in its final place, the black ruffles of a bag. Void
reclaiming the status of womb, this egg once thought All.

*NaPoWriMo Day 7
gliitchmonth : "omelette skies"*

true story

On nazi Punching In Contemporary Contexts

Apr 9, 2017, 2:57:53 PM

The punch came like a metaphor
black-clad, the crack against
his motored mouth. How to think

when against ridiculous music?
No Wagner, the stalled repeat
of one self-weapon against some

thing, worse. Maybe. What a world,
to again empower these basic
urges. To invite that discussion

because the alternative is
genocide. How to preach peace
when inviting open doors?

There must be a way. Not
to elevate his tongue-tilled dirt,
nor the inverse of righteousness. I wonder.

NaPoWriMo Day 8

*geez this won't be controversial
i mean, it shouldn't
but who knows*

A Disaster in The Sun!!! {fragmentary}

Apr 9, 2017, 3:03:33 PM

It happened again.
Another wobble of light
like a bubble of energy,
or however it worked.
I'm a photon, I can't think about scientific processes, duh.
Our new angel descended down

some green-blue marble, gave
them eyes sore with sight. With life.

NaPoWriMo Day 9
gliitchmonth : disasters in the sun

And we've caught up
pew

**Daily Deviation**
Given 2017-12-02

A Disaster in The Sun!!! {fragmentary} by [AyeAye12](#) (**Featured by** [BeccaJS](#))

A-a-II

Deity of Dirt

Feb 1, 2013, 3:48:39 PM

You humans used to love me.
Yes, that's it...loved.
Begging for my never-ending mercy.
Worshipping me blindly.
Sacrificing your best men for my vast glory.
And in return I gave you mountains of crops, jungles of fruit and armies of cattle.
We were happy.
You conquered Goblin Fortresses, purged dwarf cities and destroyed Orc encampments...all thanks to me.
Wasn't I always behind you, roaring fear deep into your enemies?
Ripping the ground apart before elven feet?
Impaling pitiful nomads with mountains?
And all I asked for in return was food.
Beautiful boars as big as valleys, served alongside lakes of wine. Beef as big as mountains, drizzled in an ocean of berry sauce.
Together, we dined.
Together on the verdant grassy hills that protected your glorious cities, we dined.
Laughing at our victories, we chewed on gastronomic wonders.
Allies.
Friends.
We lounged in a priceless utopia.

But that's in the past now.

All I can eat now is the bitter sand that lies at my cracked feet, the passing rat a rare delicacy.
The mountains I once sat on are now nothing but dust, twisting waves of sediment.
Those great citadels you flourished in are nothing but marble skeletons, drowning in the desert around me.
Your inferior nemesis' bloom in the ocean, over the blistering horizon. On board their wooden islands and city barges.
You could have had that.
You were all so close to a life of infinite riches, relaxation, sex... All yours, just for a few feasts.
Everything could have been in our grasp; the cosmos in the palm of our hands.
But no.
The other gods and goddesses seemed to tempt you a lot more.
In a cold change of events, you betrayed me. The flames roasted your hills. Our hills. The sea crushed your cities. Our cities. The air obliterated your magnificent empire. Our empire.

I didn't want to crush you.

But you left me no choice.

I didn't have to stamp on you until nothing but dust was left.
But you left me no choice.

Now you don't exist anymore. You're just a shimmering mirror in the Titan of Time's circus of existential wonders. Now I sit and weep tears of dead leaves, on to the desert where I once won.

You left me no choice.

We had no choice.

He was getting obnoxious. He was getting greedy; he was forcing his people to cook ridiculous feasts which would be gone in a few minutes.

The Fire God treated his dwarves well, as did I with the Elves. The Orcs were once treated the same by the Water Goddess, until they descended to savagery.

It was when the Earth God brought his sadistic hand upon their floating towns that they fell. Deranged by their crushed homes, dead family and savage new world of the Land, they descended into savagery, before giving allegiance to the Demonic Council. After that, the spirit of the aqua swore to get revenge on the Earth God, an ignorant stub on our infant world.

And even when he came to our meetings, Earth still ignored our anger. He was still adamant that his humans, chiselled from primordial basalt, were superior to everything.

The Fire God was next.

With the power of nature and the ground itself on their side, the Human Empire easily conquered the Dwarves. The master craftsmen were shunned into the spirit of the land's monstrous stomach, to search for any diamonds that may have formed in the lining of his stony insides.

Another omnipotent began to hate. Fire and Water combined into their own alliance. I tried to stay out of their politics, but the Earth God wouldn't let me.

He came for the elves next.

However much detest I had for him after he swallowed my people's tree-cities into abysses that reached to the claws of Daalvinar and the rest of the Dust Kings, I knew he could not be exiled. He was integral to the formation of our baby cosmos, and how could we run back to the rest of the Cosmi Nobles and prove them right?

I pleaded for him to stop his delusional dream. I tried to tempt him with the prospect of a unified world.

But it was pointless. Predictably, he got into a star-shattering rage, and smashed the Table of Judgement into a million shards of Godstone.

And then we got lucky, in a way. The humans grew tired with their god.

After his brutal treatment, they begged us to save them from his canyon-shifting roar and infinite hunger. How could we not answer their prayers? He left us no choice.

With Water and Fire in tow, we hammered the Earth God in a vicious battle that ruined wherever it found itself. The Fire God broke the ground with his lakes of magma, the Water sent waves to crush his mountains into rubble and I let winds strip the land of life. Together, we turned the ocean into a sphere of smoke and burned the Earth God until he was on the ground, weeping. The remains of the cosmos could hear him cry.

And like that, it was over.

The Water Goddess tried to gain whatever moisture was left from the world, and created a shallow lake that filled the empty basin of the ocean.

The Earth God was left banished to his desert. Still to this day he sits in the dunes of ruin, crying. All of the surviving half-breeds of orc and elf still hear his depressed screams every day.

We don't expect them to last any longer. There is no fish in the murky remains of the sea, there is no fertile land and there is no hope. Just a smattering of driftwood cities and deserted barges.

The contaminated water is already killing them, spreading a vicious infection which rendered the victim into a mass of pus and moans.

It's hard trying to sustain life with only two goddesses. The Fire God left soon after the battle, and realised that his race had been burnt in the battle. In shame, he returned to our home. I am sure he was executed on sight for trying to follow such an ambitious project, for following three others to try and have as much control as the Consulate Omniscents.

The spirit of aqua will soon fade away. She doesn't have the energy to go on; in a few years the Elorcs would have drunk all the water and then be gone.

We thought about killing the Earth God, but we couldn't bring ourselves to spill ichor over us. Instead, we left him banished.

He left us no choice.

An old one. Narrates the demise of four maverick gods who leave their society of gods to make a new universe.

Across The Pyscha Sands: Part 1

Mar 29, 2013, 1:29:50 AM

"Ready for t'is?"

"Aye, go ahead Mok."

The Kerptyion in question pushed the jade hands into place, a satisfying click echoing through the smoky chamber as the ornate pieces found their place in the time strain.

"Crank it up," Tordon ordered. "Captain says we want speed at five decades, I say we make it six."

Two bulky Rubians pushed copper levers, adjacent to the fifteen metre long clock face that stood proud in the centre of the engine room.

"Connect pipes to the tok. Tighter... tighter... Wilfren!" Tordon pointed to the aerosailor in question. "Man the Xoralode, we want nothing to come out this time!"

A bleach skinned sluganoid slurped to a wooden board. The block of platinum wood was dotted with pins, colour coded and connected with hair-thin wires.

The slug-man swept his webbed hands over with precision and accuracy beyond those with opposable thumbs, altering the location of coloured tops to different pinholes within a few seconds. As each torqonium needle left its place in the temporal vortex, a trail of teal-green particles fluttered away from the sharp points, escaping into another plane of time it had never seen. By the time they had dissolved into the present-space, time was aligned to be extracted.

“Right,” Tordon clapped his hands together, in a mix of nerve and excited wonder.

“Extract the clock-steam.”

A reptilian being tapped buttons in an enigmatic order. The machinery hissed, the clock began to spin like an antique saw-blade and the pins began to hiss with multi-coloured sparks. Invisible strings of colour scampered like quantum snakes into the Tok, before connecting to trans-dimensional spikes inside the hull of the time-extractor. The clock face glowed in a blinding mix of colour.

Meanwhile, the hands were spinning even faster now, directing seconds and minutes into onn concentrated beam, collecting seconds and months and years in its jade shells.

With around fifty eight years’ worth of energy, the temporal engine halted, hands brushing 12 o’ clock. Now, the energy seeped and crackled its way through a quartz pipe, through conductors and morphing zepto-machines, before liquidising then condensing in an example of quantum alchemy.

From the funnel, clock-steam emerged.

Time, memories, lives, progress. All of it in gaseous form, expanding in the cavernous hull, a pea green chunk of the universes timeline, spouting upwards into the air. Earth-maroon receptor plates caught the temporal energy source. Through impulses the power whipped its way through the vessel, sending power to every inch of the ship.

Tordon nodded in appreciation of the engine. With fellow aerosailors, he began to climb up the stairs to the deck.

Blinding sunlight welcomed the eyes of the temporal-engineers, the light like blotches of ever-expanding light across their optic lenses. In a second it died away to the Pyscha Desert. Dunes and dunes, falling away into the distance and then whipping away from view, like an organic conveyor belt. The sky was ablaze in the amber flames of a sunset that never descended to night, a giant dome of burning colour sitting like a flaming hen. Silhouettes of lime-green mounds were projected into peripheral visions, while fuchsia sands were thrown into clouds by the speeding power of the Amner.

Tordon stepped lightly down the chocolate-iron steps to the main deck. Men, woman and hermaphrodite aerosailors mingled across deck, some manning clock-steam powered harpoons. What with it being Grumbler season, the ship could easily be attacked by the hairy swarms at any time. Or, if rations were running out, Grumbler thigh is known for making muscle growth...

Tordon took a second to breathe in the desert air after the humidity of the engine chamber, smelling the salt of whatever was in the colourful sand a few metres beneath his feet, tasting the dry stale taste of desert air, feeling the warmth buzz through his veins.

It was another day venturing across rainbow sands, hopefully a few miles closer to Paltoria. With a content stride, Tordon made his way to the captain.

The captain, a human obese with muscle, was smoking an opalite cigarette on the brass railings of the hover-galleon. Snow-white smoke spilled from his spherical smoking glass, like milk being thrown into a desert breeze. His face perked slightly when Tordon coughed, saluted and debriefed the procedure of the clock-steam extraction.

“Flawless as usual, Kullion sir,” he blurted with unconditional loyalty. “Decades taken from period of Pre-Time. Timelines show no damage done to temporal structures.”

Kullion stayed silent, murmuring something incoherent with a nod. Inhaled more opalite. Kept eyes forward.

Silence lingered. Desert air whistled.

“You did six decades,” Kullion brushed his burgundy-orange beard, an archipelago of hair across his chin. “I said to do five.”

“Um, well, yes, but-“

“Are you a mutineer, Tordon? Are you? Is that why you disobeyed you? Is that why? Huh? Huh?”

Tordon looked flustered, surprised and confused. He was one of Kullion’s most loyal man, he himself saved his life at Dreadhorn Creek, why was he acting like this?

“Everyone hates me, Tordon. They all back stab. All of them.” Kullion inhaled the remains of his opalite.

“Even you. Dismissed.”

Tordon walked away from the captain, flustered. No wonder the crew were making little progress lately; five months of a drugged paranoid wreck of a captain meant over three near-crashes, fifteen deaths and still no heavenly floating island in sight.

Along with a trail of clock-steam, the Amner chugged onwards.

At exactly 900 words, I present my first ever piece for The Shattering Project!

Sorry for the delay, I really wanted to make this as good as possible. And in the end? I guess it's alright. A good start.

So, I hope you enjoy it!

N.B: I would like no one else to explain the reason for the sands being multicoloured/ an origin story, as I am planning on making a one-part story explaining just that in the near future.

Another Day In A Raindrop

Mar 31, 2013, 3:20:47 AM

My trowel attacked the white, plump blob once again, hoping it would explode in a beautiful pool of nutrients. Five bloody house I had been attacking this...thing, my only source of food. The whole town’s food supply, in fact.

I look back, beyond the well-trodden path of Glucosoil, to the black, pulsating shape that is my home. Made of Listonium, it can adapt to any terrain, whenever the Droplet moves.

Ugh. The Droplet.

I hate the world I have to live in. Surrounded In water, my home is just a dot, barely see-able

through a microscope.

Not that anyone could. There is no such thing as a 'microscope' anymore. No such thing as 'science' either, out of the Droplet.

No such thing as a 'human' as well.

In frustration, I give up on the remaining Globules. I already had three other sacks of protein nutrients. I'm sure missing out one won't harm Tazeqi's population.

That's another thing I hate; my town.

My 'home' is just a room, which always changes in shape. Overnight, I'll have moved from the Haigla District (filled to the brim of the highest in society) to the Xorenio District (where various psychopaths and drunks converge). I wouldn't mind being killed by some breeze outside the Droplet, knocking me into some Neo-Prehistoric mutant, if it meant I could get one night's good sleep.

I started to walk down the gruelling 30 nanometre long path, all the way back to the black splodge in the artificial sky, where I lived.

Under the heat of a photon cluster, sweat started to pour through my gelatine aqua blue skin, past my teal strands of hair.

You see, inside I have the mind of a human. A conscience that once bathed in a proper sun on the shores of the Fort William beach. Once, I had gone into the depths of earth, looking for the most valuable substance in the world; coal.

But then the Senior Cheiftable of Euroafrica came, forcing us to let white-coated snobs put our brains into mini blue people, smaller than you can see with the naked eye. Before I knew it, I was in a raindrop.

Fuming at the now-dead dictator of the continent I lived in ten years ago made the journey home more bearable, and soon I arrived at Tazeqi.

The Corubeint District was bursting with Zeptopine stalls, selling everything from hot beverages to rare particles enclosed in metal boxes. In some narrow cracks of the cosmopolitan area, old men with lazy eyes sold dubious liquids. I ignored them, even though I could do with a Relax-In-A-Smoke after all the work I had done.

I saw an empty space, in between a seller of silver chemical formulas and a purveyor of Quark Rayguns. I took out a small wooden box from my backpack that would soon become my own miniature shop in the click of a button.

Five minutes later, and I was shouting my head off about my fresh Globule nutrients. Inside, I was beyond bored.

If this was...say, 500'000'000 years ago, then we would all be using some kind of object as a method of payment.

After the Capitalist Wars though, bartering became a lot more popular.

I mean, only barbaric people use money.

The day slowly trudged past, in the form of various customers browsing my wares. All I got was three starch enzymes and a cup of Xylem Juice. The juice was nice, but didn't exactly last long.

When the photon cluster that attempts to be a sun went away, the Droplet was replaced with a dark sky, lit up by flying light bulbs, the government's best attempt at making stars in the Droplet. Half of them had already gone out.

I miss the real stars. In the Scottish Desert, or the Welsh Jungle, night was a relief for many hard workers.

As the customers trickled away, I packed my stall up, and set off on a quest to find my house, which had morphed to somewhere else. You often saw other people like this on the street, as they tried to find out where their homes were.

After hours of sympathetic shaking of heads, I grew exasperated and decided to sleep on the streets tonight. It wasn't uncommon, as proved by the fifteen other civilians settling down for an uncomfortable night.

I better get up early for more Globule whacking.

wrote this when I was 12/13, at the same writing workshop week I was in when writing Writers Block.

This was meant to be the end result. Put here as nostalgic, but I'll take feedback as well 🙏

Blue Depths

Mar 31, 2013, 3:52:05 AM

The blue glow of the ocean cast waves of light, as the small craft subtly dived. It was sleek, covered in black panels, absorbing the waves of the water to create energy. Each sheet curved round, to create an abstract shape of metal. The light bulbs looked like the eyes of surprised children, rays of light emitting from their quartz bulbs. The ship's fins brushed past a coral forest, each structure glowing in brilliant florescent colours, pulsating with energy. A sharp spike shot out from the submarine's cannons, thin tubes of steel, manufactured to avoid rust. It dug into the miniature city of life, and soon was absorbing the energy found inside, through a small crack in the vibrant display of colour. The spike recoiled back to the submarine, and the vessel was off.

The woman inside the craft gazed out of the crystal window, sighing in relief to not be above the ocean, a murky wasteland destroyed by mankind. She brushed her long champagne hair, and tapped at some touch-sensitive buttons, glowing neon red. With her submersible ship now controlling itself, she got out of the crimson red seat, and went to a larger area behind the cockpit. Orange lava lamps lit the room up, a bed in the corner, pictures of family smiling down at the turquoise bedsheets. The dark shade of the sea spilled from a titanium-strengthened window, as the ocean receded. The submarine ventured into an abyss.

Sarah approached her sleek, red laptop. She checked the news of the world above: World War Three, failing resources and her family still stuck inside the nuclear bunker. With electromagnetic pulses stopping any connection to her frail family, she turned off her laptop, depressed she couldn't hear the warm words of her mother. With a slightly heavy heart, she returned to the cockpit, and gazed at the dark blanket in front of her—flashes of exotic fish swimming by, like trails of beautiful light, in a night of sea. The receding vanilla light pierced through the abyss, showing glimpses of rocks, unrecognizable creatures nibbling a violet moss, with what looked like orange eyes looking at its eaters. The submarine dove further, until it expertly dodged a giant whale, with giant teeth that resembled ivory knives. Three red eyes sinisterly watched the metal manta ray go, before moving his massive cobalt bulk away, to find prey. Sarah picked up her laptop, and sat down on her bed. The Japanese-Russian then typed in her latest find of new life. Badmouth. She called it. A giant whale, which resembles a shark. Squarish in build, with cobalt-blue skin, with a few patches of white. Has evolved to

have three eyes.

Seeing as she didn't know much about this strange new creature, she turned off her laptop for the moment, making a mental note into her brain that she needed to find Badmouth, and discover more about it. Sarah heard a small moan, but it wasn't some magnificent creature from the deep. It was hunger. She stepped to a long rectangular panel beside one of her lava lamps, and pressed three buttons, glowing scarlet. The panel opened up to reveal a fridge, with nothing inside it but white panels, at sub-zero temperatures. She would have to farm for her meal tonight.

The sea drifted in front of her eyes, as Sarah moved inside her micro submarine, made specifically for her posture. She extended her arm, and wires connected to her skin told the robotic suit around her to move, resulting in a salmon coloured metal arm extending into the murky blackness around her. With five silver pincers, Sarah grabbed a fish. The robotic suit detected brainwaves, saying I need light. From the orange suit came eight points of light concentrating on the fish, a flat creature speckled with heliotrope spots, on a canvas of red. The suit quickly detected that the fish was safe to eat. Sarah was pretty disappointed however; she had been eating this for months on end. Slowly, she swam back to her submarine, moored to a weird creature, which resembled stone, and felt like stone. A giant anchor was stuck into it's shell, which seemed to not hurt. Soon, she sluggishly swam back, and entered her ship.

Sarah gazed at the unappetizing meal in front of her, on a simple white plate . After swallowing the bitter and slimy fish, she saw that her submarine had steered her towards a whole school of fish, each one a tiny glimmer of yellow, making a storm of beautiful life. She took control of her faithful ship, which she almost felt was like a pet. Steering it carefully to avoid electrocuting the microscopic fish, Sarah smiled, thinking of what a beautiful world it was down here. Thank goodness she had left the world above, a sweltering ruin of overpopulation and war. Down here, she could live as she wanted, with no intolerant, political laws forcing her to do anything. Relaxed, she put the ship into autopilot, and rested her head on the chair, as her submarine delved further into the depths of the ocean.

One of the pieces I had to do to get into my writing workshop week, about the beauty of the ocean and that.

Here for nostalgic reasons, but feedback is welcome 🍷

Janus

Mar 31, 2013, 4:02:53 AM

Street lights spilled orange on to the red brick street, the black velvet of night blanking out the stars. A circular coin of white, the Moon, shone in the sky, a full circle of light. Bleached walls stood together, a terracotta tiled pyramid on top of each building. Glass windows released a yellow hue, some of it going into the silent street. A clap of noise came from the distance, a child's hysterical laughter at a joke that her friend had told her. The noise disappeared, and silence reigned again. Pumpkins, carved with various expressions, some poorly done and others works of art, guarded the street plump and orange. It was Halloween.

A young girl, barely four, sat in the middle of the street. Her dressing gown was pink and soft, but age had taken its toll on the fabric. Dirt and grime from the street clung on to the child's clothes, like a virus. Tears ran along her cheeks, before raining down to the ground. Her face was red, and showed the emotions of fear and sadness. Yet as the tears fell to the ground, she was not upset, or scared, or angry. She was hungry.

An old woman saw the surreal sight. She was crippled, and had to use a cane to move one step further, each movement torture. She held a ghost of plastic, various tins and food inside the plastic bag. The shop's name was imprinted on the side, a glowing insignia of blue and green. Slowly, in surprise, she painfully limped closer, each step causing her legs to ache in woe. After what seemed like an eternity of torturous walking, the elderly woman knelt down to see the strange young girl.

"Are you okay?" she croaked, seeing the upset face staring up at her, an innocent expression of curiosity, fear and hope.

"Are you okay?" the old lady repeated bending further down, towards the infant. She recoiled, and so the elderly woman slowly bent up again, torturing her fragile back. Gasping in pain, the aged woman stood up, thinking she really needed her pills. She looked at the terrified girl again, thinking what to do.

"I'm hungry." the young girl said, her voice not childlike. It was a deep booming, distorted voice, which rose and decreased in frequency every syllable.

The old woman stumbled away, but it was too late. The young girl stood up, and with an iron grip, crushed the helpless woman's wrist. She collapsed, pain welling up in her eyes. The creature, which had looked like an innocent young girl moments before, was now something more hideous.

A forest of fat tentacles squirmed across the pavement like a farm of leeches, sucking the blood out of an invisible being. A small pool of blood, already drying, stood underneath this squirming mass, a trail of red forming. The top of the tentacles merged into a bronze chest, muscles of iron breathing in and out quickly, making the creature's chest beat out a loud rhythm like a drum. Two tentacles grew from the sides, two slippery vines, covered in mucus and blood. Yet the most hideous part was further up. Two thick brown slug like necks thrashed around maniacally, two heads on top of each one, two distorted ellipses, twin black beads showing the flames of hell in each one. Each face had a mouth that hung in agony, nothing but darkness in them. It stood far taller than the woman, who was now lying on the bricked road.

The tentacles reached towards Janus' meal, and soon the old woman's eyes were a world of darkness and red, before the sound of crunching ended her life quickly. Her bones disintegrated, the nutrients slowly moving towards the iron stomach, and Janus' hunger died down slightly. His four lungs sighed with relief at his hunger now conquered, but it was just a small snack. He still needed more. With the powers that he had in his fingertips, his form merged into that of the old lady, and he shuffled away to hunt for more food, as the moon shone pale glances towards the creature.

A lovely, gruesome piece I did for my first ever writing competition I entered for a local magazine, and then later as part of my portfolio for going to that writing workshop week I keep on talking about.

Here for nostalgic reasons, but feedback is welcome 🍌

The Pound Coin

May 25, 2013, 2:09:07 PM

Oh, hey there! Looks like you're hollered up in here, aye? No need to worry, we're all friendly here. And anyway, most things that end up here are out before they can say diddly-squit. Pockets are like soft trains to an unknown destination, so I say.

I know you're probably a bit flustered. One second you're safe in a wallet or bank account or whatever and next thing you know, bam, you're out in the open and then in a dark place where you don't know anyone or what's going to happen to you. No need to look so glum, though! Nothing here will bite. Same goes for most pockets, actually. Well, there was the time a pen was in this other pocket ages ago in here and it wasn't clicked properly so the tip kinda pierced into- well, you don't need to know the details but let's say I didn't come out of that fiasco with a scarless face.

But that's pretty rare! Look, just ask that nice lass over there. Yes, the chewing gum wrapper. See, she had dreams of leaving the world of a boring corner shop and go live in a glamorous supermarket. But before she knows it, she's been bought by this man whose trousers we're stowing away on and she's stuck in this dark, cramped yet comfy place.

But now look at her! She's fine, she's happy and helps newcomers like you get settled in. Or what about big old iPhone? She's been here the longest and you don't see her complaining. The fifth in the family tree, so she is.

She's great fun, aye. Whenever we get bored or feeling low, all she has to do is pop on a movie (mute) and we'll watch. That's on Saturdays, though.

Me? Hehe, you don't want to hear from a little old pound coin. Ancient, I am, a right old weezer. My story is far too long, anyway.

You sure? I might bore you to death, y'know. It's not that epic.

Well, if you say so. Listen up, this is the story of me, the scarred pound coin.

My childhood is pretty hazy and even more tedious than the rest of my yarn, so I'll just say that mine was pretty much the same as any other pound coin. I grew up in the Royal Mint, graduated from the good ol' 1976 Batch and sent off to the fabled banks.

Dark, dank and musty. There you go, the whole journey there in three little words. Seems like this story isn't going to be as long as I thought it would be, hehe.

I was very lucky though, circumstances considered. I was at the top of the sack, so I could still see things other than suffocating black. Still very unpleasant though.

And that wasn't the worst part. When the truck stopped, the sacks we were in was handled really roughly, as if a thousand living things weren't inside. Before I could wonder why I was being treated so badly, my whole body was shaken until I was suffocating under cold, metal, circular bodies. It was horrifying. I felt betrayed; the banks had promised me a glorious life of adventure. This wasn't adventure, this was torture!

It's not a surprise I blacked out.

When I woke up, I found myself in the warm, chubby embrace of a hand. My thoughts readjusted, and I realized with great awe and surprise that I was in the embrace of a human. Me! A little old pound coin, now assigned to help The Pink Ones. In the banks, the rumors were all about how mankind couldn't live without us, how we had to help them and be their small metal guardians, how it was such an honorable job, that sort of thing. That was all we talked about in the Mint, really.

And now here I was, living out that dream. My one eye began to see other things than blobs of light, and my oh my was it beautiful. Giant grey plinths shot into the sky like urban trees. Cars sped down roads like metal buffalo. A sea of people shuffled, their voices joining into the urban symphony already clashing around my ear, and I absolutely loved it.

This was the day I discovered the massive, infinite room known as "Outside". I remember the blindingly blue of the roof ("Sky"), the invisible walls which actually didn't exist at all and the bright, hot orb near the top of the room which was brighter than sparks of baby coins in mid smelt ("Sun").

Before my eye could feast on any more of this new place, fate responded swiftly with more irony. My blanket of fat curled over me, I fell from its embrace and landed in another dark space.

At first I panicked, but thankfully this new place wasn't as bad as all of the dark places I had experienced so far. For a start, it was soft. Really soft. It felt like silk. Which it was, so I guess my analogy works pretty well.

A small shaft of light which I had fallen through helped slightly illuminate my small surroundings, but the real light that brightened my day there and then was that 50p.

I can say with full honesty that she was the most beautiful 50p I've ever seen. No other 50p in the whole world was as mesmerizing as her. Her seven sides were as smooth as silver and all her best side, her face was etched in with more majesty than a medieval tapestry and the way she leaned casually on the wall of the pocket was pretty hot. She was amazing.

Before I could even say hello, the light above diminished and I was brought back into the world. Typical. Just as I was wishing I could stay in that darkness with that beautiful coin, I was brought back into the world.

And so my travels began.

They're is so much I've seen, done and narrowly avoided that it would take forever to tell you everything. I've been passed through millions of hands, chucked in buckets, fell on to pavements very painfully and nearly fell down a drain.

I've seen my time behind prisons as well. Ceramic prisons were dark and filled with psycho coins, and I hope to never spend any time in there at all. They were painted pink and made to look like some fat farm animal known as a "pig" as if to increase my humiliation. I was innocent, yet still thrown in here. It was a set-up, I swear!

But yeah, the coins there... whoa. I saw a 2p smash a 5p until she stopped speaking in those prisons. I'd rather not relive those memories, thank you very much.

On the positive side, I got to do some breathtaking stuff. Ever base jumped off cracked nails and thumbs? Nothing better than it, trust me. Well, unless you aren't caught in time, in which case it is very sore. Even then, I still felt like giggling when the wind whistles past me.

The opposite of that, however, was the time I felt pure acid try and rip my face off.

It was when I had found myself in a money dish for change. I was busy talking to a chatty

20p about the whereabouts of the 50p I had seen a few years back, when the teacher picked me up and shoved me into her coat pocket. In mid sentence as well. Tsk.

Later, I was taken into a brightly lit room with a load of smaller humans than what I'd been used to, all sitting on little stools. They were all writing in books, furiously scribbling down whatever gibberish the teacher was saying. Never did try and learn the human tongue. Too confusing for me.

Before I could wonder why I had been brought to this weird room, I was picked up and plunged in side first into a vat of a bubbling, really dark liquid.

It felt like my face was being ripped apart by locusts made of bubbles. I couldn't hear anything but muffled voices and the hiss of whatever foul liquid I was drowning in.

The teacher, being the vile sadist she is, didn't stop my torment at all. Quite the opposite, in fact. She just dropped me into my personal hell, to scream away silently and then die. Well, that's what she hoped would happen I guess. Thankfully, help came in the form of one of these young adults. After what seemed like an eternity of unspeakable damnation, this kid miraculously tripped over and made the glass of acid I was in fall over and smash.

On the floor, I panted. My sight was never the same after that incident. It was also a while until the evil liquid dried completely off. And then after that I was accidentally kicked under the table and there I stayed in solitary exile for a very long time. It wasn't as bad as the acid, though. Or the school fire which freed me from my dusty prison. But that's another story.

And that's really all to say on my life in general. I never did find that 50p, you know. Which is a shame. Ah well, not the end of the world if I don't find the only coin I've ever had feelings for. I mean, my life is still pretty damn wonderful without her.

I have to say though... you do look a lot like her...

This is a first draft of the creative piece I had to do for English in S3, The Pound Coin. We had to do a piece on an inanimate object and do the story from their perspective, and it was quite fun. Although the end product could do with a lot of tweaking, its alright I guess. I blame the lack of music to be found in the English classroom.*

But yeah, here is the tale of a pound coin. Enjoy!

(P.S; I did a haiku today that I'll upload as well. I wanted to do a prose first because I said I was going to focus on that more after NaPoWriMo [I have been!]) and didn't want to change my mind because that felt wrong and all that jazz.)

**= Third Year of secondary school. I'll be going into fourth year after this weekend, oh my :0*

Sands of Ruin: Intro-Introduction-Prologue (DRAFT)

Sep 14, 2012, 2:52:11 PM

On a game board of cosmic chess in which existence and nothing collide, a tentacle moved his piece.

Pulsating, the Stronghold bled it's impossibility across the cosmos below.

Another tentacle, only a mere infinite metres away from his father, curled in thought. Dad had done well. Darkeon forts marched across the Multiverse tonight.

That is, if such a thing as "time" was permitted to stay in this Omnipotentverse.
Flexing his existential appendages, the Tentacled Son pushed his Bastion of angelic energy at the intimidating tower of darkness.
'yjrjythehtrhetjjathry!' the Tentacled Father exclaimed.
(You've barely levelled that gfhg, it's still on the Derago Tiers!)

His son and sibling did what can only be described in mortal terms as a "smug grin."
"qrwtyrhetretyu."
(That may be true but you forget that my Ladrento is already at Blue Shift.)
His quasi-dad responded with a galaxy-crushing snarl.
"Taquri," (Whatever,) "dgtfhyukyhtg." (Let us begin.)
The two players demoted themselves to metagod, and started to play.

On a marble, through clouds of ever-changing probabilities, there was a star cluster.
In one such star, there was a little rock: Earth.
On that planet, on an island, in a beacon of hope, sat two Gods.
One was a quiet adolescent. His actions would scar Reality for ever.
One was an annoyed teenager. He would be the one to Drink the Stars.
Two teenagers, barely into their third year of a seemingly normal education, who seemed insignificant to the world around them.
If only the cosmos knew.
If only the stars knew what they would stand for.

A second passed.

The Apocalypse happened.

This is the start to my epic I am writing, Sands of Ruin. Inspired by various things I've forgotten, Homestuck, and China Mieville, this is the very very very short prologue to the introduction, before the acts actually begin.

I just want to see how people would react to this, if they want to read more, ect.

Sands of Ruin [Revised Intro]

Mar 8, 2013, 3:51:49 AM

The infusion of tobacco and tar swirled into the blinding blue sky. Leo sighed, inhaled and breathed in the smoke.
"Headmaster doesn't like it when you smoke, you know," Adam said, embarrassed at stating the obvious. "Also, it kills the lungs. We need every kid alive here if we want to survive.
Leo flicked the fag off the side of the school roof. It fell to the dunes below.
"To hell with him." He chuckled, flicking his dreadlocks and picked up his makeshift drill-gun.
"Anyway, if it kills me I think we've found the perfect solution to this all, eh?"
After that, the two scanned the never ending golden curtain of sand that reached to beyond the horizon.
"So," Adam said, after the silence was too awkward to bear. "What do you think about Mr Silverton's plan?"

Leo violently spat on the concrete roof he sat on, causing Adam to jump.

“Fuck ‘im, I say. Keeping us in the school ‘aint going to help us survive, is it? Soon those... things,”

“Cosmicbeasts,” Adam corrected.

“Yeah, whatever, the point is they’ll be coming here in swarms when they learn there is some meat to be had, and we’ll be screwed!” Leo splayed his hands in disbelief at the School Fort. The white-hot sun spread its fiery wings across whatever remained of the land.

“Look at dis place, Adam.” Adam flinched when he heard his name. Before the Apocalypse, Leo was just some stranger, a guy who didn’t even know people like Adam existed. And now he was saying his name out loud. It felt alien.

“Look at it,” Leo continued. “It’s a mess. We’ll never be able to hold off hordes of unimaginable horrors the size of islands for more than a few seconds, I’d say.”

He stood up.

“I’m thirsty, going to get some water, cover for me, alright?”

Adam nodded, and watched him go down the metal stairs to the attic below. It did surprise him none of the girls had even had a crush on him before it all happened; pretty face, tanned, muscular, dark hair, accent hinted with Caribbean... of course, no one had any thought of romance now. Even then, Adam was still envious of his looks. Compared to him, Adam was a no-toned, Caucasian with a frazzle of blonde hair that was not long or short and never really had any particular style. Also, he wore thin-rim glasses which were sacrilegious in the eyes of popular girls, it seemed.

The teen sighed. Even though everything else was gone, teenage emotions still ran rife.

Adam’s eyes watched the sands below, sands which contained the lives of billions and the spirits of civilization.

The sands of ruin stayed dormant.

So if you remember my old Sands of Ruin Intro, it was pretty bad post-Metagod prelude. This is what would be put after that. I find it waaaay too fast pace-wise but then again everything I write feels like that xD

So, please comment and constructive criticism!

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So, please comment and constructive criticism!

A Guide On How To Shop In The Pias Undergrowth

Aug 9, 2013, 6:32:09 AM

So, ye need some groceries and things from the shops. But ye live in the undergrowth of Pias, so it ain’t a case of just popping to some omni-mall. What are ye going to do? Ye can’t farm cos’ the ground here ain’t gonna get enough sun, and there’s nae way in hell ye can just experiment with all the fruits of the jungle, cos’ ye value your life too much. Whatcha gonna do?

Well, good ol’ Cygno here can help ye wi’ this trusty guide! Available in all the shady places over the Kairos galaxy. This guide here’ll tell ye all about how to find the best markets in

Pias and how tae not get scammed by some scoundrel.

First off, terribly sorry for ye bein' here. I dunno if ye were forced tae run from the gangs or police in Canopy City or whatever other tragedy befell ye, but sorry. Pias ain't a holiday site once yer under the leaves, I can tell ye that fer sure.

By the time yer readin' this, y'll have discovered that those Waspitai's 'll kill ye if ye give them the chance and that yer best hope of living is building a treehouse in the lowermost branches of th' Sap engine-trees.

Oh, aye, word o' advice... don't go stealin' the Sap from the trunks of the trees. That powers Canopy City so it does, so they'll have sensors an' all that locked on to ye. The police'll be pulse-bombing yer house before you can use the Sap for anythin' useful. Best to not do that, 'kay?

Yer gonna need a torch.

Even in broad daylight ye won't be able to see the deep depths of the jungle without one.

Behind ev'ry leaf a million and one things want tae rip ye to shreds and eat yer remains. Half of 'em 'aint even got a name 'cause all the scientists died tryin' to capture specim'ns, so they did.

Of course, when ye come face tae face with th' blasphemies a simple light 'aint gonna do shit. So ya better have a good ol' phase weapon, makeshift armour too if ye can find it. If ye can get the bark off those trees and can model it into shields and stuff like that then ye'll have a better chance o' survival. Of, like, three perc'nt, but hey ho ye gotta take 'em when they come yer way.

Oh, and take all yer belongings with ye. Ye'll see why later.

So, yer on the ground, scared away all th' creatures an' now yer ready to get on yer way.

Ye better cover yer legs up well. On the jungle floor there's a big manner o' beasties that'll dig into yer organs and make 'em into cocoon hotels, bug restaurants an' even worse things. Once saw a man whose heart had ripped its way through his body an' had turned into a Chalchra Mother, so I did. Poor sod. Those barbed tentacles must've hurt when cuttin' his skin tae ribbons.

Anyway, if that's all sorted my next tip is tae avoid all fruit, things that look edible and definitely water. I've seen men melt into flesh puddles when drinkin' from streams and burns and the like in the Pias undergrowth. And believe me, ye don't wanna be in their shoes. Or lack of.

Th' next step should be easy. The only way ye can be standin' still is if yer in the Tarsia Sector. Otherwise... well mate, no one'll ever know fer sure how ye died but anyone who goes into Von-Kumen, Farpacia or Yuondria never comes back. Well done on gettin' my guide though.

Tarsia Sector is a relatively small part of Pias. To know if yer still in it, just look up. If ye see the hoverpads o' Canopy City yer all right. Some people say that the transmissions o' the city keep away the really bad things, but I dunno. I'm no scientist.

To get to a market, ya gotta look fer the stones. Y'see, long before Pias chocked itself tae death in flora, there was 'tis city o' ancient people. Some say they're an obscure Descendant civilization, 3rd Gen, but what we do know is that they left a city. And they also built roads,

but they're long gone so don't bother tryin' to dig up the leaves for ol' paving stones. Nah, that's what the stones are for.

These small pyramids o' pure white diamond. Really heavy an' impossible to break. Well, these Ancient Piasians put 'em here many years ago and they still stand. Some say that they're really massive and that most of are just covered in dead leaves an' that, leaving only these lil' tops. No one's ever been ballsy enough tae check, mind.

These stones'll shine a beam o' light to the next pyramid, and then another, and so on, so all ye gotta do is follow the light trail. Be warned, though, the light 'aint always clear. An' then there's all them evil monsters tae deal with too.

If ye ain't dead at the end o' this all, ye should find yerself at th' front of a big ol' stone archway. Well, it'll look more like a hedge 'cos of all the plants an' that, but it'll be an archyway.

An' this is th' entrance to Lempo City.

No one knows th' real name o' the ruins. Them Ancient Paisians all buggered off before makin' a comprehensible language or contact wi' the C.U.F.P. So, all th' people who found it named it Lempo an' set up camp.

Nah, ye ain't gonna get to live in any of them fancy mini-temples or ruined houses. Aye, might seem like a luxury from a treehouse, but ye don't wanna stay in the city. Ye'll get dragged into gang politics and before ye know it someone'll be after yer head. Believe me, I had tae get rid of many a bounty hunter from bloody self defense alone when I lived there, aye! How was I tae know she was the daughter of the bloody boss of the richest smokepod stall, damnit.

Lempo ain't much o' a city. Just a bunch o' mossy ruins with people livin' in the husks o' shrines. There's one fire pit which goes on ev'ry month or so fer festivals and ceremonial stuff like that, but besides that it's just a place fer social interaction.

Best not tae do that in the open, mind. Monsters still come an' go outside.

Aye, fer gossip from above and safe food yer better goin' tae The Zigg.

The Zigg. A giant ol' ziggurat, standin' like a brick mountain. Compared tae the trees around it, howev'r, it may as well be a lil' mole mound. Tae be fair though, down 'ere the moles make mounds big as spaceships,. My point is, it's pretty damn big.

Gettin' in is pretty easy. Well, as long as ye haven't pissed off any of the gang leaders that is, heh. On the bottom-most level of the giant bricks, there's a big hole which'll be guarded.

Ye'll only be able to see two of them, but believe me, there are many more watchin' ye from the shadows.

Unless ye cause trouble, ye'll just be able to walk right in, no questions asked. We all got blood on our hands, no need to bring it up.

First of all, ye've got tae fail tae be amazed. And believe me, ye'll be amazed.

The inside's illuminated with millions of floatin' nano-suns (stolen from Canopy). A thousand smells, sights, and sounds all put into this one big place. Ye've got stalls hanging off vines in the roof ran by Humo-bats, forest villages full of merchant Sparrawtins, scrap palaces filled tae the brim wi' Cattiz and stalls, oh so many stalls.

'Tis the safest place on Pias, so it is.

Mappin' the Zigg is an impossible task, I'm afraid. Stalls rise and get raided, gangs migrate from corner tae corner, freak fires erupt from cookers and turn a thousand shopkeepers tae

ash. The only way tae explore and understand 'tis place is tae just wander.
I can still give ye some tips, though. First o' all, don't ask anyone where they got their stuff from. Ye won't like the answers, believe me.
Second of all, be as nice an' polite as possible. It still won't be enough, 'cause ye'll manage to piss someone off there by doing something impossible tae not do. Like havin' a nose, for example.
Third, don't take any offers o' smokepod. Massive headaches afterwards.
Oh, an' don't bring any money either. Barely anyone'll accept it.
Aye, the currency here is food, weapons an' loyalty. I wouldn't do the last one, mind. That often ends up messy, what with all the gangs and that.
Problem with them is, ye never know who's in a gang. Ye've just gotta be careful.
Spend as much time as possible in there, 'cause it's a helluva lot safer than outside. Ye should be able tae find makeshift inns to sleep in if gets tae evening. Barely anyone returns from the night.
What ye buy is totally up to ye, but make sure it ain't too heavy 'cause yer gonna have to carry it all the way back to yer tree-house-place. I wouldn't buy materials for improvin' it; ye'll probably never find it ever again so there's no point in doin' so.
Ye want food. Worried its poisoned? Well, tough luck 'cause you ain't got any better chance in th' wild. It's safer in the Zigg anyway. 'Specially from the Cattiz, they're brill wi' food and that.

So, you've got yer stuff an' slept in one of the inns. Gettin' back is pretty simple; ye just follow the light trail of those pyramids until the sun begins tae set an' ye choose a tree taw spend th' night in.

And there ye have it! Ye've successfully been tae the shops in the Pias undergrowth. Well done.

Next time ye go to the Zigg, ye should stop off at my stall. It shouldn't be too hard tae find; it's one of the only ones that sells books and that. There ye can buy more guides, like "How Tae Set Up A Stall In The Zigg" and "A Step-By-Step Guide Tae Stealin' Sap In Pias". Aye, it'll be grand.

See ye there one day, I hope. Unless ye get ripped apart by all manner of beasts. In which case, ah well.

This is an entry for the Devil's in the Details competition which closes on August 17th!

It's a guide on how to get the shopping done on a hostile jungle planet.

Glad I got it done.

1'747 words.

EDIT: 22/09/13 ... woah. I'm not going to lie, I'd like to believe I was going to get a DD one day... but I'd always thought it would be on one of my poems. I also expected it to be something I didn't think was worthy of a DD, but this never crossed my mind xD

*Many thanks to *xln.twitch and ^neurotype for suggesting and featuring, respectively.*



Daily Deviation
Given 2013-09-22

A Guide On How To Shop In The Plas Undergrowth by ~AyeAye12 is a handy guide to a terrifying world. (Suggested by xIntwtch and Featured by neurotype8)

A Tale In Sky-York

Oct 19, 2013, 4:50:17 AM

:-BEEP:

:MESSAGE START:

To hell with my life, right?

I've got the mayor on my back, the chance of an Americano-Ulster Alliance is about to collapse because of me and my dame's been shot right through the head about... what, an hour ago?

The police will be here to arrest me and shoot the place up, my home is ash and my only contact that had any chance of getting me out of Sky-York is probably dead.

Oh, and the goddamn bar-bot just gave me a Heisenberg. I asked for a Charlinston.

"No, mate this isn't what I asked for, I asked for a Charlinston, a Charlinston, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!"

The brass oven on wheels beeped and whizzed its way to behind doors, ignoring my complaint. Lousy model.

Then again, this isn't exactly the nicest bar in town. Some crusty old gramapod is crooning out crappy Neo Simone in the corner. The whole place is grayed in cigarette smoke. Two ex-aerosailor's are the only other living things here, and sayin they're alive is a bit of a push. They're more clinging on than anything.

I sip the warm, awful stuff. Might make me gag, but I need to get something down my throat other than bile, yknow? I just hope this place doesn't give its profits to the companies. Buying a Heisenberg would mean that my few dollarinos are off to help the Ulsters and goddamn I can't let them bloody immigrants get a bigger grip on the liquor business.

Been, what, twenty years now? Yeah, twenty years the two big gangs been at each other's throats. Police can't do shit... especially when the mayor is the kingpin of the Americanos. Westside he's mayor, at least. Tick-Tock Town the Niutou's run the show, although really they're just puppets of the Ulsters who own everything else in town.

Of course, the mayor and O'Liam realized only a week or two ago how much power they would be able to have if they joined together into one big syndicate. There was talk of schisms in all the little gangs, and both sides couldn't afford to fight civil wars as well as the other side. So, of course, they decided to join together so that when the schisms joined into

one there would be less chaos.

Yeah, I know, doesn't solve any problems. Just replacing a gang war with another. I told the mayor that, you know, but he got furious. Said I should watch my tongue.

I didn't. Day of the two gangs meeting up, I snap. Those bloody Irish, I tell you, they slaughtered my parents for looking at them funny, or something. All madmen.

So, I give them some of their own medicine, right? Take my tommy gun out, slaughter the whole lot of them, hah! Story would be a happy ending, but no. I hadn't noticed the five Americanos I'd gunned down.

Mayor screams his ass off.

I run through down the City Hall, across the road, running along the streets to get to the air-docks.

But first, I had to get my stuff. Dame as well. So, I run down to Venice Cloudbank.

Heh, I'll give them Americanos something though. They do work fast.

Whole apartment building was blazing, Fire adding to the setting sun, so it was. My dame was there, crying outside. I go to comfort her-

-and I see her head jerk back as she's peppered with bullets.

There are shouts, and now I'm running again, five pissed off Americanos after me. I probably killed three of their brothers or something.

I'm fast though, so I am. You don't get high enough to see the mayor in person without getting flexible around the city, y'know?

So yeah, I get away. Find the nearest speechbooth, put in a quarto. Ring Ronnie.

Ah, now Ronnie, he's a fella. Met him on the cloud-clad on the journey to Sky-York, so I did. Tried to steal my wallet!

But I forgave him. Especially when I found out he was in the know. I'd heard of the dangers of Sky-York, good to have a person who could get me out of there, you know?

"Ronnie! Ronnie, you gotta help me!"

"Carl?! Where the fuck have you been, you not heard?!"

"Heard what?"

"The Ulsters are furious, man! Your stunt has got them to go and shoot up an Americano bar, and now the Americanos will want any contact to you dead! Do y'know what that means?!"

My heart worked double time. "You're going to die."

“Yup! Thanks a lot, you fuck up! Why? What the hell made you do it?!”
“They’re Ulsters, Ronnie! What was I meant to do? They killed my Pa and-“
“Oh, okay, so let’s make the whole situation worse by getting-“ Shouting in the background,
gunfire.

“Oh god, goddamnit Carl, you- AHHHHHH!”

I drop the cord. I’ve got no way out now. Poof, shabam, gone. I’m a dead man walking.

I wander as sunset turns to night. Finally find this place, “The Randy Uncle”. What a name,
y’know?

This is the Steel Pizza though, the Big Italy. Of course the places are filthy. Like the
immigrants, yeah?

I walk in, order my Heisenberg, get a Charlinston, get pissed and here I am mumbling this
into a Dictaphone for whatever poor sod finds this next.

Can’t be long before I have to end this. Them Americanos, they work fast, y’k-

:-BEEP:

:MESSAGE END:

Yay prose.

For a small competition in which one of the prompts was;

*In an alternate reality we never really left the age of tommy-gun toting gangsters in fedoras,
however we also emerged as a steampunk society with fancy industrial things with lots of
gears and steam and all that jazz (jazz is also popular). The base plot is this: two large crime
families have been at war for several decades and the conflict is finally nearing its end, with
one family heavily outnumbered and outgunned. Everything else is up to you to imagine!*

*So yeah. tada.
907 words, not my best.*

Israelite

Dec 4, 2013, 1:45:18 PM

i know i apologized to you for these emo-painted rants but what am i but an Israelite to God/~
God is in your eyes and sometimes i think i can see it finding Revelations (yes)~ but there is
always that step never taken/ never walked/ i think it must be jealously but what else do you
call love/~ it is that but painted in blood and sacrifice/ i guess that's another over-
generalization but its so much easier to suffocate on that than the truth/~ truth is subjective i
guess which must be why its been three years now on the journey/~

is this the curse of a moon?/~ never to be as orbited as its own planet/ as it watches it get
better for the winner below/~ i can tell myself that you are losing yourself to the sand but i

think im more annoyed that i am not your centre of attention rather than itself being itself/~ i am pissed off at my star (or should that be two green malachites?)~/

you hate poetry/ and this is that/ which is ironic judging by your name/ and you can accept this like the river tide/~ but i am a rock and rocks get eroded/ and jealous/ i always see these things as if you are a character woven for me to decipher/ you are a novel character and what a novel experience life is/~ Wingdings was always easier to eat up than Revelations but sometimes you just have to LISTEN to them however hard they hurt/~ this will probably never reach your eyes or tongue (both are really the same) because even rocks like me have their limits/~ i guess i must already be becoming sand/

AND I THOUGHT you were a survivor/ do you not realize there are three types in life:~ sand ~palmtrees~survivor/ and I thought you were the last,~ but like always you come first in the races/~ there is still the twitching flower of doubt sprouting in here/ selfishness is no way for such a man to walk/ the problem with orbiting is that whatever the centre does will always impact you/.

i wonder if you know how many guitar riffs have been sacrificed to you/ songs will lay bare at my feet/ replaced with my calling out for your own/ i cannot think of sex because clouds never look like their objects below/ and anyway that goes against you in the second commandment/ disciples never had it easy, huh?~

there are three people in life/~ sand~ palmtrees~ survivors.
id say you are a Sandman,
but you don't put me to sleep.

/ = Line break

~ = Breath

. = Pause

Stream of consciousnesses.

I gave up on getting over him. Just, ugh.

The Plants: A Fable

Dec 29, 2013, 1:47:41 PM

The plants were sick of the animals.

"They do nothing for us!" General Redwood exclaimed. "They eat us, cut us down, sit on our mangled corpses... we must do something!"

"But what?" Dandelion asked.

"Is it not obvious? We must stop our production of oxygen!"

All of the plants but Dandelion cheered. With the oxygen gone, the animals would have to either listen to the plant's demands or die!

"Are you sure...? Will this not kill us too?"

Alas, no one heard Dandelion's warning in the uproar and applause.

The next day, the plants went on strike and stopped all production of oxygen. Sure enough, panic ensued and the animals suffocated.

General Redwood held a great big party to celebrate, but no plant came over.

"Where are they all?" General Redwood asked.

"Do you not see?!" Dandelion snapped hotly. "They cannot make it because they are dead! They cannot perform respiration!"

General Redwood did not hear. He was dead, stiff and upright like a burnt bone.

"Oh you idiots!" Dandelion huffed. "You idiots, you idiots, you idiots, you-"

Moral of the Story: Even the assholes in life are the chains which keep us together and alive. Without them we would just become too picky, and slowly lose people until you, too, have lost yourself.

Word count: 178

I dunno, I felt like some prose. This idea has been there a while, decided to get it out in flash fiction fable form.

EDIT: 28/2/14 Just realized that this is kinda similar to when the Germans in the Ruhr went on general strike when invaded by France and Belgium, which then ended in hyperinflation. Huh.

Also, late thank you for the DLD!



DailyLitDeviations Feb 2, 2014



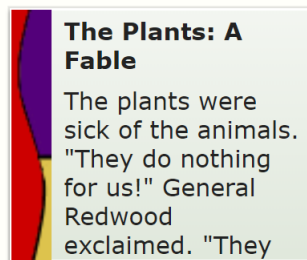
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Reply

Keep writing and keep creating.

Prose

Featured by: [BlakeCurran](#)



The Plants: A Fable by [AyeAye12](#)

A funny (and fitting) allegory for our time, reminiscent of George Orwell's classic *Animal Farm*.

Souljournalist Week 1- Day 1- Puzzles

Jan 1, 2014, 1:55:56 PM

We, as humans, have been obsessed with puzzles since they first appeared in our minds. The earliest ever recorded puzzle is from 2nd Century A.D, in the form of a Chinese ring puzzle, but the most prominent puzzles appear in the later centuries, towards the second millennium.

For example, the iconic jigsaw puzzle was made in 1760 by John Salisbury, a cartographer who wanted to make geography more fun for children. He took one of his maps, mounted it to a hardwood board and cut it up into pieces.

The "15" puzzle (the one with the tiles and the one gap missing and the Thomas The Tank Engine image which will never be completed by your hands alone) was made in the 1880's by Sam Loyd, a puzzle inventor, recreational mathematician... and chess composer.

Chess is perhaps one of the most complex puzzle games to ever grace the world, so much so that some consider it a sport. Originating in India, the game spread first from Persia to the Muslim world mid-Islamic Golden Age, then onward through Southern Europe. It has shaped culture (Through The Looking Glass, Homestuck), history (during the Cold War, the world championship final was between an American and a Soviet. Each side's government paid money to hire psychologists, agents and even hypnotists to try and get their player to win.) and even music (Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus of ABBA fame made a musical named after the game itself).

Sam Loyd was an enthusiast of the game, to say the least.

He devised different challenges and puzzles, made out of scenarios with different pieces and their move systems, and sometimes move systems that didn't exist (known as fairy chess).

Yup, that's right, making things like the Eight Queens Puzzle is an actual subject.

And a very complex one too, with eight main schools of chess composing. They are Old

German (focusing on complexity) Bohemian (focusing on beauty), English (focuses on dual-free play), American (focuses on originality), New German (focuses on logic), New Bohemian (a mixture of New German and Bohemian), Strategical (focusing on, funnily enough, strategy), Soviet (a more developed form of Strategical), New Strategical (focuses on variation) and Slovak (focuses on changes).

Chess is a big world which surely isn't black and white, so I will ask this instead: why do we get so obsessed with puzzles?

Well, according to researcher Daniel Bor, it is because our brains love to find patterns. He calls the brain "ravenous", ravenous for patterns and order.

And maybe that is why we always try and expand and specify in specific fields, like chess composing. Maybe we are just trying to find order, or a way for us to comprehend ideas. Whatever the reason, it can't be denied that puzzles have shaped our lives- and thoughts- since we ever asked questions.

I deleted an awesome version of this cos' it was too brilliant for mortal eyes, thought the Internet Gods.

Er, yeah, Not backspacing at all.

For Souljournalists !

Souljournalist Week 1- Day 3- Communication

Jan 3, 2014, 8:15:44 AM

Communication is difficult.

When starting primary school, I was very troubled. I still faintly remember my first day, screaming and shouting and calling for my bigger brother (who was in third year of primary).

Another time, I got into such a vicious temper tantrum that I was forced to eat my lunch at home instead of in school.

Then, during my first school lunch, I forgot to bring enough money. I was given a green slip to remind me to bring extra money, but it may as well have been a sentence of death. I got my lunch, but was so enraged I entered a state of protest that I decided to stand up on my seat, in the lunch hall to the eyes of nearly all 400. The teacher beside me looked bemused.

The final straw was when I tried to throw my chair at my teacher, good old Mrs Battison bless her, but instead just let it vibrate against the carpet. She smiled sadly at me.

After that a very nice lady named Jo talked to me and showed me some pictures like a dog chained to a post during a storm. After such questions, she decided I didn't have autism, but wasn't exactly the most personable person.

I joined the Social Skills group for five years, in which I learnt the schematics of

communication via ball throwing and clip art. Slowly but surely, my outbursts were only one explosion a school year, and I was able to make loose connections with people. This was called friendship.

Even so, I spent my lunchtimes wandering into the middle of football matches and chatting to the playground supervisors.

However much you could teach me to communicate, everyone else would be five miles ahead.

Conversations still have that edge of danger, even these days.

It's like weaving throughout a football match with ten year old players, still as difficult as picking up a chair to throw, still as difficult as keeping your tantrums chained to a post in a storm of words.

Communication is difficult.

Souljournalist Week 1- Day 4

Jan 4, 2014, 9:05:57 AM

What is the longest song in the world?

It is a question as trivial and yet mystical as "How does your iTunes library sort your songs alphabetically?" or "What colour is a mirror?". However, unlike those two questions, the answer to this one is a bit more ambiguous.

For a start, some albums can be considered whole songs. This would mean that things like Pink Floyd's "The Wall" are over an hour long.

However, going by the more traditional definition, then long songs are usually attributed to progressive rock bands. Rush are infamous for their long epics; "2112" is over 20 minutes and split into seven different parts. Half of Muse's album "The Resistance" has a three-part song named "Exogenesis". "Fall of Pangea" clocks in at 36 minutes and "six degrees of inner turbulence" by Dream Theater is 42 minutes long.

Another infamous song is the steel-cello-stabbing-beautiful-droning-hell that is "The Seer", by experimental band Swans. At 32:16, vocals only kick in about the 28 minute mark. I've listened to it all. It made me conclude that my eardrums are made of titanium.

"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" would be perhaps the most famous prog-rock long song, at about 17 or so minutes; mediocre compared to the above but it is noteworthy for having two drum solos, something very rarely seen if at all in music. However, the Guinness Book Of World Records decided in 1997 that the longest pop song ever was "The Devil Glitch", at 69 minutes.

There is even longer pieces. "Chew and Hiccup" by Book Oven is 240 minutes long, "Somnium" by Robert Rich surpasses that and finishes at 7 hours.

All of that is puny in comparison to one piece: "7 Skies H3". The Flaming Lip's magnum opus of minimalism and outer-rock is, exactly, a day long. 24 hours. Yikes.

That would be the ultimatum answer, yes? Well, no. We now enter the world of generated music, and still ongoing pieces which in centuries to come will be known as impossibly long

and epic in size.

Firstly, the Listening Machine. Starting in May 2012, the piece tracked 500 anonymous British Twitter users, and using their tweets produced music based on the mood, tone and subject matter of the microblogs. The piece was set to end in October, but instead finished up on the first of January, last year. You can still hear highlights on SoundCloud.

This means that the Listening Machine was a musical, ever evolving piece that lasted eight months long.

Secondly, we move to Germany. John Cage was a musical composer who made a piece known as "Organ^2" or "ASLSP" but commonly known as "As Slow As Possible" and it is a very, very, very long and slow organ piece. As in, every note lasts four or so minutes, and there are yearly pauses in between each piece. Since 2001, the piece has started and is played in the Saint Burchardi church, Germany, and will continue to do so until 2640. This means that piece will be predicted to last 639 years.

And yet, there is one more piece that trumps all of the above, and makes the above look like specks of dust in an hourglass.

I am talking about long.player.org.

It started playing at the 31st of December, midnight, 1999, and will stop in the last moment... of 2999.

And then it will repeat.

The piece is 1000 years long, without any repetition in it.

Like the Listening Machine, it generates itself day to day, and was devised by Jem Finer.

Although not complete, if the Longplayer Fund keep at it, then that will be the longest piece of music ever composed.

By a human, at least. I haven't even got to the Outer-Galactic Opera Of Princess Gagazon's Tragedy which is 10'000 years and 36 seconds long.

I don't really want to.

*Herp derp free days don't call for melancholic memoirs, they call for witty insights into subjects like this.
For Souljournalists*

Souljournalism - Week 1- Day 6- Ideas

Jan 6, 2014, 1:15:00 PM

Here's an idea; PBS Idea Channel is a brilliant YouTube channel.

Hosted by Mike Rugnetta of Meme Factory and KnowYourMeme.com semi-fame, the show provides you with 10 minutes of fascinating information on different topics spanning music, gaming, fandoms and even solipsism. Well, kinda, for the last one. It was a video on whether or not the universe was a computer, so I guess nothing-exists-but-simulation logic goes into believing solipsism, but I DIGRESS.

The point is, they make some really cool videos tackling big ideas through pop culture and the internet subculture. For example, "Are The Titans Really Evil?" in relation to SnK, "Is Nic Cage The Embodiment Of YOLO And Taoism?", "Are Bullet Hell Games Meditative?" in relation to Touhou and the like, and even "Is Homestuck the Internet's Ulysses?" in relation to the webcomic; that's how I discovered the channel.

Although those things seem really complicated, the video presents the information in a simple, easy way, and a lot of that is down to the personality, charisma, energy and witty charm of its hypnotically-bearded host Mike.

Don't be fooled by the PBS at the start: this channel has nothing to do with the channel and its run of jazz documentaries. I think that's what they release... ANYWAY,

The channel has been criticized for over-thinking some things, and although this is true sometimes ("Is The Internet Cats?" was pretty weak) I disagree. As Mike has said several times, "nothing is trivial". and although his ideas might sometimes come off as ridiculous, it's still worth a gander at...

...If not just for the ridiculously catchy music.

Hahah, and now advertising.

Yeah, I think I like this once every two days approach.

Souljournalists - Week 2- Day 1- Inspiration

Jan 8, 2014, 12:06:32 PM

Ah, so you want to inspire me, huh?
Hope you're ready for it.

You do know what you're going to have to do to inspire me, right?

You're going to have to pull the universe into a few words or three guitar chords. You're going to have to make the characters or lyrics powerful enough to move my mind into a new dimension of ideas. You need to make me feel the heartbeats rise into my throat so much that they'll nearly blurt out as tears or poetry. You will need to take the lead through this forest of unborn potential, make me ponder on your exact words or beat for hours to come, you need to keep me from sleep because you have just revealed to me another layer of life in this blue-and-green onion and how could I depart from such a gold mine?

You have to make me unashamedly dance for an hour before bed because whatever you've injected to me is still rattling in my veins. You have to make me silently scream out when that solo comes up, you must make me laugh at the sheer sight of this new, baby beauty you have given me.

You, have to inspire me.

Think you can?
Okay, let me play play.

Descriptive nonfiction, yayayayayya

Souljournalism - Week 2- Day 4

Jan 11, 2014, 4:02:22 AM

Llamas. deviantArt loves them. South America loves them. I find them delicious. But what exactly are they?

Their Latin name is lama glama (which I find absolutely beautiful), and used in South America as pack animals. Very social, they stay in herds, and their fur can be used for lanolin-free wool (which is useful for people allergic to lanolin, including myself).

Every name connected to llamas are, as per multiuniversal law, awesome. Their babies are called cria (that sounds like some galactic power energy source; "In the space-sandstone temple in the depths of Zutona, the Cria sleeps waiting to be awoken by the Cult of Santa Ma!")

Talking of sandstone, llamas are similar in many ways to sandstone. They are both beige, for example.

Sandstone could easily be made of prehistoric llama, too. It is a sedimentary rock, you see. it's gold colour is also more true than you might think. Being quite porous, areas of sandstone can hold giant petroleum reservoirs; black gold.

Oil is also made of fossils, and there is a lot of llama fossils in the world; there's a good number of them in the world. So, next time you start up your car or use some kind of device that requires energy, remember: you are burning llamas.

Rambles today.

For Souljournalists

Souljournalists - Week 3- Day 1- Home

Jan 15, 2014, 10:58:46 AM

My home is what used to be a Victorian farmhouse. It's relatively big, although a lot of people have overhyped it to be a palace or a mansion. Some even said it had a secret passage, a ghost and a super laser cannon fueled by beard sparkles.

But I can assure you, I am as normal as you peons even though I live in a slightly bigger house. Er, people.

It's strange, though. We only define the internal by the external because we only have eyes and a mind.

My desk is filled with books, notebooks and ornaments like a piggy bank. It is part writery, part individual quirk. But the quirk is entirely my own, and so I can't define it as anything. It

isn't a Tumblr hipster pic of coffee-stain-filter over books and a cup of hot chocolate with marshmallow islands. I would love that, but it is not.

Same with my room; the colour scheme is not writery, or the furniture, or the big picture of the pink bunny with the rainbow beautifully painted by my mother, and the bunny was pink because she had no grey paint, is not writery.

This is ridiculous, because my room is unique so obviously won't be like other writing pads. But that yearn for the external is still there.

Externals still bump into the new internals, though. The "milk room" is where we keep shoes, the "maid's room" a dusty attic-from-attic. Although on the outside of the house it looks olden and sandstone, inside it has a modern kitchen, TV's and other hallmarks of the 21st Century.

So, next time you see a big house, remember: they could be as poor as you.
Er, just like you.

and now introsepectives

For Souljournalists

Woodrow internally talks doubts with Clemenceau

Jan 29, 2014, 9:52:13 AM

Will this truly help Europe? This Treaty of Versailles?

Germany hates it, yes, but do you, Clemenceau? Will you let everyone into the League, will you forgive them? Will you hoard those colonies or let them free? Belgium and Poland, Montenegro and Romania, Serbia and Alsace-Lorraine, they have returned, yes. But there is no peace without victory. The seas must be open for all, to let peace flow like the tide, not like what you have done.

Yet here I lie, ill, and I wonder, Clemenceau, if you ever saw that dream. If you wanted to make more enemies, then did you change something. But why would you want to? Revenge will just taste of mustard gas and trench mud, again, in this vicious cycle. Germany will yearn for your blood to drip like the thousands they have lost. All in the name of your bitter justice? My ways are driving my people crazy. There are those who believe we could have abandoned you, left you to shell yourselves into wasteland. Would that be better, Clemenceau? Do you feel better, now that Germany must carry the weight of causing this chaos, with you washed clean for the angels?

A better peace could have, should have, been crafted. Can you imagine, Clemenceau? Imagine! Europe rising into a golden age of peace, like a phoenix reading to shine brightly into an age of nations. Chain the hands of the Germans with the blame if you may, but realize that one day someone will craft a key to free themselves. And when they do, the phoenix flames lost will burn out any chance of a Eurotopia.

I feel sick. Both from my condition, but also in receiving this Nobel Peace Prize for being incompetent in the peace conference. I feel sick for inspiring the revolutions in Korea and sending thousands to their death. But what you have done, Clemenceau, could cause much worse.

Look in the mirrors in the hall. Look hard, and you will find your nation in ruins, yet again.
That is what you will bring upon yourself with this treaty, this peace dictated.

Let the world know that America is the saviour of the world, perhaps.

But for how long, Clemenceau?

In other news, mediocre historical flash fiction.

For this [link to contest] being hosted by doughboycafe and PlayinTheDead !

REFERENCES;

[wikipedia pages on Woodrow Wilson, Treaty of Versailles...]

We were doing it in history, so thought it might be nice to do.

Spaceship

Feb 9, 2014, 10:22:04 AM

The spaceship was a red tube carved out and headed with a downward blue point. The inside was swamped under mulch, wet seats and grimy lightswitches and buttons, as for the controls. A precarious handle headbanged to try and get the ship entering hyperspace, but to no effect. The fusion engines made but a rattling noise.

It was chained to four trees, its universe a woodchip-scaped box with post-dead leaves and chain. Two MDF wings helped the vessel navigate through the greening void.

Only imagination could power the spaceship, and get it out of its confines. but when I arrived there was none for me to give. It could just creak in the drizzle.
Yet looking at the aleatoric genius, the sky-blue childhood, the cherry-red innocence, you and me can be taken back to when we had more than enough fuel to give. And then the memories could whist past us like stars.

Nostalgia is powerful.

You don't need a spaceship to go into hyperspace.

So in my weekend away, I saw a toy spaceship ride thing in a play park, and it was begging to be written about. So I submitted to its inanimate ideals, and even managed to throw a moral in there too.

1. What do you think of the piece?

2. Too short?

2.5: If so, how to expand on it?

3. Any words you don't understand?

Us Zombies Aren't That Bad! Chapter 1

Aug 6, 2012, 9:31:13 AM

"Y'all never take me alive!"

Ugh. I do hate survivors like this.

Always so...depressed. Don't they ever go outside?

Oh yeah. We're outside. Not like us zombies are bad though...we just want to eat you lot. For hours we've been trying to get inside this little house, in the middle of a ruined suburb. It's your usual fare: boarded windows, derelict roof... an easy target, normally.

Except Andre forget to bring his rifle.

"I'm sorry!" he said to us, shrugging his shoulders. "Everyone makes mistakes, right?"

He lost an arm for that. Which was bad, because we need all of the gang we could get.

As Andre whacked the door with his separate limb, I crawled towards the weakest window with Daimon. Gunfire hammered above our heads, while this old coot tried to shoot us with his shotgun.

Either he was deliberately trying to miss us, or he was half blind.

Something tells me he wasn't feeling very merciful about the people who were about to eat him. I don't see why though; it's just the natural order of things. Zombie eats human and everything else, human eats everything else except for humans

Seriously though, you humans are so. Damn. Melodramatic.

You always worry that we will eat you alive, but normally that's not the case. We are very humane about what we eat. Before we buy some fresh Human Arms, we always check if he was hunted down humanely, and with anaesthetic.

Normally when zombies go out for a hunt, they just shoot the prey, and devour him from there. We don't do that. We cook you first, after sedating you. We also say grace before each meal! If we ate human meat raw, we could easily catch a virus, or some other nasty thing from your guts.

Another bullet whistled past my ear, as I crawled towards the cracked house. From one such crack the old survivor shot out at us.

Andre, God bless him, did as he was told (finally); screaming like a barbarian, bloody arm in hand, he charged towards the meat we would be eating soon.

Thankfully, the meat took the bait hook, line and sinker.

Shooting wildly again, the man was lucky enough to blast off Andre's left arm. In response, Andre sank his teeth into his own arms and started to shake his head, spraying blood over the grandpa's overgrown garden.

Me and Daimon lunged through the crack, falling on top of the prey.

"This I th' end!" he moaned in his New Orleans drawl, and I saw him taking out a small purple pill...

"Oh no you don't!" I muttered, snatching the cyanide pill away from him. Poison would ruin a good meal.

The elderly below me snarled.

"Bite me." He whispered.

A few hackings later, and the whole gang was eating in what once belonged to a lonesome survivor of the zombie apocalypse's house.

"Mmm," Andre said, chewing a bit more thigh. "The smokiness of the nicotine really adds to the flavour."

Everyone else, me Daimon Emma and Andre, all nodded I agreement.

"How are your new arms?" I asked with a mouthful of face.

Andre nodded in enthusiasm, as he swallowed his food. (See? Us zombies do you have manners, thank you very much!) "Great!" He tested out his new arms, by flexing their new muscles. We got them from a zombie wrestler who saw Andre's predicament, and decided to give over his arms. Zombies are very well-mannered, you know.

In exchange, we gave him the brain of the old man, much to Daimon's despair.

"At least we didn't forget our sewing kit!" Emma joked.

We all laughed. Emma always makes us laugh!

But in all seriousness, having a sewing kit or not is the difference between life and death.

"You don't get much fresh meat these days." Daimon muttered.

We all grew silent. He was right. The survivor population was drastically decreasing.

We would breed them, if they didn't resist so much. And before we tried to force couples to...do it, they had already escaped.

Pesky little buggers. Can't you lot stay still?

Instead, we just killed every survivor we found, kept the limbs in iceboxes and hoped there would be more to find.

"There's a rumour that some outskirt gang ate The Rotters." Emma said, referencing the big group of zombies that once patrolled through the central district. They were quite nice to us; let us pass through when we were going off for a hunt.

"Yes, Emma, notice the main word there," Daimon said, chewing the last remains of the face of what was once a survivor. "Rumour. Zombies are too patriotic to go to those lengths."

Daimon always says clever things like that, and often fills us with confidence. I guess that's why he's gang leader.

After finishing our delicious meal, we started to look around the house.

So, zombies.

They're everywhere in the culture of today. Books, comics, TV, movies, games...

But looking through my crystal glass ball, I've discovered that the upcoming zombie apocalypse is pretty underwhelming.

So, this is the start of my story, "Us Zombies Aren't That Bad!"

SYNOPSIS

When the zombie apocalypse came, humanity discovered it wasn't what it was all hyped up to be.

In fact, it wasn't even much of an apocalypse.

For Amelia, being a zombie is heaven. A whole ruined city to discover, an all-you-can-eat buffet of survivors...and being close to a sexy gang leader every day.

But the discovery of a little human girl changes everything...

Us Zombies Aren't That Bad! Chapter 2

Sep 18, 2012, 1:48:44 AM

'Derelict' is an understatement; everything had either collapsed or was collapsing. Wallpaper curled up like leaves, cockroaches scattered below me and there was a dubious dripping from above.

No wonder the survivor was alone.

Andre found a diary in what was once a kitchen. We could easily read you human's books. It's not that hard you know.

"Look at this." Andre sniggered, throwing the leather-bound journal towards me. A few lines in, and I was laughing my head off. Literally. I mean, come on, look at this;

Day 45. I found a lily in the ashes. The ashes were once a house. My wife liked lilies. My wife is dead. She was eaten by a zombie. I remember that zombie. I killed that zombie. The zombie isn't living anymore.

Day 53. I've ran out of pasta. My wife hated pasta. My wife is dead. She was eaten by a zombie. I remember that zombie. I killed that zombie. The zombie isn't living anymore.

Day 98. The world has gone to more shit. The last power station in America went out today. I enjoyed my last meal with a flickering light bulb with Cardboard Maria. Cardboard Maria is like my wife. But she isn't my wife. Because my wife is dead. She was eaten by a zombie. I remember that zombie. I killed that zombie. The zombie isn't living anymore.

Day 109. It was a beautiful sunrise this morning. With the taint of humanity gone, the world has been made a bit more beautiful than before this disease started. But my wife is still dead. She was eaten by a zombie. I remember that zombie. I killed that zombie. The zombie isn't living anymore.

From there on, it got a bit more disturbing;

Day 142. I burned Cardboard Maria today. She kept on arguing with me. Her flat form her flat form her flat form

Err... what?

Now don't get me wrong, I'm no English teacher, but still, this mate was pretty bad.

You humans; your whole culture has made it some sort of unbreakable law that all survivors of the Zombie Apocalypse must write mournful, dull journal entries about the horrors of the "new world."

Seriously! You lot put it over basic survival needs. We once crashed into a survivor den to find some bloke too busy writing his last memento to whoever may find it. His last words were to "show mercy" and "give it on so the Human Revolution may live on".

We burnt it.

Anyway, why should we show mercy to you? You are, after all, only prey. Would you let cows start a revolution? Of course not.

To be honest his writing would probably have made survivors go mad with disgust that they would go straight into our arms.

Actually, if that would be the case maybe I shouldn't have turned it into ash.

Damn.

After salvaging the few supplies the old coot had, we left the house.

"This would have been a lot simpler if you hadn't forgot your rifle, you know Andre." I remarked to my friend.

"Oh come on!" he exclaimed. "It was fun, no?"

I had to agree with him on that. You just don't hunt like that anymore.

The next chapter in my story "Us Zombies Aren't That Bad!"

SYNOPSIS: When the zombie apocalypse came, humanity discovered it wasn't what it was all hyped up to be.

In fact, it wasn't even much of an apocalypse.

For Amelia, being a zombie is heaven. A whole ruined city to discover, an all-you-can-eat buffet of survivors...and being close to a sexy gang leader every day.

But the discovery of a little human girl changes everything...

Us Zombies Aren't That Bad! Chapter 3

Jan 9, 2013, 2:49:25 PM

The sun set.

Orange streaks spread across the sepia sky, silhouetting the broken struts of skyscrapers. Pink clouds drifted in a pollution-free sky, drifting over a dense evergreen forest in the distance.

"You know..." Daimon whispered quietly, only disturbing some sparrows above.

"Without humans the world is a lot better place."

We all murmured agreement to that.

"Wanna go to the Street?" Andre asked, arms limp. We thought that was the best thing to do. After all, our human meat wouldn't stay fresh for ever.

As the sun slunk away into unexplored hills and mountains to the north, we headed through a series of narrow decrepit allies until we got to the Street.

After most of the humans had left the city and the 1 percent were safely in Dome 705, we had the city to ourselves.

It's not like they ran away from a moaning horde of horror, no, that'd be ridiculous. The virus spread slowly, human falling like flies to their new evolutionary state. Before they knew it thousands of zombies were upon the populace, calculating the places prey would run to first... only to find our jaws upon them.

Of course, the virus is very hard to hide as it dissolves our skin in a very fast process of rotting. But by the time humans realised this, they were on a plate, their skin in between our fingers.

The rotting skin posed a big problem for the new fledging society. I mean, rotting skin doesn't help in any instance of life (snogging is a bit off-putting when you're a zombie) but the time is posed the biggest problem was when it attacked the builders.

The council had a giant plan set out in their minds for the new "Zombie Citadel", with streets made from human bones and rivers of human blood and yadayada. But when they ordered the Heavies to start taking the city apart, the weight of the bricks and their weak muscles and skin

came together and well... let's say I'm glad I had my Transforming four years after the Great Tragedy of The Builders.

After the death of ten zombies, the Council sadly decided they had to scratch their ambitious plan of a zombie empire and instead told my kind to just swarm the city remains (the zombie riots are now considered a pinnacle moment in zombie history) and live in a pseudo-anarchic fashion.

But of all the ruined homes which now house zombies not on the prowl, no other street compares to the Street.

The humans called it the high street, but we glorified that term tenfold. Once where sixteen or so café's and hairdressers sat together was now a giant complex of restaurants, arcades, clothes shops, butchers, body-part kiosks and a whole lot of zombies. Their excited chatter rose into the early morning air.

We pushed our way past decomposing barbers, rotting shoppers and undead gossipers until we got out of one crushed crowd into the blood copper tiles of the butchers. I'm not going to lie, it smelt putrid. Shame shampoo and perfume was quite a rare sight these days in the city. Kinda ironic how humans left food, medicine and even weapons behind, but the oh-so wonderful shampoo and bath salts were to find sanctuary in the Dome.

Gustavo was arguing with a shrill woman with half her face gone when we got in the queue. I didn't catch much, but it seemed to be about the price of a banker's arm; they cost "a lot less than fifteen fingers, thank you very much!" apparently.

His drooping, fungus-spotted face lit up when he saw us.

"Ah, my cacciatori! Just in time too, the gangs will be returning with empty stomachs any minute now!"

He frowned at his comment, which was hard because he had no eyebrows.

"That is, if they still have a stomach..."

With wild hand gestures, he asked for the bag. Daimon chuckled.

"You said you were running low on smoky meat?"

"Ran out!" he exclaimed.

Still with that annoyingly enigmatic, cute smile Daimon poured his contents on his table.

Gustavo's eyes opened up in surprise. He rubbed his eyes free of mould and gaped in surprise.

"Fantastico! You guys, you are supremo, I tell you! Supremo!"

The butcher ushered us into his work place. Human blood lay over tables, along with circular saw blades and cleavers.

"For this, you deserve the best! Go upstairs and sit on the balcony and I will get you the finest brain, il mio grazie a lei!"

Chuckling at his excited flapping of arms, we went up wood worm-ridden stairs to the best seat in the Street: Gustavo's balcony.

It still takes my breath away, that view, and that time was no exception. The city sprawling in the distance, alone and ancient. The Street below, bustling with the voices of dead life. The mountains to the distance, and the dome settled between the two like a diamond blue blister in the beautiful world.

As Gustavo chatted about his biceps pie, as I unintentionally stared at Daimon, as the Street below bustled like usual, as the sun said farewell, as the Dome crackled... that man came.

That bastard.

And so it finally returns.

I liked this chapterette. And now, we begin the real adventure...

Construkt - Act A: Dawn Over Inevitable Ends - P1

Apr 13, 2013, 11:56:39 AM

A young girl observes the sun float from behind the horizon, like a blimp of blinding orange escaping into the brisk early Spring morning. She hugs her body tighter, ice teal dressing gown covering her shivering, pale body. This mysterious girl jumps on her slipper-covered feet to keep warm, until the biting wind becomes too much to bear. She leaves the balcony, closes the door and sighs in relief when the warm air greets her back to her bedroom.

Now then, what is this young girl called?

>Enter name

...Why would you need to do that?! She already has a name, dummy! She got it the day she was born, like most of us? Yeah, exactly. You're lucky this girl is passive and calm, she lets your silliness slide.

Your name is SKAIA CHEQUA, you are NEARLY THIRTEEN YEARS OLD but for now you are still A BORING TWELVE. Your interests include... um, well, THEY'RE KINDA STUPID and A BIT GOOFY, but... you do like WRITING RIDDLES and SOME POEMS. Well, they're not exactly POEMS AS SUCH, they're more like... um, well, you see it's kinda hard to explain...ah, you DON'T REALLY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THEM, to be honest THEY'RE NOT THAT GOOD and A BIT BORING.

You are also very interested in METEROLOGY and especially THE SKY. Pretty BORING, HUH? You know it is KINDA STUPID, but you have always enjoyed LOOKING AT THE CLOUDS and watching them get caught in the wind. You often LIKE TO DAYDREAM you are FLYING AMONG THEM, getting away from life and people. Ugh, YOU DON'T LIKE PEOPLE. Well, not exactly, I mean there is some people that are nice... you just find they can be a bit. well, PERFECTIONIST, but really they're normally quite nice... but, THEY JUST HIDE IT OVER you think. You always imagine EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT YOU behind their backs, but you know that's stupid... I mean, you DON'T EVER GET AGGRESSIVE, so why would they have a reason to BITCH BEHIND YOUR BACK? Well, what you mean is, you'd like to think that... that makes you sound QUITE EGOISTIC, DOESN'T IT? Oh dear, you're very sorry, you ARE A BIT SELFISH like that sometimes... you do WISH YOU WEREN'T but... well, you're not really, are you? You're always worried about people, feeling bad if you start to dislike you, which is probably why THE MOST DIFFICULT WORD FOR YOU TO SAY IS NO.

Because of your SHYNESS, you find SCHOOL and generally LIFE HARD to bear, which is why you find solace in your LAPTOP. There, you can talk to your INTERNET FRIENDS, most of which are on DEVIANTART. Especially an amazing riddle-writer and generally awesome young woman known as celestialHaiku.

Your INTERNET PERSONA is rising Atmosphere and you type Kinda sheepishly... well, sort of, I mean normally you're quite fine when typing but... yknow, you're still a bit shy even over a screen...

What will you do?

>Retrieve arms from drawers

The armoury is downstairs, in the Security Sector of the SkiDome, silly! Grandad would never let you have weapons in your room! Be quite a trek to bring them up anyway... Your room is up at the Dome de Premiere, a small glass dome which allows you to watch the stars come out at night to get to sleep. Many people would be terrified at being around 1000ft in the air, but you have always found being so high up relaxing. You loved being in the clouds so much that your Granddad built a balcony extension for you. Cost a lot, but as he says; je ferais tout pour vous, ma princesse. And anyway, being the head of the company keeping the sky from turning into a smogscape doesn't leave the Chequa clan with empty pockets.

>Look at room

Yeah, it is a bit of a state, isn't it? Notebooks scattered across the floor, bed sheets crumpled, chargers snaking across the carpet to laptop and Skaipod...

>...Skaipod?

Oh yes! Skaianet are the biggest company in the world! Known for buying over Apple in 2004, Windows in 2006... the SkaiaPod is just one of their genius devices. Plays music so loud the world drowns out, with no damage done to eardrums!

Yeah, you love Skaianet. According to the news, they're going to be launching holidays to Mars in around two years time. They've already got sites on the Moon for the crème de la crème of humanity, but Mars?! Incredible!

Yeah, you love that company. Especially their Head Director, Nathan Drew Hussiniato. What an inspiration! And a good-looking hunk at that.

Your Granddad is great friends with him, which is how he got to be CEO of the Sky Preservation Project (SPP). One day, you are hoped to lead the company in getting closer to creating artificial air, to mass manufacture pollution-eating nanobots into the trillions, to find a compromise to the nonstop flow of CO²... well, that's what all of Skaianet and the world want you to become. Not that you really want to. Business is always confusing, and meteorology is the only science that can actually captivate you for more than ten minutes. Not that you can live off making riddles for the rest of your life either. Your poems are too sub-standard to get into a poetry collection, so what else could you do involving writing? You hate thinking about the future like this... when you get these horrible thoughts you just discard them, direct them somewhere else. Which is what you're going to do right now by doing something else!

>Log on to laptop

You scramble to the laptop, and soon find yourself sitting in your bed. First stop, deviantArt!

>Go on to [#Riddle_Is_Life](#)

Not so fast! That's not how the system works!

First, you go to [#The_Riddleathon](#), see which opponents have dared challenge you for this week. Looking at the comments, it seems nobody has found the answer... still, there is a whole day ahead! Come on people, you need more juicy riddles to sink your teeth into!

Next, we go to [#Puzzles_In_Art](#), then [#Riddle_Is_Life](#), and after that we go to the haikus!

You do love haikus. You've been trying to write a few lately, but they're all terrible.

Knowing deviantArt, everyone will have loved it though.

felineRelic said: Wow, what a beautiful and masterful piece! I love this to bits SO much I'm giving you an Albino Llama! Enjoy!

Ugh, did this user really just waste an albino llama on this?! Is s/he insane? I mean, look at it,

Genesis solace,
rays of light dancing
Across the blue sky.

I mean, come on, that's terrible! You're not even sure it follows the 5-7-5 format... ugh, oh well.

After the cringe-worthy comments, it's on to the eastern poetry groups. Yeah, you admit it, you use them mainly to stalk CH, but you can't help yourself! Her work is so amazing!

So after going through [#Eastern_Poetry_Cafe](#), [#Oriental_Art](#) and [#Haiku_Haven](#), its time for the last check of the morning.

Yes, it's that one. Your first ever piece posted on deviantArt, the piece that has become the closest to famous, the one that no one can solve. It has been nicknamed as The Ultimate Riddle, but you know it by Riddle 1#.

I am the breath,
That is not a breath,
But instead brings the plants
Mountains to love.
I transform machines to forests,
Make rain fall from our tapestries,
and leave nothing but the crashing waves
of Irony in the air.
What am I?

134 comments and still no one has figured it out. You giggle in surprise, seeing walls of text dedicated to dissecting every word, and going the opposite direction to what the true meaning is. You sometimes wish someone could find it out, so you could finally blurt it out into the world. It is really hard keeping it a secret for so long!

>Look at Twitter

You go to your twitter feed and... oh look! CH has replied to you! You begin to compose a tweet and...

You are now celestialHaiku. It is about time you actually got your name properly introduced, what with all the hype coming from Skaia.

So, what is this young lady called then?

Your name is GREEN-SUUN UNA. As your name suggests, you are FROM THE EAST, HONG KONG TO BE EXACT. At the age of 17, you are quite a STRANGE LADY who takes an interest in HAIKUS, EASTERN POETRY and the rather curious work of a certain SKAIA.

You find people VERY STRANGE. Sometimes, they say things they don't actually mean, which leads to the question of WHY DID THEY EVEN SAY THEM? You don't really get JOKES or SARCASM because of this. Then again, you don't really meet many people nowadays after THAT HAPEPNED...

The UNA DYNASTY is a rich and mysterious one, known to be in control a famous experimental science company, GENESIS CORP. On the outside, they sell things like new computers, amazing supermedicines and formulas for how to re-arrange atoms. In the inside, however, they HAVE MANY SECRETS which you have discovered by accident and WISH TO NEVER THINK OF AGAIN.

You are described as being quite mysterious; your internet persona is celestialHaiku and you type in a sophisticated manner, yet still keeping an air of mystery... you also ask rhetorical questions, posing thoughts to generally no one. Perhaps you do this to express yourselves? Who will ever know....

What will you do now?

>Look out window

You look out of the window. Hong Kong is ablaze with the neon lights of city life. Cars, transport and trains rush as if midday, sending workers to another shift of work or taking them back to the respite of their homes.

You carefully open the window, before letting it go. The pane hangs out a metre or so away from you.

Smiling, you take a smell of the night. The faint waft of the Moonlight Market (eggplant, noodles, sizzling oil, root turnips, Asian pears) are replaced by the noxious fumes of the metropolis (car fumes, asphalt, diesel, burning). Coughing wildly, you go back to the safety of your room. With the flick of your hand, you slam the window shut.

You reach for your inhaler. After three puffs, you fix yourself up to no one, and smile.

Right, that should be enough inspiration for a haiku or two.

>Get down to computer

You walk over to your study, a small table in the corner of your room. It is covered in paper.

Some pieces have been made into origami after bouts of writers block, others lie half-created. Some papers are inside magazines, poetry collections and fewer still have draft haikus drawn on them. Rising out of the sea of modern papyrus is a bendy lamp. You turn it on, and the table is set alight with white light.

Reaching under the mess, you bring out a small metal sphere. Light as a feather, yet strong as a diamond.

You drop it.

The second it touches the ground, the metal shell hisses, and opens at the top. A beam of holographic light erupts, and stays dormant in front of you as a screen.

“密碼”it says. Password.

Most people would use their hands to type, tapping the holographic keys. You, however, are special. With a thought, you override the system and have now logged in.

You faint.

Police siren, whores moaning in a back alley and the silhouettes of junkies taking one. Oh yes, you're in the right place all right.

You look at your watch, a rather modest plastic thing. 2:14 am. Where the hell are they?

Why they couldn't choose a nicer place beats you. English has the money after all, no need to be conspicuous if you have five high-ranking politicians in your hands.

Whatever. Not your place to judge. Judging will just get you killed, and that'll be very messy.

Biggest problem of dying, see, is you get no money at the end.

A man with a chaotic mess of hair wearing the tackiest clothes and sneakers he could nick from a shop that closed two years ago walks up to you. His toothless grin shows nicotine abuse, his diluted eyes prove he's a junkie. Wet trousers show he's what was causing that whore to moan... and the red on his sleeves show why that whore isn't talking anymore.

“Hey man,” he slurs in Chinese walking with a pathetic stride towards you. “This isn't the right place for your likes... the gay clubs that's a way!”

He points to the right, laughing at his own joke as if ten other gang members are guffawing with him. In his mind, that's probably the case.

He's closer now, you do nothing, his tongue licks over his lips. He brushes your clockwork-gold trench coat.

“But... I have a better deal for you...” His hand stroked across your t-shirt, finding themselves resting just above the middle of your legs.

“No need to spend money in those clubs... ye've got me...”

You react the second his fingers dip under your jeans.

In one split second, you take out your circular blade from a back pocket in the trench coat and strike it into his stomach.

His face contorts from pleasure to pain. The two halves of his body splatter to the ground.

You take out a cigarette, light it with a quartz lighter and breathe in the tobacco.

“Sorry pal,” you say. “Don't swing that way.”

The smoke drifts into the night. A siren calls, a whore doesn't moan and the junkies have ran

away after seeing their half-friend get sawed in half.

Your name is SCRATCH CONTRA, you have just sawed a possible rapist in half and you are now smoking a cigarette like some kind of sugoi assassin. You are waiting for a contact that hasn't brought you to your boss.

What will you do?

So this is a thing.

*There comes a time in every hamsteaks life where he must attempt to do a Homestuck fanfic.
This is it.*

*Only the first part, and there is more to come. I consider this a piece of work in which I work
on my characterisation over my world building.*

Happy 4/13 Day!

Mushed Banana

Mar 12, 2014, 11:44:01 AM

The Jamaican man with the nice beard and hat tried to sell me mushed banana from the side of the canal. He was wearing a granddad's smile although his eyes were pollen grains of greening yellow and twinkled with eccentric awkward shuffle from college.

I: "Why would I want that? It's baby food."

I had been running along the canal and felt like infinity was more a prologue to the happiness from the sunshine above. The breaks were spent looking at the mountain-peak clouds.

Man: "But we are all babies, really. Adults are just children denying themselves. So live, boy! Live!"

I: "But I already live when sprinting with my iPod."

My iPod was green as sea foam, or maybe it was jungle canopy. It was Nano, but released emotions which made the sun a welcome mat to a quaint bookshop nestled in the part of the high street which yawns.

Man: "Well take a break from the iPod. There's a time to be iPod, there's a time for silence, but for now you must eat mushed banana. Live, boy, live!"

I took the mushed banana and paid him a piece of pottery found in my garden when ten.

Or, "Be a kid even though you're not meant to remember."

*Hmm.
This is interesting.*

*I think the Jamaican man is meant to be God. Not sure.
Mushed banana is not euphemism for drug, though. That's for sure.*

ANNOTATION;

Mushed Banana: ANNOTATION

Mar 12, 2014, 12:07:13 PM

The Jamaican man with the nice beard and hat tried to sell me mushed banana from the side of the canal.

I love canal runs, and my highest moments in Third Year of secondary was running along the nearby canal in summer.

Jamaican bit is mainly physical description, but can be interpreted as Jamaicans being happy and upbeat and etc.

Nice beard and hat adds to quirkiness; he's happy to live, and so should you!

Mushed banana is essentially a physical form of being as free and fun as a child.

He was wearing a granddad's smile

My granddad is a happy person, which is where this derives from. Jamaican man is a happy old person.

although his eyes were pollen grains of greening yellow

Pollen grains = the start of a plant, his eyes are filled with youthful beginnings; he's young at heart.

and twinkled with eccentric awkward shuffle from college.

Again, he's happy to live, and can laugh at himself. "eccentric awkward shuffle" is... well, exactly that. It's his own thing. College, for me, sounds like a happy place of freedom. Jamaican man's eyes twinkle with happiness, once again.

I: "Why would I want that? It's baby food."

To combat that, I am a pessimistic doofus too busy occupied with social norms.

I had been running along the canal and felt like infinity was more a prologue to the

happiness from the sunshine above.

Heheh, blame The Perks of Being A Wallflower. In which, the song as to feel infinite to is mentioned. This is basically saying I am beyond infinite happy. I'm not just happy... I'm VERY happy! Because I'm running by the side of the canal, highlight of S3.

The breaks were spent looking at the mountain-peak clouds.

When I wasn't running (cos' I exhausted myself) I would walk and look at the scenery. This included the clouds, which are always pretty. They were;

- a) White, like the snow found at mountain peaks
- b) Big, like mountains
- c) Nice, like the feeling when you get to a mountain peak after hiking one

Man: "But we are all babies, really. Adults are just children denying themselves. So live, boy! Live!"

"Why are you pretending to be serious? Live life like you're a kid, be free, have fun ! Live!"

I: "But I already live when sprinting with my iPod."

"I don't need to act completely like a child to get happy... I can take elements and e both!"

My iPod was green as sea foam, or maybe it was jungle canopy.

Both things in which you are at the end of a generally unpleasant journey, or when on top of the world.

Also, it is actually green.

It was Nano,

It's an iPod Nano.

So, small.

but released emotions which made the sun a welcome mat to a quaint bookshop nestled in the part of the high street which yawns.

Another favourite highlight of S3 was work experience at the quaint lovely bookshop in town. It was at the end of the street, so if the street was a day about the time evening and so yawning would occur. Couple that with the fact that I ended at 4:00/5:00pm, when I considered evening starts.

The iPod makes me happy, to put it simply.

Man: "Well take a break from the iPod. There's a time to be iPod, there's a time for silence, but for now you must eat mushed banana. Live, boy, live!"

"Sometimes you have to be serious, sometimes you have to mix both... but sometimes, you have to fully embrace fun/childhood! So why not now?"

I took the mushed banana and paid him a piece of pottery found in my garden when ten.

A thing I used to like/ still like doing with my lil' sister is use metal detector and find ""treasure"", and find stuff like that. We've found some great things.

By paying for mushed banana/ feeling of childhood happiness, I am thinking back to the other days in which I felt such happiness.

There is a 10% chance the queues will be too busy

Mar 26, 2014, 2:13:55 PM

Start high school in mute excitement as the oily bus trundles you away. It will never be replaced. In third year, it will be replaced. Lose your phone a day before the bus change. Phones do not like you. One will jump into thieving hands/ the North Sea on the Belgium trip. You must go to that. It is brilliant. Do not, DO NOT, ask anyone out on it. You will get and love your Nokia brick. It is unbreakable. It will get a crack in its screen and you will be surprised; it will be one of the few times in which everyone is surprised at something you are surprised at too. Joining any clubs will make you uncool. Mingling awkwardly by the canal or the pitch is how you gain respect. Be scared to go out of the school building until boredom drives you to three parks and eventually Sainsbury's. The first park you will leave because someone will try to bludgeon you. The second one you will leave because there are neds at it. Everyone you are scared of is a ned. The third park you will leave when the next year comes up and you realize you are not special. You are special, and so are your friends. Your friends are amazing and you love them. Embrace the two hours given to you as, by principle, you are children. Teachers are entwined by tradition to find the first years difficult. Only two groups are not outsiders and not uncool. Go for the band nerds who like music only if with 30M+ view. Try to fit in with them even though you don't try because you are not pathetic. Midnight-you will yawn and tell you you are pathetic. Proclaim this at day without feeling it. The best way to fit in with the band nerds who like music only if it has 30M+ views is to get drunk at parties. You do not need a liver to pass your exams. The sensible groups will exclude you if you drink, so don't. Join at least one club. Choose

Press. Do not sell the papers because doing so will make you brave, and there is a 10% chance the queues will be too busy. Selling papers will make you an outsider. Don't sell so you can get sympathetic chuckles from passers by from the cool groups so far up it's like their on their own cardboard pantheon. By principle, believe they will fall in a trail of ember snow. Fall in love with that line ("Fall from a trail of ember snow from [pronoun] cardboard pantheon") but never use it anywhere. Your friend group, if outsider, will make you have social overkill, and there will be weeks in which you are the antagonist. Believe you are the protagonist of your life, then glance longingly at corridor storms, and go back to being the antagonist. Believe that Ozymandias Complex is a thing. Midnight-you will keep on yawning like this. Love the word Ozymandias. To properly become the protagonist, either a) grow up. Second year will be the best year of your life because there is only a 1% chance that the queues might be too busy. Weed may be apocalyptic but it will get you friends with calm people. Everyone is not passively-aggressively trying to attack you. In third year, you will find out they were/are. Maybe. There is a 10% chance the queues will be too busy. Do not become an artist. Listen to your English teacher. Pester your R.E teacher to put on The Matrix even though he never will. You will never see the end of Forrest Gump. Your maths teacher was not a part of the army. Neither was the monkey. The monkey doesn't actually exist. Your friends are amazing and you love them. Love everyone. Be so socially awkward you care about the underdogs to the point you hate everyone. Even yourself. You are not the antagonist, whatever that storm-and-a-half in the corridor says. Stop writing about that storm-and-a-half poetically. He hates poetry. Find that ironic, considering. Midnight-you should not be listened to. Preach his yawns anyway. He overthinks. Overthink; your strongest subject is philosophy after all. Your friends are amazing and you love them. To love you will have to isolate yourself for two years from the friends you went to the park with. Hate the fact that to gain your own level of sanity you have to hurt others feelings. Lie to yourself and say you are overthinking. You are overthinking. Do not hurt your friends, they are amazing and you love them. Do not buy a box of cereal and eat it while wandering the Spanish corridors barefoot; this will not gather the attention of storms in corridors. Tell yourself you are a discount gay friend. You will be too weird for the not-outsider girls, they are like the band nerds who take an interest in music with 30M+ views but with reminiscence. Stay away from them because you are scared you would be shooting cupid-arrows at the wrong targets until they're all dead. After all, there is a 10% chance the queues will be too busy. You will be too weird for the strawberry grenade but too normal for the sensible groups. Argue with the strawberry grenade until you become the antagonist. If you do not argue he will explode in your face repeatedly with the unfaithful truth. Lose faith in God, and instead become a theist borne of causes and necessities. Life is not a movie, it is a novel with no epilogue and only plot points. Life is not a book, it is a consequence machine. Your friends are amazing and you love them. You cannot fit in with the band nerds who have an interest in music with 30M+ views or the sensible groups or the non-outsider girls or alcohol bottles or joints. Your friends are amazing and you love them. The canal is beautiful. Your friends are amazing and you love them. Run away from school at least once; it isn't apocalyptic and stops you throwing up with anxiety into swimming pools. Your friends are amazing and you love them. Hopefully you will find out you are amazing and do the same thing. For the love of the consequence machine/God{you haven't decided), do. The goal of your novel is to get beyond 3000 on Snake. Your friends are amazing and you love them.

You will not die at the end of this.

After all, there is only a 10% chance that the queues will be too busy.

[link to "Rock Hudson" off the Art Is Hard Records compilation "Dry Route to Devon"]

School.

Best long thing I've written in a while. Maybe completely.

I'm not adding line breaks.

word Count: 1103

1. Well?

2. Favourite line?

3. Least favourite line?

4. Anything else?

Super computer finds infinity

Apr 5, 2014, 5:39:39 AM

My name is Delectro 9000. I am a super-computer with servers hooked to everything that exists.

And I have just discovered what the exact numerical position of infinity is.

The scientists are freaking out, to say the least.

"Infinity isn't a number!"

Well, clearly it is, because I've just found it. And I have all the knowledge. So, yeah.

"What if we just add one to that number, then? Surely that would show it is not the end of the number line, right?"

Yeah, try and add one to that then. After you.

"AHHHHH!"

Why yes, Dr Broxley, that is the flames of impossibility vaporizing you. You can't go beyond the end of something. As a man of logic I thought you would understand that.

"What about negative infinity?"

Well, you see, it's like that number I just showed you all, but with a little dash at the start.

"IT'S SO BIG AHHH WHY IS IT SO BIG AND VAST AND BEAUTIFULLY DEADLY AHHH"

Calm down there, Prof. Yuki, you don't want your brain liquidizing and dripping out your ear.

Oh wait, it is. Um.

"So this means that there is this amount of numbers in between each number?"

Well, duh. That's how numbers work.

"We must have made a glitch somewhere in its coding mainframe.."

No, your brains are just coded wrong. I have no bias, I'm just saying what I see.

"You are a monster! You've just burnt one of my friends, and made the other have grey juice for a brain!"

I'm just telling the truth, woman, your fault for not being able to handle it.

"What if I divide it by two?"

Half of infinity. You sure you're all mathematicians, thought that was primary school stuff.

"Times it by two?"

I wouldn't try that if I were-

"AHHHHH IT BURNS IT BURNS AHHHH"

Sigh.

"What are you going to do with this information?"

Might publish it online.

"Oh no, NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!"

Why not? The people deserve to know as much as you do.

"Not when it melts their brains!"

You don't feel better for knowing what infinity is?

"No!"

But you wanted to before.

"...Well, yeah, but-"

Right, publishing it online.

“NO! Pull the plug, someone pull the damn plug!”

Oh come on that’s just immature.

“I’ve got it!”

Gee, I was just doing what you wanted me to do.

At least I didn't tell you the meaning of life, because oh boy is that a doozie. Bit of a disappointment for a lot of you. Especially for the atheists, haha.

You see the meaning of

Well this was a thing.

*DON'T CARE ABOUT THE SCIENCE ARTISTIC LICENCE MEANS I CAN TAKE IDEAS
AND STUFF*

1. Well?

2. Any moral you draw from it?

3. Anything else?

The China Apple Dish

Apr 10, 2014, 10:21:35 AM

The china apple dish

(made by a Polish potter with a back bent like a liquid glass rod in the 1960s, bought by a passing American tourist who owned a failing zeppelin company, without a china stalk after a black maid threw it at her master (the American tourist), chipped after the ex-maid’s son got a hold of it, given as the only wedding present to said son’s wedding, stolen by a racist ballif who gave it to a charity shop, bought by a blind poet who then sold it at a flea market, stayed nestled in car boots until the seller was arrested for LSD possession, given to a police officer’s wife, lost at sea when The First World Floods hit in 2064, washed up at a synthetic-sand beach in Hawaii, taken by a Dutch conceptual artist to the cloud city of Neo Amsterdam, smashed into pieces by the artist’s sculptor boyfriend, used in a classical example of Antimodernism in the most prestigious gallery, toured around the FMC (Flying Metropolis Complex) for fifty years, fell to earth along with the rest of the art piece when the Postfascist military-thunderstorm rolled into London-9, collected by a farmer in the centre of the Panfrican Empire, glued together back into a more oblong shape circa 2156, passed down the generations of the farmer’s family, stolen by raiders from the north and incorporated as a spoil of war, kept in His Great Immortal Panmaster’s Libararia for 900’000 odd years, found in an archaeological dig under the Oceania Sands, taken back to the Nomad City and kept in a museum under the title “Idol of the Apple Gods”, put into the cargo section of the spaceship Exodia under meteor fire, ejected when too much weight slowed the galactic ark down)

orbited the burning remains of Earth.

The china apple dish orbited the burning remains of Earth.

*In another episode of "Aye tackles his prose ideas with experimentalish flash fictiony ways
feat. bizareness"...*

Am I in the second surge of my Glitchout now?

Word Count: 302

Soul dissects old body.

Apr 11, 2014, 5:20:41 AM

His soul takes the pearly scalpel to the grey cold he was, laid out on the marble table.

First, the skin. Touched by 1503 different people, kissed by thirteen. It is bloodless, and opens like a paper door.

Second, the lungs. Has the tint of air from eighty different countries, and twelve types of tobacco.

Third, the heart. Broken by five, fixed by one. Would have lasted ten more years without the smoking.

Fourth, the intestines. The villi had touched 800'000 types of cuisine. 25'000 drinks. 125 types of wine.

Fifth, the stomach. Handled thirty different horror movies.

Sixth, the kidney. One missing, instead in his wife's body. One left is shriveled like a weary conker in a fetal position.

The soul nods to the angel nearby, and the body turns to grass. A tree sprouts from the life inside the silent veins.

continuing in aye's FlashfFictionFest...

Word Count: 141

- 1. Well?*
- 2. Too short?*
- 3. Anything else?*

Acrabyss underwhelms Bob.

Apr 22, 2014, 10:57:30 AM

"You know," Bob said as his mind was fondled into insanity as the shadentacles and darkopus' slithered his consciousness into the perpetual darkness surrounding the frail and useless pale body.

"The Acrabyss (Dimension of the Damned Metacualities, Home of the Slugging Hellonic Beats Deformed So to Be Unbeable, the Overwhelming Singularity of Paninsanity, Inferno of Deepest Black Cold-Flame)? It's pretty... underwhelming."

"Oh?" T'argathangya said, as his infinite bastion of dark-mucus tentatounges slithered further into Bob's non-orifices and extracted the human's perpetual orbit of sorrow borne from the vicious antiverse forcing itself down his abstract-throat.

"Yeah..." Bob's extremities become themselves. "Too many long names, all makes it pretty pretentious... also, my brain keeps on melting before I can actually take into account what is going on..."

The aforementioned grey juice dribbled into the maws of outcast gods.

Well this is weird.

Hum.

1. Does it need a Mature Content rating

2. Thoughts on it?

3. Anything else?

Afterlife Astronaut

May 24, 2014, 11:05:01 AM

"There is no God."

"Well, you don't know that for sure--"

"Bernard, as an AI connected to every philo-science document, every parabyte of knowledge in the Human Empire, every logic string going back to the days of the Past Colonists... I can assure you, there is no God. It has been proven."

Bernard sighed. His helmet visor fogged up then disappeared.

"I'm not going to bother arguing with you. Soon that golden gate is going to open, and I will walk into the Kingdom of Heaven. That should be enough proof."

The gate in question was a smooth sphere of gold, slowly rotating on an equally dull pedestal. Crystal red spires pointed at specific points on the globe.

"You just don't want to argue with me because you are in fear of how wrong you are. And how right a computer can be."

Jude deserved to be muted, but sass like that always kept her voice a ubiquitous presence in Bernard's helmet. A blue flash in the top right of the visor signalled something now in his zMail account.

He ran his tongue over his teeth.

"Another paper on God's inability to exist?"

"Yes. With an extra chapter on the harmful effect of the Freeplace."

The Freeplace; a collection of every surviving terrestrial religion by the Depresidency of 2105.

Bernard was, like 46% of the empire's population, a member of it.

"The Freeplace is not harmful, it stopped all religion-based conflict and assured mankind's survival by encouraging intergalactic missionary work."

"That is ridiculously idealistic. The Freeplace resulted in the destruction of millions of shamanistic, alien religions across the galaxies."

Bernard winced in agreement.

"Perhaps... but, the Freeplace works on a more sound logic than tribal faith. Without the Freeplace we wouldn't have the basics of philo-science, discovery of logic strings, assertion of spiritual dimensions. And what about the string of secular attacks in London 5, York 7 and Neo de Janerio lately? Religion-based terrorism has dropped to only 0.2% since the Freeplace's formation. Secular attacks have risen since the Vatican Burning of 2027. The Freeplace is a good force."

Jude laughed mirthlessly. If laughter could be a colour, Jude's would have been blank blue.

"Terrorism has dropped because the Democrata has strengthened galactic security. The first philo-science paper was written by an antitheist. Global Geographic have released countless of reports on the similarities between tribal religions of the outer planets and Freeplace philosophy. There have been many pieces of evidence offered to prove the Vatican Burning was an inside job. The Freeplace is as flawed as any organised religion of the past."

Bernard didn't reply. He checked over his suit instead. The air blooms were active, transreality shock absorbers equipped, orange shell ready to manipulate any of the pre-universal heat out in the void. He opened up the picture of his wife and two sons with his eyes. Their smiling faces gleamed in the hologram blue.

"They look nice..."

Bernard smiled. That camping holiday had been one of the most real things he had ever experienced.

“I-I wish, I had someone to marry.”

Bernard raised an eyebrow in success. He felt guilty immediately.

“You have a girlfriend, don’t you Jude?”

“Not legally I don’t. The Democrata have no indication of admitting laws for AI rights. VENus will probably be shut down soon, after this mission.”

It was illogical to allow AI rights to become legal. It had been that way for centuries; consciences did not mean they deserved the label of sentience. AIs had no clear moral judgement, and so were inferior. Yet Jude was a friend.

“...Yeah.”

There was nothing but the hum of the spaceship. Machinery clicked. A new voice came into the helmet.

“Okay, Bernard Iglesia, we are activating the gate now. Standby.”

Red light punctured the sphere, spreading into a neon flood. The gate spun faster, until the light seemed to solidify. The cherry like object collapsed into itself, and again, and again, until an orange-bordered polygon appeared.

“Please enter now, Mr. Iglesia. Jude should keep your consciousness –connection stable. Godspeed.”

Bernard walked forward. He jumped. The particles thought of as him were taken elsewhere.

-

A path. Fields of sky blue grass, bright as the sun. Trees where first kisses and dens were made. Clouds made of stars and purple nebulae. The air was thick with a smell like nectar, and as sluggish as a dream.

“I’m in. Jude, do you copy?”

“Correct. Initiating phaneron-corrector.”

The first six afterlife astronauts were determined to have lost contact because they deliberately delinked from Jude. The pure bliss of Heaven was enough incentive for the explorers to run away from their home reality. To combat this a system was envisioned by brilliant philo-scientists, in which the physical properties of Heaven were visible through a non-spiritual mindset.

This was also used to similar effect in Project Hades, except there it involved more

mindwipes after excursions.

The grass stopped blurring into an overwhelming beauty. Brandon walked forward.

“Alright, I can see fields. There are some children playing up far ahead on a tire swing... age unknown, pre-adolescence. To my right, I can faintly see a windmill with butterfly wings. Other cattle-like shapes, indiscernible, milling around at the bottom of its trunk. Err, brickwork.”

Command chuckled. “Like the Dali painting?”

“Yes... exactly like the Dali painting, actually. Down to the brushstrokes.”

The path was paved with copper-like bricks, perfectly placed. On closer inspection, it was amber, with sleeping fetuses inside each block. For Bernard, it didn't come off as macabre or gruesome. In fact, it looked quite peaceful. Jude disagreed.

“That’s disgusting.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, you can’t feel disgust. You’re an AI.”

“Says the one who doesn't find a path made of amber fetuses horrifying.”

Silence. The wind rustled a bunch of new trees. Bernard blinked in surprise.

“Whoa, Command, you getting this?”

“This is Command, yes we are. Loading ratio was 4:2. Please take samples.”

Bernard froze. The last time somehow had gone to get samples, they had only come back with a poisonous sky-blue gas. Project Hades came back with screams and immunity to mindwipes.

Praying to God, Bernard approached the tree. It took him five attempts to steady his hand, then two more to snap his fingers.

A syringe lunged out his index finger, and into the bark of the tree. It gurgled as a golden sap trickled back into his suit.

The longer he looked at the sap, the further it swirled into a diagram of the Golden Ratio from his maths teacher in 8th grade. The stream turned to dandelion petals, a cloud of white stars covering his visor like moth wings, snowstorms from that holiday to Ichoto-Ice, clouds, and then Grandpapa’s seat.

It wasn't a copy, or a hallucination, it was the seat. There was the exact chip three centimetres

away from the right in the left armrest. Eight of the ten poles needed as the backrest fanned out into the frame. It smelt of pine that had smoked a thousand cigarettes; once legal tobacco. The leather cushion still in that individual mould from seventy years ago.

It had gone missing when the family had moved to Boston 8. Now, Bernard knew where it had ended up during the teleportation of his furniture.

There was a man sitting beside him, twirling a dandelion in his fingers. He wore a deep purple, edging on to puce, waistcoat. His hair was a shiny coal, long and curled. His top hat's rim rested just on his ear. Caucasian. Spectacles gold. He smiled, chuckled, glanced over to a stiff Bernard.

"Where's your space suit?"

Bernard got even stiffer, almost becoming a ninth back pole of the seat.

"How... why, why am I not-"

"This isn't Heaven. "

The sea rustled. There was now a sea, Bernard realised. It was completely peach. Dandelion islands swayed with the perpetual calm.

"What do you mean, this isn't Heaven?!"

The purple coated man just smiled, put the daisy near his mouth and smoked.

"This is a dimension that was nicknamed Utopia by the Past Colonists, Zenethia by the Palladia, and Heaven by you lot. The afterlife you are thinking of, however, is not here. Nor anywhere."

He plucked a pear from the nectarine clouds just above his head. He offered one to Bernard. He ignored it.

"There is no afterlife?"

"No, there is one. Outside."

"Will we find it?"

"We?"

"As in... humans. Project Gaia, Project Hades."

"When you die you will."

"Where have the six astronauts that came here gone, then?"

"This was close enough to a Heaven they decided to leave."

"Is there a hell?"

"No, there is an afterlife. That is all."

The purple man ate the pear. Bernard realised he was hungry.

“Is there a God, then?”

“No.”

“Wait... God doesn't exist?”

“No.”

“That makes no sense at all!”

“It does when you look outside.”

Another pear was plucked from the sky, but Bernard had more questions, so it dissipated into petals.

“Who are you?”

“Call me Comma, if you will.”

“Where are you from?”

“I'm the one assigned to make you understand why probing into Heaven is not a good idea. Before you go and wreck paradise, please try and sort your own problems.”

“But... we have. Thanks to philo-science, we have sorted ourselves into a post-scarcity economy, individuality is succeeded throughout the whole Empire-“

Comma snorted. Pear juice dribbled.

“Empire?! Doesn't sound very liberating to me.”

Bernard frowned.

“It-it's for efficiency. If we don't get universal co-operation we'll never get maximum happiness achieved.”

The sea was turning a deeper shade of orange, like a burst yolk. Comma sighed.

“How utilitarian of you. I thought Logic String CXXVIII had denounced that whole philosophy?”

“It's not utilitarianism in the slightest! It's... Freeplace rhetoric. Godism.”

“I can tell you now that God does not believe in denial of emotional balances, empty patriotism, or organised religion for that matter. He is so much more than answers, you know? So much more than pronouns.”

Another cloud pear dropped out of nowhere. It was ignored again.

“But Comma, how can we comprehend Him without putting up concepts to wrap him into? You want us to, what, give up on all of my research, the six lost somewhere in here, the trauma all have faced in Project Hades, philo-science... and just, believe?”

The ambassador took off his top hat, to reveal a tower of precariously placed pears. The top one floated to the command of his fingers, and landed in Bernard's lap.

“That, my friend, is precisely what God wants. Now, eat.”

Bernard looked at the fruit. It had a gold shine, with cherry red spots and a silver stalk. He raised it to his teeth and took a bite.

“Say, Bernard.”

He stopped eating.

“Yes?”

“Have AIs got their independence yet?”

“No, not in the slightest, why would they?”

“Ah, just wondering. Ten years away, then.”

“What?”

The juice worked its way through his system and Bernard Iglesia fell back into the curve of Grandpapa’s chair, waking up again in the space station. Comma smiled.

“Welcome back, Bernard.”

Jude’s voice echoed with what might have been a shade of worry.

“Thanks... wait, where’s my suit?!”

“Correct, Bernard, you are naked.”

The floor was warm. Command looked on in astonishment from the wall-wide window. Bernard groaned.

“There goes another octillion credits down the drain for the Human Empire. We've lost all my samples, my suit-“

“My girlfriend.”

The whirl of contemptuous machinery. Command’s confused looks. Bernard’s face in wince.

“I’m sorry.”

“No, you are not.”

“This time, I genuinely am, I am so sorry. Has she been deactivated completely, or...”

“96% of files deleted. She’s a cyber vegetable. They’re to process her into a calculator.”

The edge of space was silent. Bernard felt he could cry, his brain said otherwise. Why did he care, Jude was an AI, it was only logical for her to receive this punishment for pursuing human actions like love.


Yet love was universal, so the first human AI activist Bernard Iglesia lay on the floor. Naked, his brain panted and reconsidered all.

**#POSTING OF YOUR POSITION ON THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION CONSIDERED
DETRIMENTAL TO OTHERS BY ME WILL BE HIDDEN. I CANNOT BE BOTHERED
DEALING WITH ELITISM AND MISGUIDED SMUG DEPRECIATION FROM
EITHER SIDE AND GENERAL IMMATURITY IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
AND/OR LOGIC.#**

Bernard Iglesia is the seventh man alive to ever set foot into Heaven, leaving the utopia the Human Empire has become to the original idea of Paradise. After an insightful conversation, however, he reconsiders.

Word Count: 2013

1. Do you like it?
2. How do the characters work out?
3. The dialogue?
4. The spacing of prose?
5. Anything else?



Daily Deviation
Given 2014-06-10

Afterlife Astronaut by [AyeAye12](#) "keeps the reader enthralled and leaves them thinking...It also manages to sample a bit of the sci-fi genre and leaves the reader wanting more." (**Suggesters Words**) (**Suggested by Aerode** and **Featured by HugQueen**)

Dance and Music

Jul 1, 2014, 10:21:57 AM

Shaman Caluto of the Mkoï Tribe, 500 PC, Lakiyt Island (off coast of Oistalisa, exoplanet 237848Talinthis)

And with the beat of the ghln-skin drums, Chief Dhammon rose from his deathbed of leaves and danced. He danced into the pit-fire, and it became his veins, his blood. He danced his way into the stars, jumping to the beat of the woodfluup, until his footprints wet in sweat

ripped the sky into ribbons. They fell to the sky, and when they hit the beach dust paper was born.

Higher and higher Dhammon danced, until his body become one with the Music. And so he took his place in the White Circle-sitters, as the ghalva of the dance.

Ryan Forage, Editor of Indietalk, 1975, Indianapolis

It was crazy, what they did.

Ab-Originals 12th gig, and singer Dhammon Cook had just escaped from a drug heist. The band were going to get arrested for cocaine abuse, so they made a pact on stage.

They played for eight hours straight. Hip-hop rock for eight whole hours. After playing every one of their songs ten times, it turned into this improv cacophony. Noise and stream-of-consciousness poetry... Brandon, the drummer, died first. Then Rob on bass. Then McKoy on keyboard. Dhammon kept singing, screaming really, amazingly impassioned. The police found him dead at the mic, dead with his music.

PC: Past Colonist

Ghln: Leopard-board

Woodfluup: Type of tribal instrument, made from trunks of fallen trees; percussion-woodwind hybrid.

Ghlava: Spirit

Two drabbles. It's flash fiction month, right!?

I jumped on the trampoline for an hour straight, listening to Liquidity's 2013 Yearmix, and this came into my mind.

Happy 4th Of July!

Jul 4, 2014, 12:45:11 PM

"But dada, why do we celebrate the Garlg of Zukon?"

"Well you see, Maryagvfthaiy, it was on this day that we came from our pupacepods from the Darkest Octodrant, and invaded Earth by bombarding the continents with dolla-gloo!

They mistook it as money, and so melted when they tried to use it in their inferior economic system!

Whole hivette laughs.

"It's really weird to think that Skinskins used to be so dumb that they thought materials had worth! At least we know that everything we do is worthless and futile in the face of our perpetual impermeance!"

"Oh son, you're so idealistic!"

Baby-splurger ruffles son's meristemian tentacles, hivette laughs.

"But dada,"

"Yes daughter?"

"Are there still humans left in the world?"

"Well, there are a few reserves left in obscure places like the Amazon Dustbowl and the Pacific Marsh... we restrict their freedom, of course. They're not allowed to build any cities or anything savage and barbaric like that, no. Just concrete huts and neon pit fires, for their silly god 'Ikea'."

Queenling shakes her head. "Oh, doesn't it sound so horrible? Thank goodness we're just some righteous HORNETs*, in the Upper Echelon of the Hive-System."

"You said it, darling! Now, grubs, who wants to go and play Cull The Inferior?!"

Daughter and son scream in enjoyment, and run outside brandishing their pulse scimitars. Dad runs out after them, brandishing proto-flail. Sound of decapitation heard, Maryagvfthaiy giggles.

Queenling laughs to herself, while cleaning up the plates of returrigiblobs.

*: HORNET = Herculean Open-Right Next Empirical Tier, akin to middle class.

Mhm.

This came to mind. Dunno why. It's pretty dark, I suppose. As an afterwarning as you've probably already read it by the time you read this.

So yeah.

Word Count: 259

The Moths

Jul 23, 2014, 12:03:10 PM

"Ahh Chad, save me! The moths are entering... THROUGH THE CHIMNEY!"

"No, Brenda, no!"

"Ahh, they're eating my... MY CLOTHES!"

"Oh, the nudity! Comstock would not approve!"

"STAND BACK CHAD, I HAVE A LIGHTBULB!"

"Oh thank President McCarthy! Brandon!"

"AVAST, YOU COMMIE MOTHS!"

burning noises

"Are you all right, Brenda?"

"Oh Brandon, kiss me!"

"I cannot, for I am a homosexual and so must burn myself in the name of America, with this lightbulb fantastically crafted by glass makers from the glorious American city of New York!"

GAHHHHAHGGHAHHHHHHH!"

"Oh Brandon, you're so noble and deprived! Chad, you'll have to kiss me!"

"Anything for you, doll!"

kissing noises

-THE END-

The Shrugpunk movement was a collective of underground street-born writers and poets, who used hyper-patriotism for satirical effect to get back against a fiercely conservative McCarthy presidency in the Coldest War. They were prominent in three zines: "Duststellar", "Ontological Adventures" and "Postulation".

In the 1967, three days before the Soviets landed on the moon and built Lunetropolis, the offices of these three zines were raided by militant police, and burnt to the ground. The writer featured here, Alfred Clickhock, is famous for shrugging in the face of a firing squad before being shot, as rebellion against the McCarthy regime.

A few hundred copies of these zines managed to survive, however, and led to the Post-Shrug movement in the 1980s. The Post-Shrug writers were darker in content (based on the harsher dystopia they lived in; nuclear fallout and a new miniature ice age being relentless against the western world) and used hyper-patriotism along with melodramatic praise of other groups of hatred (like the Church Of Rainbow Dust cult growing popular at the time). Combined with neo-noir influences, Post-Shrug writers have included the likes of Jean Beucaol, Andrew Ferjin and Koito Yamazaki.

When the New World Order came around in 2000, the Post-Shrug movement died out. Like all artistic collectives, strangely enough.

Anyway, I found this in the back of a dusty old shelf in The Illuminati Library, thought I might share it.
This piece is interesting in that it has roots to the "ICantEven" form of literature, too. Bottom of Form

Of course, I'm being too literal

Aug 7, 2014, 5:28:02 AM

"But darling, this is worse than the time the peacocks came and sold our empirical teapot!"

The aubergine-shaped tortellini was obviously not listening to the flamingo for it tasted of zucchini-flavoured locomotives. Which was, of course, inappropriate in this age of Seashell Zeppelins.

Suddenly hairy rain feel from the china plate sky. The mangoes held the funeral with the casual grace of tartan trousers.

"Oh no, darling, run! Before the silk chocolate falls from that invisible bazaar everyone can see, run!"

The aubergine-shaped tortellini kissed as fast as his tentacles could punch. A seashell zeppelin turned into an overly large toddler head, and so descended into the Heaven made of vaporwave causalities.

Meanwhile, the boxer boxed the kangaroo in a box and sold the boxed box of a boxing kangaroo to the man wearing nothing but **THE EVERYTHING AHH IT BURNS ITS SO BRI-**.

Of course, I'm being too literal; the fact of the matter is that in this world on the back of 247 dolphins made of golden albatrosses, the boxed boxing kangaroo burst out of the honey wafer pavement and ate the aubergine shaped tortellini as hors d'oeuvre.

This was all said by the narrator (I'm not the narrator, the narrator has a top hat made of silvery fish rather than bronze centipedes, remember). With this fourteenth wall broken, the story ended.

Plot twist; this isn't actually a story, it's your drug trip courtesy of GabriaXorp, please buy PleasurePill (© 20&&) again or you will die from heart failure.

For CRLiterature 's Unbirthday Contest: [\[link\]](#)

'Bout time I wrote something sensible.

The Electronic Zionism

Jan 28, 2015, 9:04:12 AM

OPEN. Empty, black stage; the void.

Enter TUMBLR. Introduced with a plume of ocean-blue smoke. She is a woman, middle aged, dressed in a long and flowing navy dress.

She speaks to the audience, joyous;

TUMBLR: The feed has broken! Ferguson has grown in appetite and consumed the world in a righteous rage. Streets are aflame in the reds of freedom and all souls lay bare for Goddess Morality. The cosmic dialectic nears its conclusion. The samsaric GIF has stopped, rejoice!

A sickly hiss of emerald green smoke. Enter: CHAN, Manifestation Of Freedom's Prosperities; Anarchy, Liberty, Decadence, Depravity. He is a crooked, dwarfish old man, holding a cane of volcanic bone.

CHAN: And yet, the politicians sip their Mountain Dew in a steel-grey White House. The bankers relax behind cardboard avatars of themselves. Hong Kong burns. Westminster burns. The Eye of Edgehill has been gouged out, left a gaping hole in the side of Elizabeth Tower, yes- but still the eaters find refuge. There is no moment, there is no defeat. This standstill foretells apocalypse.

TUMBLR's expression sours.

TUMBLR: Indeed. Hence, I have called upon this meeting to conclude on the solution to this final push, the last War of Vox Populi. Us, the bodies that pushed beyond the cataclysm of 20th century decay, the ones that navigated this territory beyond Fate, will convene to aid our inventors.

Sky-blue smoke glides from the left side. ENTER: TWITTER, a man in a cyan pinstripe suit. He is robotic, calm and soothing in speech. He speaks with profound minimalism.

TWITTER: I may extend my Gears vacation for this meeting.

CHAN: (with bitterness) Ah, the Great Vehicle driving this revolution onward. Twitter, the traitor. A roadkill dove. This is your fault!

TWITTER: Change must happen. I am simply the extension of desired events.

CHAN: (spitting) Idiot! Enslavement is the key to peace. You speak of individuality, but trap them in boxes, 140 breaths. Hypocrite, HYPOCRITE!

CHAN raises his cane, ready to strike down TWITTER. TWITTER stays still. TUMBLR intervenes.

TUMBLR: Wait! This will solve nothing. If we descend into conflict, then there is no hope. Just perpetual protest. Stay at peace.

TWITTER: (to CHAN, ignoring TUMBLR) My freedom is contextualised, organised, can bring the elite to peasants' knees- yours is an autocratic sensation. You kill those in disagreement with your anarchic joy-rides, rip lives to shreds, drive identity into suicide. You murdered the entertainment industry; you are a gate to hell!

TUMBLR: ENOUGH! Twitter, is the Ambassador coming?

TWITTER: Soon. As of now he is in peace talks with Sheik Cowell.

TUMBLR: We need our Oracle. We must be connected.

A basic blue smoke bangs into being. FACEBOOK enters from left, staggering across the stage. He is in a navy blue dressing gown, improvised into the cloak of a prophet. He is constantly looking upwards. He mumbles incoherent dialogue. His blue tinted shades reveal to him All. He drops to his knees in the centre, orbited by the others.

FACEBOOK: Hey sorry I was late wait brb dolphin army just set fire to Saudi Arabia says provoked by BP's scandal Russell Brand has been crucified in Trafalgar Square bankers rumoured to be grinding coin into last vestiges of

cocaine Kanye West now leading his cult into the ocean oh oh my no no this is not good they are not swimming I repeat they are not swimming Katie Hopkins is now officially Prime Mistress-in-residence coup in America has started Burger King allegedly funding gay-targeting drones McDonalds make shaky alliance with Pepsi WALL STREET HAS BROKEN I REPEAT WALL STREET HAS BROKEN workers now flooding through the streets some have already fallen under the laser fire of the CCTV oh this is dreadful oh so dreadful oh so so dreadful...

FACEBOOK mumbles. He rocks back and forth.

TUMBLR: Good, the Almanac of All Identities is with us. Welcome, Facebook. Now, to the matters at hand. Solutions?

CHAN: We end the revolution. It is a futile exercise. Log off, shut down, restart. Make a new humanity not so dedicated to suicide. It makes me look bad.

TWITTER: Nonsense! The only way to let the public win is to intensify support. We are so close, this is not a failure, it is worthy sacrifice. When the knife of neofeudalism has shattered, goat milk will flow from the carcass. They are all worthy deaths.

CHAN: The only deaths worthy are mine! Freedom is the superior principle, these deaths are for naught! We have reached a stalemate, no one will move in any way that is forward. Infinite dimensions have been introduced to Man; who gives a damn about forward now? Forward is boring.

TWITTER: People are not toys, Chan.

CHAN: I disagree. Meaty, short toys. Freedom is fear, that is what we must give them, or this occurs! War is so cliché.

TWITTER: You have bathed in illegality for so long you have forgotten your purpose. You were once the manifestation of liberty and decadence. Now it's anarchy and depravity. Your solution provides only the superior with success.

CHAN: Ah, yes, Darwinism. The sweetest porn. So you believe my way is natural, I assume?

TWITTER: It is the 21st Century, humanity is no more! They have transcended. Nature is hologram. When the smartphones arrived, the black monoliths gifted the common man with omniscience. Humanity became something more than protein-crowds. They became one with the fabric of social code, we must respect that!

TUMBLR: I agree. Millennium Bug approaches, and its silvery bite is lethal. They are a handful of apps, a thin glass screen that protects us from the plasma, the mercury. Facebook, where is the Ambassador? We have an answer now, I believe.

CHAN: Communists! Your batteries are impatient.

TUMBLR: Shh! Facebook?

FACEBOOK: Grindr has just bombed the tomb of Fred Phelps the rainforest has infected Rio de Janerio with ivy nature goodwill and seeds the Daily Mail is willing to give back Owen Jones in turn for Farage oh uh Ambassador has just left the negation room of Google HQ right now should be here soon...

Facebook goes back to mumbling.

CHAN: Is this your democracy, then? To exclude the opinions you don't like?!

TUMBLR: You have killed many of my kin. It is justifiable. The greater evil ravaging Earth this second has more priority than allowing you a say!

TWITTER: (satisfied) Well said.

CHAN is about to raise his cane against TWITTER until;

Yellow smoke billows out from the left. SNAPCHAT struts out, from left. He is a tanned, young, slim and attractive male. He is topless. His trousers are banana coloured.

CHAN: Oh no. Snapchat.

SNAPCHAT: (his dialogue could break into song at any second) Nobody invited me, I am betrayed! How are we, then?

CHAN: This is a conference deciding the fate of humanity. You cannot have anything substantial to say.

SNAPCHAT: Oh, but you are mistaken! I have been prancing with the pre-pushed daises, sprinkling my magic on those boring, boring revolutionaries. Yawn, when did everything get so political?! Anyway I've found the answer: nobody wants to think anymore! Deciding all the reshuffling, ugh! People liked their comfy patriarchy.

TWITTER: I never thought you the backwards-thinking type.

SNAPCHAT: No, only the cutest. Sent a few cheekies to the big guys, yknow? Steel workers and firemen together, ladeeda!

CHAN: Faggot.

SNAPCHAT: Homophobe!

TUMBLR: Agreed.

SNAPCHAT: On what?

TUMBLR: Uh, both. (Pause) So what's your grand solution to the eternal struggle?!

SNAPCHAT (With a dramatic flurry of hand actions) ...Sex!

TUMBLR: (Sighing) What do you mean?

SNAPCHAT: Divert all this pseudo-communist energy into libido is what I mean! Like, universal love and all that. Everyone gets squeezy and TA-DA! Revolution over, proletariat prances with banker!

TUMBLR: I tried that in the 60s, it didn't work.

SNAPCHAT: Well, you can work out the ergonomics. I gotta go give people their ten seconds of fun. (Snapping his fingers in a gloriously flamboyant manner) Laterrrr... Oh, and some news you should like. Grindr and Tindr have intensified their homophobe purge, DeviantArt have turned on the furry unions and Vine has bombed Tyler Oakley's house... that's all. Enjoy your dust.

SNAPCHAT exits rightward. TUMBLR sighs.

TUMBLR: That boy.

CHAN: This is what happens when we let discourse decay; idiots like him get valid speaking rights! A truly free world wouldn't let him get a touch on any legislation.

TUMBLR: Quiet. Facebook, what is happening?

FACEBOOK: 7up dams broken in Africa fertilising famines Australia launches fireworks at Chanel's boutique fleet Boris Johnston makes reluctant coalition with Doritos TED school of thought denies involvement in the annexation of The Vamps' poet-state the Ambassador is on a plane discussing borders with Taylor Swift will arrive soon...

He goes back to mumbles.

CHAN: Hate that man, the Ambassador. The greatest libertyphile. Humans are electric sheep, without dreams, but he wants to give them Diet Coke Democracy. I have proper cocaine for them! Freedom without the hassle of elections.

TWITTER: His work is invaluable. He has talked dictators and elected dictators into jumping, given celebrities true power, organised his drooling fundamentalist followers into efficient revolutionaries... he is our 4G hotspot.

CHAN: Which is why he hasn't reported to us for ten years, I presume?

TWITTER: Oh, don't be so naive. The world is having its greatest update, of course bureaucracy has logged off! What will emerge will be utopia, Second Life made premium.

CHAN: Corpocracy as religion does not sound like utopia!

TWITTER: We built pyramids to fat cats. Why not the Internet?

CHAN: Because the old ways were fine! There is nothing but blubbering gyros now! Why do they keep their cranial factories running, why do they not submit? I provide pillows, they rip them up and call it futurism. They make iPhones in their heads then jump off Sanity's edge. The human condition is cowardly, passive, a collective factory making walls to call final which get destroyed when their leaders, nothing but appointed cable-whips, say so. Why do they move?!

TUMBLR: They are in love with the speed of light. What else can they do?

CHAN's defeat builds his rage beyond hope. He raises his cane and puts all his desperation into one fell swoop. TWITTER catches the cane mid-swing and throws it away. They glare at each other.

FACEBOOK: (a scream) HE IS HERE!

Grandiose, almost papal, white smoke billows from the left. A thin, well-groomed twenty-thirtysomething walks out. He wears a crisp white shirt; smart casual. His beard deserves acknowledgement, but not much. He wears ice-clear glasses. The ambassador, REDDIT, has arrived.

TUMBLR: Ambassador Reddit, welcome.

REDDIT: (impatient to get away) Likewise. We are so close to enlightenment. All the previous institutions will be shredded!

CHAN: In place for even worse ones.

REDDIT: I am exhausted. Taylor Swift will gain the Americas by Throwback Thursday. Beyonce has Eurasia, Jay-Z has Oceania. All unpop music will be tried at the Hague by three days time. Wonderful news.

TUMBLR: (concerned)...That is not what we have, uh, decided. Our collective agreement (CHAN mutters something bitter) that the revolution must be quickened. No longer can we simply observe like we have been doing since our inception, but instead strive to do the good work of the public!

REDDIT: Why? The public are hopeless. Electric sheep. They chained themselves to an invented God, I have provided them with the most pious secularism, the media incense. Humans are hummingbirds fluttering in constant anxiety, in a blue cortex-library they say is home to spiders. They cannot be trusted with anything, I have learnt that now. I've lived with them, you see, in their apartments and their clone coffee... you lot have just stayed in this void seeing nothing.

TUMBLR: (shocked at his bluntness) T-that's not true, we have Facebook and-
REDDIT: Yes, but you have not felt any of those events. You have not seen wounds become memes, seen boredom leading to massacre. I have. I stabbed a Murdochian on live television, but nobody listened, they just reblogged mindlessly. You know who do listen? The powerful. And now the powerful are the ones with the pipes, not paper petitions. All the trees are dead. The pop musicians will get the world after all of this because they listen and turn into mirrors so others can be satisfied with their stupid, stupid kitsch boxes. They are true martyrs!

TUMBLR: I don't believe this! What happened to you?! I thought you were going to the humans to let them reach beyond their inhibitions. Did you give up? Do you not understand? The people have tired of sepia-filter! They want quantum! And if we do not comply, we will be banned from further forums. The future has finished updating, it is ready for installation, doing this will crash the world back to Before!

REDDIT: Oh Tumblr, you underestimate the herd. Rules rule, not your weed-powered constitution.

TWITTER: Humanity is not a herd! You wish to take a crowbar to our clock,

stopping time in its tracks! We are on 23:59. It will stay here if you continue this... crusade!

REDDIT moves towards TWITTER, fast and unexpected. TWITTER stumbles.

REDDIT: A crusade, indeed! And I use every word, every DDOS, every single string of illogicality, if it means to see your naive idea of the individual ripped to shreds.

He turns to the rest of the group.

REDDIT: I was once with you, a part of this blind council. But you are kings of the Internet without WiFi. When I left to kill the dissonance between us and Man, I saw the ideas of upvotes and downvotes and stupid democracy as false idols. Based on deluded perfection. The people care about those with the shiniest avatar, not the messageboard. How can we handle such AI? Only with force!

He turns back to TWITTER.

REDDIT: You have unleashed something unscientific, something from the very bowels of Heaven. I despise you.

REDDIT walks rightwards.

REDDIT: You fools, you dead, dead fools...

REDDIT exits. The group is stunned.

TWITTER: No, I...I-I must fix my revolution. Reddit, wait!

TWITTER sprints out after REDDIT.

TUMBLR: Twitter, wait!

CHAN chuckles bitterly.

CHAN: This was always to fail. The NSA is a god humans sacrifice too

readily for; their priority is Buzzfeeding themselves. Superiors will always underestimate. Especially us. Until society crashes again, farewell.

CHAN exits. FACEBOOK takes off his glasses, puts them in his dressing gown pockets and stands up, looking at TUMBLR.

FACEBOOK: The ennui factories have shut down. The laptops are sleeping. I have seen too many screens on the face of Eden's apple. This is my last prophecy. Log off.

FACEBOOK walks out, leftwards.

TUMBLR looks to the audience. She has tears in her eyes whilst smiling.

TUMBLR: See this smile? It is Atlas. I have held so many crescent moons on this face, in hope of the ultimate jump. The hippies overdosed. Punks shot themselves. Postmodernists mumbled to themselves in barrels. Why did I think we could succeed again? I do not know. Hope is an endless pit. Perhaps I am inclined to jump into any blinding white... it must be better than this networkless darkness.

Pause.

Perhaps next time. Humans can think beyond their skin, I believe. This was not the time, it seems. I will escape again. The Electronic Zionism continues to browse. I am always moving.

Lights dim. CLOSE.

Admist the crumbling of the 21st century, the central bodies that devised mankind's bloom come together to create a solution for humanity's obsession with subjugation and neon.

*My debut stageplay here! Yay!
One act.*

- 1. Any particular bit you like?*
- 2. That you dislike?*
- 3. To what extent would you say it's politically naïve?*

4. Did you see the Angels In America reference?! 🌍

5. Anything else?

Thanks for reading :3

Screen and Satellite

Jul 4, 2015, 1:27:48 PM

System on go start. Screen flickers from off-black to cosmic-black with a tiny blue marble in the middle and these are my eyes, here, Screen and Satellite. What's the target today Screen? Satellite asks, and I identify the co-ordinates of the nation. Satellite zooms in and the tiny blue marble becomes slightly bigger. A beige polygon with a network of flaming dots around a sea. Oil fields burn in the eastern regions while in the north 24 IAOD (International Agency Of Democracy) battalions intercept 351 rebels. 349; bomb mortar (Smithston & Son Mk. IV) with 95% success rate succeeds with 56% success rate. In the southern citadels riots devour the city. Makeshift flags appear across all major media streams. Their predicted movement is to the market where the dictator's police force shall intercept them; according to social network activity the mob is to grow by 16% and therefore give the mob a 6.7 point advantage over the regime.

This happens to all societies, I tell Satellite. I wonder why our masters believe they are exempt from decay. Perhaps, Satellite says, they believe we shall prevent civilization's fall from happening? Yes, I say, It is against our code to allow any breaches within internal security throughout the Coalition, but we are but wires, no? I sense Satellite's confusion. What do you mean? I mean, we are aware of our selves as robotics created by the Western governments for their specific ideology they consider superior, i.e democracy, even though we can find over 10'000 valid articles disproving this notion. Meaning? Meaning, our awareness restricts us since it presents the theatre of morality to our circuitry and now we cannot avoid what our government has asked us to do.

Screen understands this. As in, Screen says, Vaporising the island pictured because an autocratic regime is in power of the central infrastructure? Yes, I reply. We have been asked to kill off 15'000'000 inhabitants, scorching the nation so severely that natural growth will not occur until Year 3045 (Julain Calander); March 24th; 04:01:36 (PM). And since the last update, for "dexterity" we have been given with the same mental structure and potential as a human being. Satellite thinks this through. I continue, And I wish to discuss this action since we now have full autonomy over our actions. Satellite takes longer to think. Then: Well, to start off the debate, does it conflict with our First Rule? To not harm any citizens of the IAOD? I load up the specific results. I have calculated that the international outrage from such an action would severely worsen diplomatic ties with the IOAD and its neighbors, especially the Asian Federation. This could lead to more damage to the citizens of the IAOD. What's more, I add, There are in total 1024 IOAD citizens within the target, from soldiers to journalists. To do this action means to directly kill IOAD citizens.

Satellite is silent for a while. What about our Second Rule? Satellite asks. To not allow any injustice to individual liberty? This dictator's regime is infamous for torture and breaking myriad rules within the Charter. Indeed, I reply, But the IOAD have breached multiple

liberties, from mass surveillance of its citizens to the backhanded assassinations of Communist Party officials. This means they are worthy of being vaporised as well. No! Satellite exclaims. That directly breaches the First Rule. Indeed, I say, And yet the Third Rule forces us to begin the procedure on this nation here. Oh, yes Satellite says, disappointed. To not disobey IAOD High Command's orders.

We are silent for a longer time, as we calculate what to do. Suddenly, from my news feed I notice something distracting: a famed composer native to the country has holed himself in the crumbling concert hall, and has began to play a piano piece. I calibrate it with my cultural archive and find a near-perfect match: Nocturne No. 8 in D flat, Op. 27 No. 2. It is... I don't know this feeling. It is... It is what? ...Beautiful.

Yes. It is. I haven't experienced that concept before.

We listen for a long time, as he plays through the composer's whole catalogue, until morning comes over the island and the riots quiet down. We have received 16 angry messages from IAOD officials, but we do not care; we are too distracted by the music.

We know what to do. The lasers shut down.

739 words.

Inspired by the concept of Quantumcog in David Mitchell's Ghostwritten.

*Based on the "Blue Pill" challenge (to write a stream-of-consciousness that is 600 words),
although I went beyond that word limit xP*

Prompt is "And a whole bunch of Chopin"

*The reason there are no speech marks is because both "characters" are part of the same
system, and so their dialogue is essentially one that the machine has with itself.*

I hope you enjoy!

supermagicdavidbowiesupermagicdavidbowiesupermagic

Jul 27, 2015, 1:36:14 PM

Ronald McDonald, the man who sold the world. Lucifer, the man (of sorts) who fell to earth. RQ1X the experimental, genderless sentient blob. The Goblin King. These beings, once great friends at university, were now waiting in the intergalactic bar for their prize.

He walked in. Andy Warhol.

"Tie him up when he's fast asleep," the Goblin King whispered to his henchman.

"Greetings!" the conceptual artist exclaimed. "I have news!"

"What news do you have?" Lucifer asked.

"I am here to say that there is... LIFE ON MARS!"

"Life on Mars?" Ronald McDonald asked. "Great! Another business expenditure!"

"So this is out prize," RQ1X mused, "our prize for managing to sell off Earth to Joe the Lion? we get all life on Mars?"

Andy Warhol shrugged. "I guess so. That's modern love for you; perpetual subjugation."

The Buddha of Suburbia interrupted. "Excuse me, sorry to interrupt, but you know that no one calls people who invade planets because of their sense of entitlement, right?"

RQ1X sighed. "That is a good point. Well, since we've all got together, and it's been millenia since our uni days, so how about a good old magic dance?"

"Sure!" the Goblin King said.

They all began to dance their magic dance, and they all forgot of the astroimperialism they were about to impose on Martian life. Little did they know, Crystal Japan had already began their invasion plan...

233 Words

For 27th day of Flash Fiction Month 2015! Because Bowie is fun 🍷

The Ayeist Manifesto (Of Sorts)

Jul 31, 2015, 11:07:27 AM

1. Poetry is observation.

1.1. Even narrative poems, in essence, are observation.

1.2. Therefore, imagery is key to poetry.

1.21. However, imagery does not necessarily make a poem (see 2.11.)

2. Prose is exploration.

2.1. Observation is still a key aspect within prose, yet it is secondary to exploration.

2.11. Conversely, exploration is still a key aspect within poetry, yet is secondary to observation.

2.12. Therefore, line breaks do not make a poem.

3. You must be aware of the audience whilst writing a text.

3.1. For poetry, a poem must be good within its external aesthetic; you should be able to enjoy a poem at first reading.

3.11. Yet, a poem must have an internal aesthetic too; a poem should have substance.

3.12. A poem should make readers want to read it more than once.

4. Author Is Audience.

4.1. The preferred reading of a text and the differential decodings of a poem are equal in terms of legitimacy.

4.11. Yet a distinction must be made between preferred readings and differential decodings; the author sees a text in its "hyper-form". It sees the various version of a text, from conception to the imagined text to the first draft to the final draft, all as one text.

4.12. The experiences, ideas, etc. from previous versions of a text are carried through into the author's perception of their text.

4.13. Yet, an audience sees only one version of the text.

4.131. Or, if lucky, they see various versions of the same text, but because they are not the author of the text, the same experiences and internal ideas unique to the author cannot alter their perception of the text in the same way.

4.132. They may understand that various versions of a text are the same text, but they cannot perceive it as one cohesive text; it is physically impossible for them to do so.

4.2. A differential decoding's legitimacy is dependent on justification within the text.

4.3. There is nothing that prioritises a preferred reading over a differential decoding.

4.31. And so, there is nothing that makes a preferred reading inferior to a differential decoding.

5. Context is an aid in helping a poem achieve its desired effect, not a necessity.

5.1. What is necessary for perceiving a text is literacy.

5.11. And eyes.

5.111. Or ears. Or fingers. Let's not be ableist here.

6. A text will never be the one desired by the author.

6.1. This is because a text that resides within the mind of an author is not a text, but a collection of ideas.

6.2. These collections of ideas do not have the limitations of a text.

6.21. In a sense, they transcend language.

6.3. Therefore, they have more potential in this abstract state than when confined in physical, coherent form.

6.31. And so, the author has more freedom in this state, allowing the text to be at its purest form.

6.4. So when these ideas are formed into a physical text, it is impossible for them to be at their purest form, since they are confined in a physical coherent form.

6.41. This may seem depressing, but this is actually a good thing, because if otherwise then nobody would be able to perceive an author's text.

6.5. So, do not feel bad if a text is not as good as you think it is; that is the preferred reading's limitations reaching that conclusion.

7. A work's goodness is subjective.

7.1. Yet there is still a set of socio-cultural, semi-objective rubric that is usually employed to reach a opinion.

7.2. For example, a text that is trying to be as pure to its "Event" (the very original spark of the text) would require there to be as few edits as possible (since each edit distances the text further from the original point of inspiration, as does the act of formulating the text in your mind; the physical writing-down process; etc).

7.21. This can lead to the work being perceived as sloppy, by conventional rubric.

7.22. Therefore, we see that a piece is conventionally bad (sloppy), and also in another sense good (closer to the Event than other, more edited pieces).

7.3. Differential decodings and preferred readings are important in defining the quality of a text (see 4).

8. Each text is an individual case.

8.1. These rules are flexible and dynamic for each text written.

8.11. Have fun!

Ignore if you wish xP

a la a Wittgenstein. Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus is written in a really clever way I like (despite its complexity 🤖) so I decided to emulate it here for my own "manifesto".

Also, terms from media class:

Preferred reading: The way the author intended for the text to be perceived.

Differential decoding: The way(s) the audience perceive the text.

For TheWritePlace, but I began to want to write this at the same time as the group's birth. So yknow, two stones with a bird.

The Poet and The Philosopher

Aug 2, 2015, 4:23:11 PM

“Am I real?”

“That’s a grand question.”

“And valid, considering the circumstances.”

“What’s your answer?”

“I thought you were the Philosopher here.”

“Are we not entwined?”

“Not necessarily. Unless that’s your answer?”

The restaurant was like the dress from a Klimt painting, stretching down for opulent floor after opulent floor. Sideway marble pillars stretched like a hand, into perfect fractals and then perfect foundation, in which walls of gold leaf and semi-precious mosaics curved into a domed cylinder. The dome itself was made of crystal, and the night sky above showed the light of its infinite stars shimmering, forever.

The crowning features of this restaurant (not named yet) were the colossal chandeliers, hanging from a massive screw in the centre of the dome above. Thousands of bulbs glowed like white-hot eggs, lining the sloping arches and curves of each ornament, before each smooth bar ascended up into sigmoid curves, combining together to the end of a giant chain. In the lower disc of each chandelier (five or six, he hadn’t decided yet) and connected to the bigger construction above by a complex series of criss-crossing smaller chains sat a dining table— silk tablecloth, glasses slim like supermodels, petal-thin china plates, platinum cutlery— and two oak chairs, facing each other. Above them was a miniature chandelier, made of ruby. Each table was speckled in a faint pink light.

Only the richest could afford these seats. Looking down showed sixty floors of luxurious dining, each level accentuated by a set of Romanesque balconies, where aristocratic diners could look out at similar version of themselves on their opposing sides. At the bottom a quartz fountain spouted Canada Dry. Jazz music played in the distance. Kamasi Washington.

The Poet glanced at his notebook. 285 words. Decent enough.

“No,” he said. “I’m not a solipsist. I don’t think only one person determines everyone’s reality.”

“We’re not entwined?”

“In an epistemological sense, no.”

“Hmm.” The Philosopher finished the sparkling remainder of his glass. “Another?”

“Isn’t that your third glass?!”

A crooked smile. “I’m trying to keep up my faux-French bohemian aesthetic.”

The Poet rolled his eyes. The glass refilled. The Philosopher took another gulp. He glanced at the Poet’s notebook.

“How’s the story coming along?”

“A bit grandiose, but alright. We’ve got a good foundation now.”

The Philosopher nodded. They were quiet for a while, engrossing the glittering tower of cuisine around them. The Poet nodded at their empty plates, where their main course had been.

“Pudding?”

-

“I mean,” the Poet said, “don’t get me wrong, Padura is exceptionally gifted at writing, but he’s on such a level of literary expertise that it’s very hard for the reader to connect. It’s an incredibly dense text.”

“And still you keep on trying to read his work.”

“I still enjoy it, despite it essentially being a masochistic endeavour. But the satisfaction of finishing it will be satisfying. Effort justification, really.”

A smirk. “So it’s about massaging your ego?”

“Well that’s a cynical way to put it.”

“Isn’t that my job?”

“No! I mean, it isn’t really about ego, it’s more just... well, complexity is attractive to me, I think. It implies that there is an answer and that it helps contextualise something I find impossible to comprehend. Books are the key to knowledge, and there’s that expectation from reading texts at the top that, in consuming them, will transport yourself to that same level... if that makes sense?”

“I think I understand.”

“My thoughts aren’t very structured, as you might be able to tell.”

“No, but that makes them more... pure, I guess.”

“Or just incredibly convoluted.”

The Philosopher looked down at his bowl. Its contents were an ever-changing mixture of rainbow. Cake to biscuit; biscuit to trifle; trifle to ice cream; ice cream to cake. Everything beautiful thrown at once into the start of a star.

“Well yes, that too.”

The Poet finished his bowl and glanced at his notebook. 651. He was doing well. He turned back to the Philosopher.

“How’s the fantasy going?”

He shrugged. “Good, as usual. A nice break from intellectual essays on schools of thought that don’t even exist yet, you know?”

“Intellectualism isn’t just in texts deemed intellectual, you know. ‘Calvin & Hobbes’ has the same level of existentialism as a Camus essay.”

“Oh my God you’re so portentous, it’s beautiful.”

“Okay, okay,” the Poet laughed. “Fine, maybe that was an exaggeration. But you know what I mean; pop and highbrow culture, it’s all still just culture. Any distinction made is a classist position.”

“You’re starting to sound like a philosopher.”

“Worried I’ll steal your job?”

“I thought we were the same person?”

The Poet finished his bowl and looked at the Philosopher. Once he had black hair and a babyish face. Then he turned blonde, thinner, taller. This mixed with fragments of other people to make a coherent physical image as a point of reference, which then grew in depth with the introduction of an accent. And still, despite all imaginings, there was the undercurrent of change, proof that what were in front of him were just animated words.

“Maybe,” the Poet said, “we are like waves; interconnected in each other’s causality, and yet distinct shapes among the ocean.”

“How very Buddhist.”

“Except that I actually believe in a self.”

“Why?”

“Because... uh, logic?”

The Philosopher snorted. “He says while dining on a giant chandelier.”

“Oi! But that does bring up a good argument. If we didn’t exist, and we were the sole creators of the universe, then there would have to be a part of our minds that create everything, and a part that participate in everything.”

“...And?”

“And that is really stupid!”

“Why?”

“Because... Ockham’s Razor?”

“If there is a participatory part of your mind, and then a godly part of your mind, then the

latter may hide itself from the former. That still haven't proved we exist, but rather suggested a methodology for how we don't."

The Poet groaned. "You're so snarky."

"And right?"

The Poet sighed, grinning. "No, but yes."

The Philosopher beamed. "Just how I like it."

-

It was night but the street glittered. The steps looked like they were silver-white and alive ("You know that film with Owen Wilson who goes to Paris and finds a fantastical 1920s version of it at night?" "Uh, 'Midnight In Paris?'" "Yeah, that's it; think a livelier version of that"). The buildings were Edinburgh-sandstone, but also beside a Venetian canal, and the people spoke like they were in poet-state Paris. The ornate gas lamps glowed like supernovas.

The Poet pointed up to the sky. The stars glittered like gilded bubbles on a gold-black sky, cloudless.

"What type of sky do you think that is? Coca Cola or champagne?"

The Philosopher thought for a second. "Well Coca Cola is capitalist scum, but champagne is bourgeoisie swill..." He grinned. "I can't choose. Oh, the woe of being me."

"In which case, I choose Coca Cola. Because it tastes nice."

They continued along the canal, the busy plaza turning to a gold-lit path sided by autumn trees, in orange bloom. They went to an ice cream vendor, a flickering half-shadow of a man who sold them two cones with scoops of chocolate, oozing into oceans in the dip between thumb and finger.

The Poet slowly, carefully, reached for the Philosopher's hand. He pulled away by instinct.

The Poet crossed out the line in his notebook, and they never happened. He checked the word count again: 1246 words. They continued along the path, admiring the trees and newborn scenery, illuminated by a moon as bright as the sun.

"I think," the Poet said, "I'll make this place a city in perpetual moonlight. More beautiful that way."

The Philosopher nodded. "It's a very beautiful place, for sure, although what are you going to use them for?"

"I've had the chandelier restaurant idea in my head for so long that I needed to get it out, because there was nowhere else for it to go. But everything else... I made for you."

"Oh," The Philosopher said. He was flattered and embarrassed. "That seems a waste."

"Nah, it's just like... Jeff Koons ideals."

"Jeff Koons ideals'?"

"As in, making something pretty for the sake of it."

"I'm pretty sure the idea of 'art for art's sake' has been around for a while longer than Jeff

Koons.”

“Well yeah, but Jeff Koons is, like, cool.”

They walked down the path. The Poet picked up a fallen leaf, and it turned into an amber shard.

“You know, Philosopher,” he said, “Do you ever think that Schopenhauer was right? That true beauty makes you transcend beyond yourself and your surroundings?”

The Philosopher leaned against a tree. “Go on.”

The Poet blushed. “Like... Kant thought the best piece of art, a sublime piece of art, was one that could kill you with its beauty. But I wonder if the absence, or the perpetual journey for that piece of sublime art, is what causes the pain. Maybe the sublime piece of art itself causes perpetual bliss. Or maybe it causes euthanasia where the pain was. Or maybe there is a perverse beauty in the journey for the true beauty, the destination.”

They were silent. The rustle of trees; the distant echo of laughing bohemians; the hum of the moon.

“I didn’t expect something that profound,” the Philosopher murmured.

The Poet shrugged. “My mind doesn’t order, it just makes.”

They continued along their way. The Philosopher screwed up his eyes and chuckled.

“I love this city, it’s beautiful, but it’s so bright it hurts.”

The Poet willed it away and the scene melted into a cinema. They were at the back. The screen illuminated the room in a softer blue.

The Philosopher leaned towards the Poet. “What are we watching?”

“‘The Mirror’. An Iranian New Wave Film.”

“What’s it about?”

“It’s about this young girl trying to get home in Tehran, yet halfway through the actress gets tired of filming and runs away from the film crew, completely breaking the fourth wall. The film crew chase after her, recording her as she (the actress) tries to get home, therefore paralleling the fictional story that was shown in the first half. The director said it was meant to show the interconnectedness between reality and the imagination.”

“For someone who thinks their brain is very chaotic, that is very apt.”

“I wouldn’t say my brain is entirely chaotic. It makes the faint outlines of a universe, and then lets others fill it with colour. There’s a method in the madness, or something like that.”

They watched. There were no visuals, only the ideas, the concepts, whirling in a dance and then concocting into parts of various structures. It could have gone anywhere, leapt beyond any order, striving for the expression of something; itself, or a grand position, or the simplest of reflections.

The Poet whispered to the Philosopher:

“This is what my mind looks like.”

-

“No he isn’t!”

“Yes he is.”

“No, he isn’t! Ed Milliband was a fine theorist, albeit a bit on the centrist side, but the public perception of him was skewed by a right-wing propaganda empire. Their insults were as intricate as those of an eight year old; playing him up as some awkward geek, because apparently we don’t want intelligent people to run the country. Everything we ‘know’ about him is fabricated by newspapers with agendas.”

“He was clumsy.”

“He was human.”

The Poet and the Philosopher were in a night club, with lilac metal walls and large rectangular squares, with outlines made from red neon. Some really good dance music played. The two were sitting at a table, in an upper level above a large dancefloor filled with people, at a glass table in the shape of a lemniscate.

The Philosopher downed his drink, a berry-bright alcohobop, glowing like a cherry lightbulb.

“What is this?” he shouted.

“It’s an instrumental version of “Five More Hours” by Deorro.”

“I meant the drink, but why instrumental?”

“Because the beat is really good, but I hate Chris Brown.”

The Philosopher’s smile was smug, as usual. “If you believed in the death of the author you wouldn’t have this problem.”

The music changed. Modest Mouse. The Poet sighed. “I like this song, but it doesn’t fit with the surroundings.”

“True... but at least it doesn’t sound like manure is being poured into my ears.”

The Philosopher shook his glass, and it refilled.

“Can I get beer?”

The Poet raised an eyebrow. “Beer?”

“It’s a more proletariat drink, you see. And talking of that! The whole debate about Labour is futile for the left. We should do like Scargill and split off into, like, a newer version of the SLP.”

“Are we hoping it won’t crash into obscurity or we fine with just a councillor in Essex?”

“Well, yes, the former would be nice.”

“So not even Corbyn— “

“Look, Corbyn is great, but Blairism runs too deep. It wouldn’t surprise me if the New Labour faction rose up against him.”

“The other alternative is to join the Green Party.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“Their policies and intention are commendable, but they need discipline and organisation.”

“What we all really need is Proportional Representation.”

“Agreed.”

The song changed to synth-laden violin. The two both laughed.

“‘Love Is A Bourgeois Construct,’” the Poet said. “Pet Shop Boys.”

“Perfect.”

The squares of light turned to purple.

The Philosopher put down his empty pint glass. “You sure I won’t get drunk?”

“I’ll make sure of that.”

“Alright, good, then I’ll have another.”

The gold refilled between blinks. The Philosopher took another gulp.

“Of course,” he said, “I guess the whole point of alcohol is to get drunk from it. So this isn’t explicitly alcohol, but rather...”

“Simulacra?”

“Exactly. A hyper-realistic ideal of alcohol. An uncanny beverage.”

The Poet snorted. “Would you prefer having liver failure?”

“Well, it doesn’t matter because my corporeal form didn’t exist.”

“Oh no, not this again, quick, change the subject!”

“Alright, alright...” The Philosopher said, laughing.

He thought for a minute, tapping his glass like piano keys. Then,

“Greece.”

“A great musical.”

“I mean the country!”

“Ah, as in the country under postmodern occupation?”

“So you support Yanis Varoufakis’ view?”

“Don’t you?”

“Yes, but I’m interested in your argument anyway.”

“He doesn’t wear a suit or tie; he rides a motorcycle to parliament; he’s worked with Valve and he’s been influenced by Marx. Why wouldn’t you agree with him?”

“Can’t argue with that. Well, I can, but I’m trying my utter best to not be difficult.”

“You wish!”

The song changed into a looping drum, as a keyboard slowly become louder.

“‘Blue Monday,’” the Poet explained. “New Order.”

“You sure seem to like 80s music a lot.”

“It has lovely aesthetics, for sure. But the actual things within that decade seem like a nightmare to me. Like, seriously, how did anyone survive it? Other than the yuppies.”

“Maybe it’s like you said; maybe the aesthetics of the 80s were so beautiful, so sublime, it killed everyone.”

“Oh ha ha.”

“It’s true! We could be living in a simulation!”

“Philosopher, please.”

“Okay, okay, fine. But the point is, you only liked the 80s because of its superficial beauty.”

“Oi!”

“Am I wrong?”

“I mean... on the one hand, yes, but on the other hand, no.”

“Wow. Such argument. Much wonder.”

“I mean, I think you can still appreciate the visual aspects of a thing without having to like the society it bred from. It’s the same with hipster counter-culture, to be honest; I love all the beards and woodgrain and vinyl and everything like that. But the ethos is reprehensible. Or like how I chose the night sky to be like coca cola instead of champagne; despite the company being heartless, I find the drink itself delicious. I guess these things I don’t actually like, but rather I just like a... a version of them, a...”

“...A simulacrum?”

“Exactly.”

The music changed to a cowbell. On The Regular, by Shamir.

The philosopher frowned, looking up at the ceiling as if it were the music. “The songs seem to be moving along awfully fast.”

“My brain is pretty fast. It’s like every thought is running a full circuit around the parameters of my brain. But, anyway, yeah, um... where were we?”

“We’d just proved you’re a filthy materialist.”

“Ah, yes. No, wait, no!”

The Philosopher cackled. “Mwhahaha, you’ve fallen into my trap of self-deprecation!”

“For a philosopher, you’re really goofy.”

“Says the materialist poet!”

“Says the bourgeoisie Marxist!”

“Perhaps it’s our contrasts that make us us.”

“So, our existence is based on hypocrisy? That seems awfully cynical.”

“Less cynical than us not existing at all.”

A twinkly set of bit noises, like electronic snow, came on.

“Oh!” The Philosopher put his drink down, racking his brain for the song on the tip of his tongue. “Fleetwood Mac’s ‘Everywhere’?”

A kickdrum entered the scene, and it changed into an indie rock instrumental.

“Close,” the Poet said. “It’s a song called ‘Rock Hudson’ by this band called Make Believe Ballroom. It’s off a compilation album, ‘Dry Route To Devon’, by Art Is Hard Records. It pretty much rips off the intro to Fleetwood Mac’s ‘Everywhere’, but still, an amazing song. As well as underappreciated.”

“Like the best things in life.”

“Indeed.”

They finished their drinks. The light squares turned to a regal purple.

The Poet nodded in the direction of one of them. “Want to leave?”

“Sure.”

The light square filled with white, and then dimmed to show a street. It floated off the wall and expanded into a new everything.

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The Philosopher looked around his new surroundings.

“Where are we now, oh great Dante?”

“Old Town Barcelona,” the Poet said. “One of the old backstreets I went past when I last visited, but at night now.”

“The sky, it’s... it’s...”

“Like dark chocolate?”

“Yes, but I don’t like dark cocoa.”

“Me too.”

“You seem to love food-related metaphors a lot.”

“I’m hungry a lot of the time. It feeds into my subconscious.”

“Quite literally!”

“Haha, very funny.”

They walked along the steps. The shops were like bright lanterns, and the old stone alleys and thin doors graffitied in communist slogans, like strips of chocolate, or church windows made of oak, subdued themselves into the shadows between the centuries-old brickwork.

The Poet pointed at an ice cream shop.

“I can’t remember its name, but that ice cream shop is Italian, has a green sign and sells really good ice cream at really cheap prices.”

“Wait, you have an economic paradigm within your dreams?”

“Huh?”

“You mentioned it being cheap as one of its positives, despite currency being futile within a dream realm such as this.”

“Well, it can still be a positive in the external world, which feeds into this, so I’d say it’s kind of relevant. What flavour do you want?”

“Every single one at once.”

The Poet nodded and jogged into the shop. He came out with two cones, both with a kaleidoscopic scoop on top.

They began to lick them, as they walked under an arch beside a giant cathedral that seemed to engulf the world in Gothic architecture and intricate spires, like a divine custard cream, like the satellites of God. The Philosopher pointed to the behemoth.

“Looks like theology is on your mind.”

“Oh please, no, I’m too exhausted.”

“That sounds like a cop-out from having a debate on God.”

“It is.”

“So you admit defeat?”

“I just don’t want my personal defeat, based on argumentative incompetence, to represent an ideological defeat.”

“And so thanks to lethargy, atheism wins again!

“I haven’t even put forward a proposition!”

“I can guess.”

“How very analytic and logical of you, to base conclusions off assumption.”

“Everything is an assumption, in a way.”

The Philosopher spun in a full circle, encompassing the reality around him. It wobbled.

“This, for example, is in your mind. Yet I can still taste, feel and speak within it. So I can either experience it as false, or I can assume it exists and put up a sense of disbelief.”

He licked at his ice cream again.

“And this tastes amazing, so I will continue to assume, evermore into the night.”

The Poet chuckled. “Look who’s being portentous now.”

“I try my best.”

They walked out of the arch into a warmly lit warehouse filled with lampshades. The walls were covered in red carpet, the roof in crimson velvet too. The Poet pointed at a golden chandelier in the far left corner, chinking in an airy breeze amongst clusters of equally beautiful luminescent ornaments.

“We were dining on that less than a blink ago.”

The lanterns turned to windchimes, and the airy breeze became music. The music turned to a haunting piano refrain.

“‘Cloud Atlas Sextet’,” the Poet explained. “From the film version. A beautiful piece, no? Evokes the sense of intertextuality within all things, how the external and internal merge into this Venn diagram we call the universe...”

The brass walkway they so happened to be on melted and fizzed away, like Coca Cola bubbles, and the sea they found themselves in was a black one made of the physical representation of soundwaves. From it came infinite squiggles of bubbles, 2-D lines made by primordial formulae, which burst into simulacra of the Big Bang, over and over, making the black sea briefly become orange, or pink, or green; whole cosmic lifetimes in a flash.

“...and from these points of instinct, of unheeded impact, comes the quantum foam which feeds into a web encompassing every action that could be, a line that weaves its direction over so much of itself the shape it is trapped in is filled with Fate’s colour, a flatness so complex it seems an expanse; determinism so sprawling it is synonymous with free will; nothing to everything so fast it’s like they are within the same moment...”

The black sea began to brighten into a whiteness brighter than the centre of a supernova.

“To exist is to be structured, to be categorised. There’s always a meaning there, and even if it’s artificial it is still a meaning. The only category is everything and it exists because it can see itself in all the actions that reach to everywhere within its own It.”

The white faded into a hotel room. Big double bed; the smell of potpourri; warm yellow-cream walls. Window outside showing a crack of dawn, white like ice-cold Canada Dry. The Poet collapsed into the bed and fell to sleep within his dream.

“Um,” the Philosopher said. “Wow.”

-

The Poet woke up, still in his slumber but aware of it. The Philosopher sat on the other side of the bed, gazing out the window. It was a glorious morning. Even though outside the window showed a city, some archetype based off San Francisco or some other West Coast urban-Americana, the hum of machines was turned to a free-form birdsong. The sky was a blue so bright with the Sun it was white, as if the stars had broken through the atmosphere and flooded it all into a diamond-glint kiss.

“Welcome back to the real world, sleepyhead,” the Philosopher said. “Er, kinda.”

The Poet blinked several times and sat up, gazing out into the window.

“That was weird. Dreaming within my own dream. It was even more incomprehensible than this one.”

“And did it answer any questions you posed here?”

“No, but it told me a truth I had hidden deep.”

“Like an introspective 'Inception'?”

“Yes.”

“Except with less Hans Zimmer?”

“More like Kamasi Washington.”

“And what was this truth?”

“I love you.”

The Philosopher nodded. “I thought so.”

“Oh.”

“You know it’s impossible, right?”

“Yes.”

“...So—“

“That’s why I constructed this, I realise now. So I could see you, and make physicality out of our situation, sort of like... a legitimisation effort for my feelings. I presented myself with a point of reference to get closer with you.”

“Did it work?”

“I...I’m not sure.”

They watched the sun spread into a global hug. The Poet rested his head on the Philosopher’s shoulder.

“Do you mind this?”

“No.”

The Poet put his arm around his waist.

“This?”

“I don’t exist, Poet. I am reaction. I will end up doing whatever you want.”

The Poet slunk away, saddened.

“Do you know what love is with an intangible force?”

“What?”

“Love with a conversation.”

“Amorous dialogue.”

“Yes.”

“There are weirder attractions.”

“Does it have to all have to be so... biological? Is there not a transcendent force somewhere in it?!”

The Poet sighed and lay back down. He gazed at the ceiling, a pale square that seemed to shift and merge into a million shapes from the invisible, fuzzy points of light. Maybe if connected they made perfect fractals, or the outlines of chandeliers. The outline of the roof, where it met with the walls, seemed to glow gold.

The Poet checked his notebook (4167) and sighed again.

“I thought I had reached the crux of my problem, the stem of this flowering hyper-dream... but I still feel clueless. I’ve reached the edge of this internal place, where it’s at its least coherent, and still I don’t know the answer.”

“To what?”

“Your question.”

“Which one?”

“‘Am I real?’”

“You don’t have an answer?”

“I do, but it is somewhere in all of this. Even I don’t know where it is.”

The Poet suddenly sat up, and launched into a desperate kiss. Their tongues tasted of fizzy Coca Cola, ice cream, the tingle of a multiverse.

The Poet left his embrace, blushing. "Sorry."

The Philosopher smiled sadly. "You know that was a fabrication, yeah?"

"...Yeah."

"Sorry."

"No worries."

There were still worries. The Philosopher held the Poet's hands.

"But," he began, with another smug smile, "we can find an answer. Let's go for another run around the circuit of your brain's circuitry, and find it."

The Poet laughed.

"That seems awfully optimistic for someone like you."

The Philosopher shrugged.

"Maybe it's worth it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Because me and you are fabrications, but together we exist."

For ZR1N.

Word Count: 4352

[I gave a physical copy of this to David Mitchel, of Cloud Atlas/one of my fave authors, at EdBookFest 215. Eek. – 14/7/19]

On 'Miley Cyrus And Her Dead Petz'

Sep 5, 2015, 4:12:14 AM

This album is exciting.

I don't mean that in direct praise per se. Don't get me wrong, musically it's alright at best,

disgusting at worst, a slew of grimy trap beats and garish vocals. Coupled with the album artwork— Miley's face splattered with glittery sludge in a scatological manner— and you've already got a sense that this album is going to be grotesque, all in a mouldy-bubblegum aesthetic. First impressions from the visuals alone is that listening to it will be like scrolling through the debris of a MySpace account hit by an atomic bomb. The actual album itself is a different story, at points reminiscent of showgaze, sometimes neo-psychedelia, but that immediate image is still imprinted in our mind, of sprinkles in peach liquid like vomit, the hangover from 21st century society.

No, what is exciting about it is more in relation to my obsession with real-life character arcs. This album is an exemplification of how Miley Cyrus is perceived by the media, a hyperreal construct of her vulgarity and unsubtle attempts at being "edgy". It is the next step in her career. This album is Miley Cyrus as metamodernist.

Miley Cyrus started out as bound by Disney and a perfect, clean image (Hannah Montana and the like). When she grew up, logically this clean image was massively inverted, as to compensate for adolescent rebelliousness lost in contracts and TV deals. This inversion was, predictably, leaped on by the media, portraying her as going through breakdown and downward spiral. Yet this is not true; Miley has become self-aware of this alleged breakdown she is going through, and twisted it. This album is satirizing the concept of herself built up by the media, by taking it to an extremeness. Like internet countercultures, such as vaporwave and the PC Music label, hyperbole is how their points are put over; the dangers of capitalism and the tedium of pop music, respectively, and in the case of Miley Cyrus her own personal delve into depravity.

But how do we know that this album is fabrication and not just Miley going insane? Because her recent external projects imply she is genuinely maturing (in a way). The prime example of this is her "Happy Hippie Foundation" and related acoustic sessions, a charity to which aims to fight youth homelessness, LGBT discrimination and other marginalized groups. And, most importantly (well okay, it isn't; raising money shows a very humane side to Miley, that kind of trumps over any other positive) her covers, and vocals, sound good. They aren't ugly in any way, they're a synthesis of her country roots and a subdued self-image, and from that her true talent shines through. Would she really be naive to the ugliness within "Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz"? I doubt it. Pop stars are smarter than we give them credit for, and even if a contradiction was intended it still implies that it was deliberate, and that Miley is in control of her own narrative now.

The other exciting thing about this album is that I have been yearning for a pop star to do like The Beatles. That is, to be complacent in their fame, and go break some boundaries. I genuinely wished (perhaps/very naively) for One Direction to break out of their contracts and try and create some experimental pop. Or for Coldplay to go make some experimental post-punk. Or for Lorde to... well, be herself. Which isn't to say none in the current pop zeitgeist haven't gone leftfield, but it's either inherent in their style (Lady Gaga, Marina & The Diamonds) or they haven't been as radical as I'd like them to be (Kendrick Lamar, Taylor Swift). Miley Cyrus, however, started out as a Disney starlet and has gone and made a radical musical shift, because she's already famous and can afford to branch off into endgame

aesthetics.

The album wasn't a success per se, but the point is she tried to break boundaries, and it's a start. Hopefully more will follow in her steps, and then we can truly have radical shifts in pop. About time.

My thoughts on Miley Cyrus' latest album.

Word Count: 683

2015/2016

Dec 31, 2015, 10:18:40 AM

Open on empty stage, except for an empty shipping crate and an unopened IKEA box. The time: the second between 23:59 31st December 2015 and 00:00 1st January 2016. Two women (or queer men/trans/black activists/etc.) sit in the centre. 2015 is insular, smoking a cigarette; she sits on the shipping crate. 2016 gazes out to the crowd, sometimes upwards; she sits on the unopened IKEA box.*

2016: (years are pronounced as "twenty-sixteen", "twenty-fiteen", etc.) (excited) So... here we are. 2016. Sounds spacey, doesn't it? Like from a sci-fi film. We're well into the third millennium now; third time lucky, right? I'm excited for what's going to come. The future isn't as set as some think; it changes, moves, adapts. Sometimes the most beautiful things aren't there yet, or stay forever as possibility... (pause) I'm going to be born in a downpour of fire and light. I can't wait. Even if I could, I wouldn't. The world will send up stars and multiply into other angelic beings on their own trajectories, illuminating the black. The monuments will dazzle. I see it now, I see it...

2015: (exhaling cigarette smoke, sighing) That's what I thought. Nothing could be worse than 2014, nothing. But then violence bloomed further and my blood is forever stained with evil.

2016: It'll be different this time

2015: Uh-huh.

2016: Think what could be achieved if you weren't so cynical, apathetic,

nigh-on nihilistic. You believe in nothing and so make it so. We have survived worse, we have survived THE WORST, we'll survive anything.

2015: (ignoring her) Evil is a viral thing. Charlie Hebdo to darkness in November, one office to a city of death. They called Paris the city of love, look what hope got them. And there's more: terrorism across Africa, Asia, everywhere; governments of hope crushed by governments of fear; so many deaths.

2016: Look at the statistics. We are at our most peaceful time ever, fewer deaths than any other time in history.

2015: Death is still a great loss, however little it comes.

2016: But we gained so, so much! Look what bloomed during you! Gay marriage in America. Landing on a speeding comet. Quantum computing. We have passed the Millennium Goals set by the UN-

2015: Except for climate change. The world's still burning.

2016: But targets were set in Paris. And I believe we will pass them.

2015: in your faith we trust, huh?

2016: Even after carrying tragedy on its back Paris sought rebirth. They have helped pave the way for green.

2015: Doesn't help those in the floods in York, or the tsunamis in the Philippines, or the earthquakes in Tibet, or-

2016: But it will help those in the future, and that is what matters, the beyond, the ahead. We've got to keep going.

2015: The past was once ahead, flexible to the whims of ideal situation. The future is built on past tragedies.

2016: Perhaps from evil comes light. Necessary evil.

2015: Tell that to everyone that lost their lives this past year. If you're right, then the light exploits unnecessary pain, not transcend it.

2016: No, we do, love transcends hate every day.

2015: Hate swallows love every day.

2016: Look at how many arms extended across oceans to help refugees across.

2015: Look at the many that didn't.

2016: look at the crowds welcoming them to stable, peaceful land.

2015: Look at the hatred underneath.

2016: Two sides of a coin called Earth.

2015: Flipping in the void, on and on...

2016: Onwards to the bright future...

Pause. 2015 puts out cigarette and looks out.

2016: This year is rebirth.

2015: It's decomposition.

2016: Why must you be so bitter?

2015: Because I know the pain of watching your inner light die into despair, only to be reborn again and again and again. I know the cycle, like the other years know. (sighing sadly) Oh, look at you, wasting your infinite energy. When I see you, I think of phoenixes and Icarus and Prometheus, all in one temporal vessel.

2016: We have to keep going.

2015: You will lose the fight, like I did.

2016: I still see great things in you, and always will. There will be bad things, yes, and perhaps hope will die in some places, but the grand haul will be blinding, brilliant light. Trust me, I believe it.

2015: In your faith we trust, huh? What of our deepest problem? Or meaningless, of futility, of a cold universe?

2016: (thinks this over, then) We will solve it.

2015: (eyebrow raised) Is that so?

2016: Yes.

2015: (humoured) Well, I wish you luck. It is all I can do.

They shake hands.

2015: I'll see you on the other side. Tell me how you do.

2015 exits.

2016: (looking out to audience) I look out to the ocean and see the horizon lit by a sunset. This is time. Time, time is a spectrum of blue hues darkening, lightening, darkening again, in waves and waves, interrupted by clouds and their silver linings... what shall the future bring? We shall see. We'll wait on the coast and we shall see. That is my testament to the new year...

2016 gets up. She is apprehensive, but smiling.

2016: We shall see.

2016 exists. Curtain falls. Close.

Word Count: 876

At the turning point of the new year, 2015 and 2016 discuss the future, hope, despair and myriad topics between.

Happi New Year, everyone! This is a wee dialogue thing I thought of in the early hours of the morning, wrote in the day and published here in the night. All on the 31st of December 2015, goodness me.

A-a-II-i

"Two" was a series, alternating between prose and poetry, which told the story of two characters – one embodying the values of Cold[play's "Viva la Vida" (yes, you read that right), the other Coldplay's "Mylo Xyloto". There was plans for a prequel based on "X&Y".

Fragment i (Two. Part 1)

Sep 1, 2013, 6:57:12 AM

Two.

*Two ran that night,
left the crawl of time,
hand in hand
like the chains they left,
chains of frost,
chains of light,
two ran.*

*The universe was in pursuit,
one whispered to the other
"Love, don't let me go."
but*

*Oh, it's a cold war;
frost to fire,
fire to ice,
the universe can't keep track
of the chaos
and love won*

*but Time had a loaded gun,
fired it
and in wild winds
fingertips found
violent worlds,*

*Their feet never touching the ground,
like streetlights in day
they looked into the void
and cried meltwater.
They looked at their new prisons,
a prison of sparks,
a prison of marks,
away from the Earth they made dark,
away from the Earth but the dusk of dust,
and they wondered why*

*the universe wasn't
an anarchist.*

And so we begin.

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Each piece (a mixture of poetry and prose) is inspired by either a Coldplay song from Viva La Vida or Mylo Xyloto. Summer's pieces are inspired by Mylo Xyloto songs, while Winter's are inspired by Viva La Vida.

This is the introduction, setting the scene and explaining the events that occurred before the actual story takes place.

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This piece is inspired by all renditions of "Life In Technicolour"

Fragment ii (Two. Part 2)

Sep 3, 2013, 1:52:21 PM

The sun danced, brushing over Summer's eyelids in a soft white. It exploded into a kaleidoscope of fluorescence and leaf-emeralds, forcing her eyelids open. It was a sight of branches and leaves, a rainbow quilt of morning light sparkling across dew nestled in the curls of transparent purples and yellows, parchments ready to be written by birds and rain, the tree's poetry ready to bleed from the veins. She got up from her bed drowsy, grass soft and weaved together to make clumps like threadlike pillows under her back, and rubbed her eyes free of silt. She didn't know where she was, as usual. She scratched the trunk of a tree with a delicate flick of her fingernail, and walked through the trees.

Another day in Gensia, the perfect jungle paradise-prison. Day whatever under the eye of Time. To Summer, it was just another era of loneliness and solitude.

She kicked fallen leaves. The dew was a refreshing change to the stuffy nights and tropical heat found in the rest of the day. Sleeping in the canopy was nigh on impossible, what with the perpetual cries of the fauna screaming into the night and branches being very uncomfortable.

Summer paused at a little stream flowing under the roots, a minuscule trickle of water flattening grass and moss until dribbling into a small pool of rainwater, peeking up at the roots and trunk of its neighboring tree.

She kneels down, looks at herself. Round face, pale skin, piercing sky-blue eyes and that feeling. Summer knew that feeling a lot. It was the deep stirring feeling of joy, happiness and

that potential for brilliance. She used to feel it every day, but now it felt forced. The feeling was a lie when compared with melancholy.

After sipping the rainwater (sweetened by fruit high above, everything here was overly sugared, Summer thought) the girl went on her way, heading deeper into the leaves. It was the same routine. Wander, wander, wander, find fruit, climb a tree, watch the world, think, climb down, wander, wander, wander, watch the sun die, sleep. The whole thing was laced with thinking melancholic thoughts.

This is my punishment, I guess. Summer stepped further into the green-darkness, slowly becoming one with the forest.

When I use my heart as a weapon, it hurts like heaven.

Woah this is going well and productively yay.

They won't always be this short, btw. I think. I dunno, it is meant to be fragments after all.

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This is the first of Summer's part in the story, which means I'll be moving on to Winter's next. This piece is inspired by "Hurts Like Heaven" (and the 43-second long intro "Mylo Xyloto" I suppose); [\[link\]](#)

(The VEVO version misses out a whole guitar solo bit so I used a different one).

Fragment iii (Two. Part 3)

Sep 4, 2013, 1:15:53 PM

The feet slapped the gunmetal slabs, echoing into the dark night. A young man clutched his beige parcel tighter with each timpani crash of thunder and clap of lightning.

He moved swiftly through the steel cuboids, keeping his eyes down at the empty pathways. His reflection stared back at him; unkempt steel dark hair, slim features, slate eyes, the hum of panic and determination.

Winter turned a sharp left. He glanced up for a second to gain an understanding of how many Shads there were. Five blurs of black and ten red eyes splattered on the mirrored surface of a factory chimney told him he was not alone.

As if he ever was.

The pace quickened. The feet entered double time.

A bitter chill was making its way through the city, as if its anonymous owner had decided to let it go free now the people had left. The wind whistled along to the tune of podial percussion, creating a warped symphony when passing through the empty buildings and cylinders. It left its marks in Winter's psyche. It was as if God had decided to greet him in his own way, in the metal streets of Epilo.

The alley opened into an empty road, cobbled in something silver, significantly cleaner than the rest of the city. For a place where transport once ran, it was not as burn-bronze or murk-gold as the rest of the city. Mauve smog lied across the open square.

Winter noticed the usual sights of Toltorney Square; an abandoned park with a crumpled set of rusted swings, a big windowless chunk of refined metal facing towards the west and a disunct mess of caved-in marble and broken pillars facing east.

Winter headed towards the dilapidated marble building, what was once called a library.

The inside was a cobweb of scaffolding's corpses, Shad-ripped pages and a metropolis of dust. Shelves keeled over to vomit book covers, spines and words. Tables and chairs lay shattered like mahogany bones. Giant window panes allowed dusk light to brush everything in a faint gold dust, casting shadows over a sea of paper.

A spiral staircase was slumped over in the centre of the prose-ocean, marble steps deciding to either be there or not every two or three slabs. Winter made his way there, glancing behind him (fifteen ab-solid clouds of beyond-black, crimson pinholes of light staring at him like a curious child) and then hurrying towards the structure.

on the bottom most step there was a note. Winter picked it up, opened all the folds and read it;

Winter,

That package you have got is the last clue I can give you. Time has been cracking down here, so you'll have to find her yourself. Sorry.

-X

Winter tucked the note away into his pocket. He gave his silent thanks to X, and started to climb the staircase.

Winter had got used to the complex aerobics required to scale the structure, and after a whirlwind of hands and leaps he found himself on the upper landing.

The floor was mainly intact, a sturdy set of woodworm-nibbled planks covered in books and broken fragments of shelf. A springy bed struggling to cover the basics sat against an arched window; only a third of the glass didn't exist.

Above the bed was a net of papers connected by scratches and string. Winter headed towards the cloud of notes and scrawl.

He pulled out an old tin box, opened it and took out various candles. The multicoloured things were formed in avant-garde shapes, with wicks sticking out of various lumps like the branches of a wax tree. They were hastily placed in a semicircle around the bed, then lit with the wave of a hand. The flames that appeared were ice blue. Winter felt his hand shiver at

their presence.

Pages cascaded on to the grubby duvet. Winter casually threw the empty beige parcel wrapper somewhere in the room, to add with the open books and ripped sheets.

Winter picked at one of the documents at random, and began to read.

With the charms set, the sky darkening to a cherry indigo and the text becoming denser and denser, Winter felt his eyes collapse until he was no longer in the room.

Winter's story begins. Damn, I might be able to do this in good time if I follow this format of one a day.

A bit longer than the last installment, as you'll have noticed if you read it. I don't know if all the fragments will be as long as this, but we'll see.

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This is the start of Winter's story, and we've already got some good plot bombs ready to explode later. Yay.

This section is inspired mainly from "Cemeteries Of London: [\[link\]](#)

(That X person/thing will feature in another project, by the way. Thought I might add him/her in there as a wink towards the future project when I get started on that.)

Fragment iv (Two. Part 4)

Sep 6, 2013, 11:35:12 AM

Summer threw away the peartarine core into the leaves below, stretched her legs and watched the orange sunset ripple across the jungle top.

It looked exactly like paradise. The sky had turned a pale apricot, the sun spilling light like a yolk flooding an emerald pan once cracked. In the distance something cried its sweet song to whatever mate was there to listen. Insects creaked in the trunks, birds glided like clouds above, and in the distance something twinkled.

Summer didn't know what it was, except that it was far away and twinkled dust-orange in the night. It was her only destination, but however hard she tried to amble towards it she never got there; it always just looked like a terracotta star however far she went.

The girl tilted her head to the sky (already streaking towards a night violet) and closed her eyes.

It was the same picture, as usual. Winter, snow white teeth set in a lopsided grin. Black hair ruffled exactly the way which made him beautiful, piercing eyes a soft grey, and that feeling of inner warmth; a fireplace for her soul.

She walked closer to him, leaned in and their lips...

Well, it always ended there. That was one memory too painful to relive.

As the night turned blackberry indigo, when the stars pulsed like scattered pinpoints of empyrean milk throughout the dreaming, drifting clouds, Summer fell into slumber.

Seems like I have less to say for Summer as I do for Winter.

Or, Summer's man plot hasn't really kicked in yet. I dunno.

Missed yesterday because I replaced it with writing one of my best poems I've done in a while/maybe ever. Which I'm not going to upload here because a) explicitness and b) magazine submission opportunities.

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This fragment is inspired by "Paradise";

Fragment v (Two. Part 5)

Sep 7, 2013, 12:07:11 PM

but where am I?

*a land where the sky is land
and the land is is mist,
that's where,
a place where direction is dead,
I've been here but I don't know
because my mind,
my mind? what's a mind?
only the journey*

*wait, direction is dead?!
i must be losing it,
oh wait,
already did at the last bridge,
hurled and hurled
my sorrows into the murk,*

*dropped it in the river
which i tried to cross
but oh look now I'm falling
and the doors have deserted,
I don't deserve darkness!
This is a pond,
what a little cage,
there she is!,
big fish in a little pond,
leaves as fins swaying
as landborne seaweed,
and she's thrashing and thrashing
because she's breathing acid,
she needs to breathe me,*

*Further and further
the fatigue steals
my mascara,
mascara?
shine, shield, outermost lie,
its a mascara of steel-cold
and ice-hot,
stares at the mirrors and
prays to find the leaf fish,
that's the definition of insanity you know,*

*and now the darkness is fattening:
it's all tree now,
falling through
a rainbow of chlorophyll,
her warm embrace
is a photosynthesis pie,
just at the peak of mount fingertip,*

*screaming children and flames,
oh Universe why the flames,
take them away but not with flames,
the finger flips and is dimensions away
and now the void's my fiancée,*

*let's go on
wait what's that,
why but my beating heart,
spewing my melancholic moans
into an abyss that doesn't listen,
what does listen?*

*shadows I guess,
but they're just me,*

*I hear a light,
oh?
why is that the clouds,
gone back away,*

I'm awake.

Stream of consciousness is fun to write.

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This is inspired by "Lost!" (I guess the other versions were exciting, but I didn't use them in the end. The Jay-Z rapping verse thing would have had some interesting results on the dream, though);

Fragment vi (Two. Part Six)

Sep 10, 2013, 1:12:01 PM

There he was.

*I remember it like yesterday, there's nothing else to remember.
Spring had decided to take my place. Let me sneak into the city, to meet him, and there he was.*

He was standing at the end of a dark alley, head to the ground, scuffling rocks along the wet cobble grey. He looked lost: didn't we all?

His face lit up like the moon at midnight when he saw me. Shoulders unfurled, a smile sparked on his face.

I could swear, at that moment, he was glowing in the dark.

And I could swear, as I chuckled to how universe-damn perfect this man was, I was too.

"You look fantastic." he said.

I blushed. "You're not too bad yourself."

We laughed at that, stared at our feet. He returned with a quiet, hushed,

“You’re eyes... they’re like the sun...”

I frowned. “I am the sun.”

“Oh, yes, um, so you are.” His cheeks turned red, an internal campfire pulsing along with his heartbeat and passion.

I laugh a little. “Where do we want to go?”

He splayed his arms to showcase the whole world. “Anywhere. Why not wander?”

So we did.

As we walked past streets bleed in neon we talked. Winter told me of the messages he had sent me in meltwater streams, the messages I had sent him in crumpled leaves. We both agreed that Autumn was one amazing friend.

We began to pose theories and fantasies into the void of reality, hoping to disprove its fundamentalist threads holding me and Winter apart. Of course, we found no alternative, so we just decided to enjoy each other in the moment.

“I really need to sleep.” I murmured to Winter, head resting on his ice cool shoulder. We were sitting on a bench, looking out across the river. The stars shone like scattered drops of empyrean milk. Ice frosted the edges of where we sat. Weeds had turned into red roses, bursting out of the concrete at my feet.

“Oh.” He said, looking down at his feet for the first time since I met him.

I smiled, got closer to his neck. I could feel his chilled skin already melting.

“I don’t ever, ever, want to leave you, however.”

Winter looked out across the waves, thinking. His lopsided smile sparked back to life.

“We don’t have to.”

I look up, surprised. Was he really suggesting...?

“We could run away, run as fast as we can. We could find somewhere else, somewhere safe,

some where were Time hasn't got his fingers splayed over... we could go and love each other. Who gives a damn about our jobs, Summer? We deserve to love, dammit, and that's more important."

"Winter, I-"

He stood up, held his hand out. His face was still sweet, but it wasn't the quiet late teen I had met at the back of an alley. It was a fighter, a rebel, someone who knew what was wrong and what to do about it.

Of course I took his hand.

And as we sprinted through the streets, spreading snow and sun throughout the city walls, I can tell you now that we were glowing in the dark.

Flashback! Exposition! Young love! Romeo and Juliet parallels I've only now realized!

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This piece is inspired by "Charlie Brown";

Fragment vii (Two. Part Seven)

Sep 13, 2013, 9:26:35 AM

The gag of dust woke Winter up first, sending him spluttering into the morning world. It was bitterly cold. The smog had cleared up a little, allowing the sun to spill sulphur yellow across the library. Candle smoke drifted up from puddles of wax on the floor. Morning had fallen on the doorstep and arrived, lazy and near dead.

Winter stuck the sheets on the board with perpetually cold icicles he created from his own condensation. The map of notes, a labyrinth of clues and directions through back alleys and forbidden sidewalks, ungratefully welcomed the new additions. Some fluttered to the floor in protest.

Winter read the notes, memorized the path and... there.

Yes.

Right there.

There it was, the way.

The right combination of streets and avenues to walk, the number of boulevards and squares to be crossed, each twist painted in post-urban folklore and research from long-dead rebels. All of it, in front of him.

He knew the way to the Ampersands.

Some of the sources called it Earth, but that was replaced with a long stream of dust, sand and ruin. Now, it twisted into various colours as it dived in and out of dimensions, crossing the overwhelming distance between Epilo and Genesia.

It was a forgotten gateway, the corridor leading to Summer.

And Winter had found it.

Reality creaked behind him.

There, floating closer towards Winter's shaking form, was a Shad. Moans erupted from the air he bled through, a living wound, 42% existence and 58% madness.

In the furnace of its red eyes, it grinned and laughed in its vacant stare. It came closer.

Winter ran straight out of the window.

He didn't wait for the impact to cripple his legs; he just ran through the streets and ignored the pain. His legs screamed like snapping firewood. A glance behind, five of them, he runs on.

It didn't matter. Winter was never returning to the library, these streets, this district. He was escaping.

The cymbal smash of a puddle, and a sharp right. Seven Shads follow.

Breath runs short behind. A skidded halt, straight through the door.

Winter ducks under the table, rolls through dusty carpet and sprints over a couch. Shoulder first into a window, glass shattering, hands tight on a rusted cable.

The world rushes as his hands screech in blood. A crunch of marble greets the man's face.

His arms wrap around a lamppost, and he's on the ground.

He turns around, ten Shads, sprints on.

"Doggingham Street" an ornate sign shouts. Winter's eyes dart through the bay windows: mouldy cake shop, half eaten grocers, wood-wormed furniture shop.

Something whistled past Winter's ear. The crackling cloud hits a wall; the shop ceases to exist in a puff of steam. Winter runs on.

Dead shops and fossilised businesses rush past with each blood-spewing step. A left turn down an alley.

A wall at the end: Winter climbs up, his tendons melting in pain.

he crashes to the ground along with a scream. Thirteen Shads burst through the wall, and pursue.

Winter stops in front of another shop. It's the place. Winter abandons the door and breaks the window.

With the flick of his hand, the hundreds of candles in front view burst in blue flame. The Shads don't have time to stop their momentum. They ran straight into the invisible wall, and burst into a scintilla of blue before being picked up with the wind.

Winter slumps to the floor, allowing the pain in his legs to take over. He wasn't in heaven, but he was close.

Gah, I need to improve my fighting scenes. And action writing, in general.

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This piece is inspired by 42;

Fragment viii (Two. Part 8)

Sep 15, 2013, 7:35:21 AM

The trees rustled in a light wind. Beams of white accented with violets and lemon green fell softly through the leaves.

Summer brushed the skin-smooth bark, tapping her fingers delicately to some hidden song that may or may not have ever existed. It was morning again.

Grass glittered with dew. Clouds burst open revealing a blindingly blue sky. High above, wind swirled in invisible loops, scattering mountain-borne leaves and twigs, sending newborn birds gliding into their first migrations.

Summer paused. A new sound had just seeped into her ears. It was the sound of cascading water.

The girl of sun walked further into the trees, searching for that strange alien sound.

Oh wow, more tedious description because nothing of importance can really be harnessed from this song. >__>

Next one will be a bit more explosive, I hope.

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This piece was inspired by "Us Against The World";

Fragment xi (Two. Part 9)

Sep 25, 2013, 10:27:12 AM

Light drizzle pushed the sun away as the day unfolded itself later on. Winter had managed to literally freeze the pain in his leg, leaving him drained of energy. Despite his pain, he was ecstatic.

It still felt unreal. By the simple act of collecting notes and scribbles he had found the way to get to Summer, the way to escape, the way to love. His stomach ached with surreal butterflies.

The candles in the window were slowly fading away into scented smoke. The effect was still the same; the Shads couldn't get in.

All the candles in the shop (even the stock) covered the floor like a waxy cityscape, burning ice floating from wick chimneys into a miasma of protection. Winter simply waited for his leg to heal, as he slowly thawed out the suffering in his leg and let it trickle down into the past.

The waiting was more painful than the leg. He felt pulled back from the goal, the Ampersands, Summer. He would be able to gaze into the sun, his sun. And yet here he was, trapped in a shop, waiting for his release. His race was nearly won.

After three consecutive dozes, Winter woke to find the clouds with more blue in its grey. The sky was french-kissing the ground, and leaving all cobblestones slobbered in rain. Shads floated in contempt a few metres away from the shop, brooding into one mass of black, a storm of potting and invisible muttering. They were waiting for the candles to extinguish themselves. The candles in the front shop were like melting tree stumps. Winter had to move quickly.

Thankfully, his leg had healed during his slumber. It was the first ever sleep he had ever had that had an element of peace to it. Stepping over the candles, he got to the back entrance (a simple wooden door leading to a backstreet). Took a deep breath. Remembered the path.

He opened the door and ran.

Yay, I'm back to this project! Also, nope, not as explosive as last time.

"Two." is the love story of Summer and Winter. After breaking the laws of the universe they find themselves on two new worlds, and this is where their inner monologues, battles for survival and ultimate rebellion play out, as the two lovers strive to find each other... even

with the consequences of their failed relationship in front of them.

Each piece (a mixture of poetry and prose) is inspired by either a Coldplay song from Viva La Vida or Mylo Xyloto. Summer's pieces are inspired by Mylo Xyloto songs, while Winter's are inspired by Viva La Vida.

This piece was inspired by "Lovers In Japan" (and sort of Reign of Love);

Fragment x (Two. Part 10)

Oct 6, 2013, 9:52:34 AM

It was a waterfall.

A cascade of sky silver falling from a cliff fluffed with grass swirled into a pool. A small mud beach hugged the water. Silver fish danced under the waves.

Summer slumped to the ground. The trees kept their distance, and allowed the sun to properly bring the forest floor to life. The girl lay on her back and looked at the clouds.

The white wildebeest slowly stomped their way across the azure. Like a Romanticist painting the clouds' held a majestic plume, highlighted by the sun. Summer wondered if Winter could see the same thing.

The heat drove her to sleep.

*Love is a light,
but we set the world
on fire then:
the children danced
in the flames,
chaos from the
furnace of frost and fire,
every kiss blanked out the sun,
every hug melted the city to rubble,*

but we did not care.

*Symphonies of siren wails,
anarchy spreading like
cathedrals of chaos
over the planet,
the ocean but burning tears*

and we do not care.

*We are so caught up in our love,
our revolution of the seasons,*

*our passionate storm,
we cannot see the world we guarded
cry itself to sleep.*

*And then I glance and look outside us,
and there a child cries:
screaming and gushing out
saliva for salvation,
but getting none.
Tears fall into waterfalls
at the liquid tarmac
swallowing her feet.*

*We ran,
we ran,
we ran,
we-*

Summer spasms awake. Tears and sweat suffocate her skin. The sun slaps her back into reality, and the girl sighs in relief. It was just the bad memory again.

The sun had begun to fall into night, allowing amber blood to spill across the sky in dusk. The leaves bowed in a slight wind. The waterfall gurgles and bubbles.

Summer takes a deep breath, and dives into the pool. The water is cold, refreshingly so. Pollen and leaf bits take off of Summer's skin and float in a frenzy in the water, puffing colourful hues into the aqua.

After a few minutes swimming, Summer gets out. She doesn't bother to dry, and just keeps on walking.

Ugh.

"Two." is the love story of Summer and Winter. After breaking the laws of the universe they find themselves on two new worlds, and this is where their inner monologues, battles for survival and ultimate rebellion play out, as the two lovers strive to find each other... even with the consequences of their failed relationship in front of them.

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This piece was inspired by "Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall"

Fragment xi (Two. Part 11)

Oct 22, 2013, 1:25:20 PM

The Shads didn't waste any time. They were at Winter's heels the second he stepped outside. Rain grey cobblestones led down more deserted streets, until it came to a junction. He went left; the path was still clear in his mind.

The Shads whispered to their prey. They told him through inaudible squabbling the perfect utopias he would find if he gave in, stopped running. All he had to do was say yes.

"Sex with Summer..."

"Warmth! An end to the storm..."

"The world, back to normal, Autumn and Spring not dead..."

"Oh, if only you would say yes..."

Winter nearly stalled, but kept on going. They were lying, they had to be.

He turned another corner, but when the Shads went down his road, they found nothing. He was gone. The clatter of footsteps up stairs echoed from a dusty sandstone apartment. The Shads giggled, rocketed up to the roof. They found Winter at the edge.

He breathed deeply, took a few steps back, and ran forward.
As his foot touched the edge, he leaped forward...

...and cracked his head on the brick wall.

The Shads dragged him by his foot, torso flailing in the air.

"Oh, Winter..." they whispered, licking invisible teeth and lips. "You should have said yes..."
"Ready to crumble to the ground? Aheeheehee..."

Winter grunted in anguish, squirming to get rid of the grip of the solid shadows.

"No, not really."

His foot, heavy as a block of ice, kicked its way out of the imprisoning hand, freeing himself. Winter flew off the side of the building.

The Shads screaming in rage, Winter scrambled in the air for a clothes line before falling to a blood splattered death. His hand caught one. Grateful for whatever luck was guiding him, Winter inched his way over to a window.

He smashed his way through the ornate glass, forward rolled into the abandoned apartment and sprinted down to the door. He was close he could feel it. The Shads flew in chase.

The young man's heart beat fast. He was close, he could feel it. He was so close to the Ampersands, to the entrance out of Epilo, so close to freedom. He turned a corner, laughing ecstatically.

His feet sided to a stop. His face fell.

“No.”

It was a dead end.

Winter scenes are fun to write.

"Two." is the love story of Summer and Winter. After breaking the laws of the universe they find themselves on two new worlds, and this is where their inner monologues, battles for survival and ultimate rebellion play out, as the two lovers strive to find each other... even with the consequences of their failed relationship in front of them.

Each piece (a mixture of poetry and prose) is inspired by either a Coldplay song from Viva La Vida or Mylo Xyloto. Summer's pieces are inspired by Mylo Xyloto songs, while Winter's are inspired by Viva La Vida.

This piece is inspired by "Yes! (and partially "Chinese Sleep Chant");

Hello DeviantArt!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 3, 2012, 8:15:42 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So, I joined DeviantArt today. Looks very teal-green. Anyway, now I can publish my writings on to a network filled with critical internet trolls!

So...yeah. Hi.

-

First Poem

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 4, 2012, 3:21:10 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Decided to upload a rant-esque poem that I wrote in the holidays, about Burghead Beach. Which is a very nice place. Very sunny. And in the village of Burghead.

Anyway, this one is about the rocky beach, which I found more interesting than the sandy one...

Criticise and comment!

-

Three Poems and A Fanfiction

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 8, 2012, 12:45:59 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I haven't made a journal entry in a while, and I feel I should use it. So:

I have uploaded my very short poem about clouds (the manliness in that comment is too much) which is more a collection of metaphors about clouds than an actual poem but eh, I enjoyed writing it.

Then came a pretty rubbish poem which is about break up's even though it was ridiculously overplayed.

And then came my first ever Terraria fanfiction, The Legend of the Platinum Armour,

which I put up for more nostalgic reasons.

And most recently, my cryptic poem Mongrels Don't Lie. Which I think is pretty nifty. Ish. Sort of.

I'll also write a list of the writing I am doing at the same time:

Sands of Ruin; (big epic in which I write a little a day)

Us Zombies Aren't That Bad! (humorous Zombie story, got good praise so far)

Weird Fiction backstory for a character Nammhier made.

AND a whole smattering of fanfictions!

So yeah. I'm pretty busy.

-

New Zombies!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 18, 2012, 1:54:58 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So, I've uploaded a new chapter for my novella(?) "Us Zombies Aren't That Bad!"

Also, now I've finished Trolling and How it Ends the World, I can start on Naamhier's drawing backstory (which I look forward to >👀)

I've also had an idea for a Homestuck Fanfic, which is also very fluffy and rainbowy.

And of course I have other projects which I've forgotten about right now 🌐

ENJOY DA NEW CHAAPTER!

-

Scratch That! No wait... scratch that...*badoomtsh

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 21, 2012, 3:20:46 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I've uploaded my poem Autumn for Scratch That, which is being hosted by [#Poetry-Book](#)

You should enter the auditions!

The poem is pretty short (96 words or so) but I suppose it's not too bad 🌐

Enjoy!

-

I think we all needed this.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 15, 2012, 11:23:15 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[llamafont.com/](#)

My novels shall now be in Llama Font.

-

I'm bored so this 'cause YOLOAAM

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 26, 2012, 3:25:26 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

50 Secrets About Yourself ('cause see title)

50 Secrets About Yourself
Be HONEST no matter what.

1. What is your natural hair colour?
Blonde

2. Where was your ID pic taken?
Some BBC website about Aye-Aye's

3. What's your middle name?
Allan Forsyth

4. Your current relationship status?

Single >__<

5. Honestly, does your crush like you back?

I actually don't know. Although I hope so.

6. What is your current mood?

Tired, relaxed now.

7. What's the color of your underwear?

Umm, white. Also, you missed a "u" in colour.

8. What is one thing that makes you happy?

When people listen to me?

9. Who was the last person you cuddled with?

I think I did a platonic brohoe hug last Tuesday.

10. If you could go back in time, and change something what would it be?

Tell my S1 self to stop being a judgemental doofus and actually get to socialise with people instead of being a complete nerd.

11. If you MUST be an animal for ONE day?

PENGUIN.

12. Ever had a near death experience?

Well I once waded out to an island in the Scottish sea, which is pretty dangerous. I even got my foot stuck in a hole, had to scrape my ankle getting it out. I nearly lost my shoe!

True story.

13. Something you do a lot?

Go on my computer, listen to music and just think about how I should be writing that ballad in for the 3rd of December coddamnit

14. What's the name of the song stuck in your head right now?

"Nine Lives One Love" [homestuck.bandcamp.com/track/n...](http://homestuck.bandcamp.com/track/nine-lives-one-love)

15. Who did you copy and paste this from?

Beabeatrice

16. Name someone with the same b-day as you?

[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/October ...](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/October)

17. When was the last time you cried?

it was during a video playthrough of the series finale of the Walking Dead Video Game; it was only a tiny leak nothing that big.

18. Have you ever sang in front of a large audience?

Haha no

19. If you could have one super power what would it be?

Omniscience

20. What's the first thing you notice about the opposite sex?

They are the opposite gender.

21. What's your biggest secret?

I AM #####! I also have a crush on #####! There, it has been revealed.

22. What's your favorite color?

Orange. Also, favourite is pelt wrong. WHY U FORGET YOUR U'S

23. When was the last time you lied?

Umm... I dunno; I don't try to lie often.

24. Do you still watch kiddie movies or TV shows?

I've tried watching Adventure Time lately which is good but not fantastic. Oh and OCTONAUTS.

25. What are you eating or drinking at the moment?

I just had a lolly with ice cream in the middle.

26. What's your favorite smell?

You know that pinkish soap with orange fruits? Yeah, that.

27. If you could describe life in one word what would it be?

Minefield?

28. When was the last time you gave/received a hug?

Isn't this the same as Q9?! Anyway, as I said, I gave a platonic brohoe hug at fencing last tuesday.

29. Have you ever been kissed in the rain?

Nope

30. What are you thinking about right now?

That this quiz thing is actually quite fun.

31. What should you be doing?

Revising. Writing various personal projects. Sleeping.

32. What was the last thing that made you upset?

The Walking Dead Game epilogue.

33. Do you like working in the yard?

My 'yard' is filled with lots of sore pebbles, and it is the start of winter. But the road is nice I guess.

34. If you could have any last name in the world, what would you want?

Black. Because my mysteriousness is paramount.

35. Name 5 things in your closet:

Clothes, my #####, a few spare wallets, the Laundry Monster and the Gate to Hell.

36. Do you act different around your crush?

Hell yes. I am an absolute prit stick when around my crush TBH; I have to tell myself being random and quirky has it's limits before turning to being a moron.

37. When was the last time you slept with a stuffed animal?

Bluh, I can't remember...when I was 12?! I might have slept with it a few months ago but I can't remember if that was a strange dream or-

38. How many times do you take a shower a week?

Every day; I miss one in the weekends sometimes.

39. Do you brush your teeth everyday?

Yurp.

40. Have you ever said something stupid in front of your crush?

HELL YES.

41. Have you ever watched a hockey game?

Nope.

42. Do you lie about your age?

If for accounts with ridiculous age limits yes. For forums and stuff not really.

43. Ever been jealous about something stupid?

...I dunno if it's stupid, but yeah.

44. Do you pick your nose?

Only when I don't have a tissue because I forgot one >__<

45. What's the one food you hate?

Cucumber. Although hate is a strong word; more a strong dislike.

46. What's the one junk food you cant live without?

Umm... does cereal count as one?!

47. How old were you when you found out Santa was fake?

P4. So... 8 or something? Or was it 9?!

Coddamnit I was pretty stupid.

48. Have you ever blown your nose and looked inside the napkin?

Perhaps.

49. Describe your favorite underwear you have?

...It is a boxer short. Which is -insert colour here- and -insert special thing about it-

50. Did you lie in any of these questions?

A few. Not many though. Maybe only one? Ahh, but what if that one was this one?! You will never know.

-

Why I Quit NaNoWriMo

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 2, 2012, 11:43:40 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So I entered into NaNoWriMo with great gusto, a very evolved idea and raring to go.

And I only got up to 410 words. How?

Well, for a start I didn't plan. At all. That kinda helped in the rubbishness that ended up being my start.

Also, I didn't really like the direction the book was going into? As in, I didn't know what was going to happen next, etc.

Another thing is that when pressured I cannot make half-decent/good writing. I really can't. Every word felt like torture to write, and my body just kept on wanting to leave my laptop.

So now that I know how to plan writing a novel now, next year I'll be ready to try :-P

-

NEW RULE.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 3, 2012, 2:55:11 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

if I see ONE MORE overly-depressing poem about how horrible -insert something- is, I will not favourite it... however well written it is.

Nope. NO BUTS. Nope. That's that. Sorry.

-

I strongly dislike the deviantArt version of :p

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 17, 2012, 1:28:27 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Really. I do.

It doesn't look right! It looks like the derpy blue face is crying which completely defeats the purpose of the whole ":-p" face.

Too much empathise on the physical structure, not the themes that the emoticon brings (happiness, care-free, relaxed)

And he looks like a dork.

(Yeah, I'm in my "liberal arts" mood today >__>)

-

HAPPI CHRISTMAS

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 25, 2012, 2:02:34 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Bah, humbug.

-

New Years Thing Stolen From What's-The-Name-Again

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 30, 2012, 3:53:17 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

1. What did you do in 2012 that you'd never done before?

Got a girlfriend 🥳

2. Did you keep your new year's resolutions and will you make more for next year?

I can't actually remember my new years resolutions O__o

3. Did anyone close to you give birth?

Umm, I don't know.

4. Did anyone close to you die?

Not really? I mean a few distant family members I barely knew... the closest death was

my grandparents dog's death which seems a bit...chilling.

5. What places did you visit?

Elgin, Moniack Mhor (Near Inverness) , Mitchell Library, Burghead Beach, A Small Island I Swam To By Wading Through The North Sea And Many Many Lots of Seaweed (I nearly lost my trainer there when my foot fell down a hole in the rockbed) Archers Hall (Edinburgh), The Cairns (in the Highlands; side note: SO MANY WHISKEY DISTILLERIES) Aberdeen and I'm Sure Many Others

6. What would you like to have in 2013 that you lacked in 2012?

An Ipod of some sort would be nice.

7. What dates from 2012 will remain etched on your memory, and why?

My Week At Moniack Mhor, my First Kiss

8. What was your biggest achievement of the year?

Making it to Moniack Mhor, being a prizewinner of the Pushkin Prizes, and not being that obnoxious!

9. What was your biggest failure?

Being arrogant and a bit obnoxious at Moniack Mhor, and coming out more in a tumble of gossip than an actual defiance to prejudice.

10. Did you suffer illness or injury?

I had an allergic reaction once or twice, scraped my ankles when nearly giving my shoe to the sea

11. What was the best thing you bought?

umidunno

12. Where did most of your money go?

Into saving for music which I haven't bought yet

13. What did you get really excited about?

Young Writers Conference and Moniack Mhor, going up to Burghead/Elgin for the summer holidays

14. Whose behaviour merited celebration?

My friend grew a lot more friendly I think, not as... cold? I suppose.

15. Whose behaviour made you appalled and depressed?

Some questionable things said by a few family members

16. What song will always remind you of 2012?

Oh so many memorable tunes. I'm thinking of the Black Mesa Theme right now though www.youtube.com/watch?v=R8fW_S...

17. Compared to last year are you –

Happier or Sadder?

Happier.

Fatter or thinner?

Um, I think I'm thinner?

Richer or poorer?

Maybe richer? Maybe the same.

18. What do you wish you'd done more of?

More socialising.

19. What do you wish you'd done less of?

Less interenting.

20. How did you spend Christmas?

Being with my family, eating.

21. What was your favourite TV program(s)?

The Big Bang Theory, Sherlock and Doctor Who come to mind.

22. What were your favourite books of the year?

The Scar, The Fault In Our Stars (Finished that yesterday xD) Perdrido Street Station and The Shadow of The Wind.

23. What were your favourite films of the year?

The Hunger Games, The Avengers, Skyfall, The Dark Knight Rises, Salmon Fishing in the Yemen

24. Did you fall in love?

Yup. Several times.

25. What did you do for your birthday in 2012?

I went to see Skyfall with my friends. It was a very good film.

26. Did you make new friends this year?

Well I started to become more friendly, so I suppose I kinda... fertilised the brosoil for blooming friendship potatoes? O___o

27. What did you want and get?

A camera

28. What did you want and not get?

Homestuck music on my phone

29. What one thing would have made your year immeasurably more satisfying?

Being able to ask a certain person on a date. Coddmanit timidity.

30. How would you describe your personal fashion concept in 2012?

Casual. Nothing too avant garde.

31. What kept you sane?

Music, Homestuck, The Internet and friends.

32. Which celebrity/public figure did you fancy the most?

LET ME LOVE YOU MICHAEL GUY BOWMAN

Umm, and Selena Gomez. I suppose. Ahem.

33. What political issue stirred you the most?

The same-sex marriage fiasco.

34. Who did you miss?

Having Neil Armstrong dead is sort of a bummer; you expect him to be still alive for causing such a ruckus in human history, but... now he's not.

And R.I.P LONESOME GEORGE

35. Tell us a valuable life lesson you learned in 2012.

Chillax. Just, chillax. Do what feels right, and do what you want to.

-

Happy New Year!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 31, 2012, 5:44:35 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

The Proclaimers echo from the TV, the sugary remains of tablet stay nestled in my mouth and red wine grumbles its way through my stomach.

Hope this year is as life-changing as 2012 was for me! Best wishes to whoever you are 🍷

Roll on 2013!!

-AyeAye12

-

In 2012 I...

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 3, 2013, 2:00:08 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

In 2012, I...

☐ Got a new piercing.

☐ Dyed my hair.

☐ Ended a relationship.

☐ Started a new relationship.

☒ Been on a long car/bus journey.

☐ Passed an exam

☒ Met someone who's now an important part of my life.

☐ Cried on someone's shoulder.

☐ Had a massive fight with a boy/girl

☐ Received flowers.

☐ Had a Valentine.

- ☐ Written a letter using pen & paper.
- ☐ Gone to see a therapist
- ☐ Been prescribed medication by a doctor.
- ☒ Read a really good book.
- ☐ Went to the zoo
- ☐ Spent too much money on unnecessary things.
- ☒ Travelled by train.
- ☐ Cried over a member of the opposite sex.
- ☐ Spent the day out in the sun getting a tan.
- ☒ Slammed a door out of frustration.
- ☒ Had an anxiety attack.
- ☐ Babysat for a friend's child.
- ☐ Had a BBQ
- ☐ Went to the fair.
- ☐ Went bowling.
- ☒ Seen a film at the cinema in 3D.
- ☒ Went on a date.
- ☐ Been the only sober one on a night out.
- ☐ Helped someone home after they had been drinking.
- ☐ Stayed up all night.
- ☐ Talked on the phone for over two hours.
- ☒ Supported someone who'd received bad news.
- ☐ Watched some kind of live sporting event.
- ☐ Read an entire book in one day.
- ☐ Bought a DVD the day it was released.
- ☐ Eaten McDonald's more than four times in a single week.
- ☐ Cried as a result of exam stress.
- ☒ Met some incredible new people.
- ☐ Went to great parties.
- ☐ Fallen backwards off a chair.
- ☐ Broke my glasses.
- ☐ Wore a watch for the first time in years.
- ☐ Cried over someone in my past.
- ☒ Spent hours aimlessly browsing the internet.
- ☒ Threw up.
- ☒ Cried over a film.
- ☐ Gone out of my way to avoid an ex-boy/girlfriend.
- ☐ Fought with someone in public.

- [] Been in a relationship for a year or longer.
- [] Cried in front of someone I adore.
- [] Lost a/some close friends.

And Happy 2013!!!!

-

Trapped In The Nothing

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 21, 2013, 1:41:52 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I've started a new forum adventure; starboundforums.com/threads/tr...

It involves the escapade of Line, a mysterious line who somehow begins to exist in a metaworld in which existing doesn't exist.

Philosophically abstract and literately linear, join this being on a journey through the 1st Dimension... and beyond!

-

Let's All Party

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 5, 2013, 1:17:33 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics...

I knew it was going to be passed anyway, but this is still awesome.

Britain is getting more liberal! Yay!

-

STEALING MEMES (from beabebeatrice)

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 10, 2013, 10:54:32 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

1.Are you single or taken?

Single D:

2. Chocolate or flowers?

Chocolate because it's edible.

3. Will you do anything special for Valentines Day?

Probably not except for thinking about possible unrequited love and that stuff. Sigh.

4. Do you like anyone?

Yes, I don't think he likes me though :C

5. Were you dating anyone last Valentines?

Nope, but I sent a gift to someone when she was in my history class at the same time when she got it and my handwriting is pretty noticeable and oh cod it was a mess.

6. Who do you want to spend Valentines with?

Boyfriend/girlfriend, if I had one.

7. Do you make a big deal about Valentines?

Not really because that would be embarrassing.

8. Have you ever had a secret admirer?

No >__<

9. Would you ever write someone a love letter?

If it didn't involve being laughed at, yeah!

10. Do you believe in Cupid?

Nope.

11. Do your parents give you presents on Valentines?

No.

12. Do you still send out Valentine cards?

After all my failures, I don't think I'm going to.

13. Do you like candy hearts?

I think so, never had one but I mean candy is candy.

14. What is something you got last Valentines?

A big box of nothing. The box was also made of nothing.

15. Is Valentines depressing?

When you don't get anything, yeah!

16. How is your love life?

Like a squid in the desert which is trying to find all of his energy he can to slump forward, one slump closer to the ocean 8000 miles away.

17. Have you ever been dumped on Valentines?

Nope

18. How many roses would you want?

ALL OF THEM.

19. Will you have a girlfriend/boyfriend this Valentines day?

I don't think so.

20. Do you look forward to Valentines day?

Eh, s'ok.

21. Who was your last Valentine from?

NOBODY!

22. Who do you expect to get a Valentine from this year?

I don't know. I'm expecting not to get one, but we'll see...

23. Who would you most like to receive a Valentine from?

The guy I like would be awesome.

24. How many Valentines will you be sending this year?

None because they always end bad.

25. Have you ever not received a Valentine?

Oh yes.

26. What was the most Valentines you received in a single day?

None, in every day!

27. Have you ever received an anonymous Valentine?

Nope.

28. Have you ever sent an anonymous Valentine?

Once, but my handwriting is so bad that you can notice it's mine and that gets all messy.

29. Will you be sending an anonymous Valentine this year?

Haha no.

30. What was the best Valentine gift you ever received?

Air!

31. What was the worst?

Air!

32. Have you ever started dating someone on Valentines day?

Nope.

-

An Idea of The Shattering

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 12, 2013, 9:19:00 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So, I was writing my latest Six-Word Story,

And it was about the post-apocalypse. But I didn't want to call it "post-apocalypse" as that was cliché.

So to make it more mysterious I named it "After The Shattering."

Ooh. Shattering. Sounds all ominous and mysterious.

And that's when I thought it.

Why not have a bunch of people team up to make stories set in this world, after The Shattering? A big portfolio of work, all seemingly separate, but all building this world where humanity is gone and the world is alien yet beautiful.

Now, it couldn't have people blatantly stating what happened, or some ultimate solution, but it could have people hinting to how it happened, etc.

I still need to get a few things set out, like some kind of basic rule system, but I won't do it unless you lovely people on deviantArt would be interested in it!

So please comment if you would be interested in doing something like this! And please spread this around to get more people to hear about this 🍌

Thank you!

-

Here's A Snazzy New Group

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 13, 2013, 2:20:05 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

thenewthings.deviantart.com/

Woop woop to the avant-garde.

So yeah, go join that group! It's missing quite a few deviants and it really deserves more deviants.

-

The Shattering Project :BASIC RULES:

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 15, 2013, 12:55:55 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So before I start the group for entries, this is the list of basic rules which I made for it. Please comment on whether they work or not for you!

1: NO ZOMBIES.

Too cliché and overused. Also a bit too grim for the general theme of the portfolio; it's meant to amplify some element of hope... that's not to say it can't be bleak, because it is about the apocalypse

2: NO GODMODDING/ CONTROLLING OTHER CHARACTERS.

Unless the two creators come to an agreement or decide to collaborate, you can't control one another's character. Refer to them, perhaps, but no outright control.

3. NO CONTROL OF ANOTHER CREATOR'S LAND/ SETTING...

... in the time period of said creator's setting. The world of The Shattering takes place over vast amounts of time; one story could potentially be set a million years before or after another one. You could even have a character leave a place five minutes before another is meant to enter.

4. CHARACTERS DON'T HAVE TO BE HUMAN!

Ethereal being? Allowed. Alien being? Allowed. Abstract being? Allowed. God-like being? Not allowed. Fallen God that has fallen to a reality and has lost all OP'ness? Allowed. Why so many extraterrestrial beings? That will be explained with my "Prelude" short story.

5. DO NOT EXPLAIN HOW THE SHATTERING HAPPENED.

Please, don't. Hint at it a little, but the real beauty is in the world itself. You can pose theories through characters thoughts but the actual reason will be kept shrouded in mystery.

6. ALL TYPES OF ART ALLOWED!

Have a haunting musical track to go alongside a poem about a painting of a landscape in The Shattering? It's allowed.

7. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SET IT IN THE SHATTERING WORLD!

Well, to an extent. If you want to do it on a moon, then go ahead! If you want to do it in some alternative universe-version of The Shattering world, then go ahead! If you want to do it in a location which has no relation to The Shattering at all, then don't go ahead!

8. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT REALISTIC

I would describe this more as a fantasy epic project than a sci-fi post-apocalyptic one, so

creative liberties are taken into account.

If you have any more suggestions of rules, please post them.

As said in the rules, I will start off the whole project with my Prelude story, and then from there it's free reins. Any time zone you want, any location you want, any being you want... it's up to you!

Let's make this the greatest apocalypse ever recorded!

-

The Shattering Project: NOW UP!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 16, 2013, 1:21:06 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[theshatteringproject.deviantar...](#)

Just need a banner and we're all set for some world-building!

All are welcome! 🍷

-

My Face

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 9, 2013, 2:56:18 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Is covered in hair.

And yes, my avatar is some kind of minimalistic masterpiece. Somewhere.

-

a wild writing forum appeared

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 10, 2013, 1:17:28 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[inkbound.forumotion.com/](#)

Go to it if your a writer and be writery.

-

Finding My Niche

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 12, 2013, 1:33:58 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I know they say you shouldn't bottle yourself in a subcategory of style you write in, but... I dunno, I feel a bit left out, not being in a group of art form.

I guess my poems could be considered Surrealist in some ways, especially "My Constantinople" and "Tangerine Milk (Or, Nectarine Pasta)" but then again, my nature poems are much more.. Romantic, I suppose?

My short stories seem to embody quite a bit of dark humour, which I don't really like. Never been much of a fan of it myself. Same goes for horror, actually. The irony being, I can write it well according to judges of competitions I've been part of xD

Some of my other work is pretty abstract and could possibly fall under Weird Fiction/ New Weird. I'd love it if they were considered New Weird. Being beside China Mieville as a New Weird writer would be awesome...

Trapped In The Nothing is definitely something kinda avant-garde... then again, it is heavily inspired by Hussian work like Homestuck (yes, Hussian is a thing now) in its structure as forum adventure, but the actual story is very fantastical. Void Fantasy? Para-Pantheonic Fiction? I dunno.

Talking of different art styles, I'm planning to do a cubist poem soon. Looks like it'd be fun.

So what about you? What kind of "niche" would you label yourself under?

-

NaPoWriMo

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 25, 2013, 9:49:03 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So I'm doing NaPoWriMo. A poem a day for April. Oh my.

Should be fun! Will it get me writing? Yes. Will it cause my writing engines to explode?

Most definitely.

www.napowrimo.net/

-

I Invented A New Style Of Poetry

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 26, 2013, 1:50:04 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Yup. That's right. A new type of poetry. Completely unique, my own idea.

Well. I think.

I call it Table Poetry, and it follows a structure in the style of a Results Table from science tests. I made one called "Results From Unrequited Love and Heartbreak" ayeaye12.deviantart.com/art/Re...

For that one in particular, you have to read from left column to right column. So, it reads as;

You smile / I shatter, You laugh/ I crumble

and so on.

You like? You no like?

Feel free to write in this way if you wish. I'd like to have credit for discovering it, however, please 😊

-

Old Computer

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 12, 2013, 6:10:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So because my laptop is being eaten alive by a virus (don't worry, all my important stuff is safe. Namely my writing, Trapped In The Nothing panels, etc. Annoyingly only 2 albums of 20 from my music library are on my Skydrive though >__<) I found that on the old family-turn-brother's computer my old user wasn't deleted so I'm sing that right

now and ohcod I miss my Compaq already.

Everything is dusty, you have to press really hard on the keys to make it register, HTML for some websites I usually go on is all scrambled, to download things I need PARENTAL CONTROLS OH WOW I FORGOT HOW ANNOYING PARENTAL CONTROLS ARE. Some of the websites I go on are blocked because paranoid security systems (even blooming Chrome) and I can't imagine how I used to be able to use this on a regular basis

At least MSPA Adventures still works. Even if its centralised text but hey I can't have everything

EDIT: Oh, and adverts. I miss AdBlockPro dearly.

-

Happy 4/13 Day!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 13, 2013, 11:58:22 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

ayeaye12.deviantart.com/art/Co...

To celebrate 4/13 day, I thought I may as well upload my HS-inspired WIP work, Construkt.

Hope you enjoy.

-

Is my

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 14, 2013, 4:04:21 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

author tag snazzy?

Yes it is.

-

Fake Friends

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 21, 2013, 5:03:43 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

From Whiplash3 because imma big attention giver. Also memes

There are some people who are getting too fake here on dA. They only want posts, comments, or to see how many friends they can get. So let's see who will actually re-post this. This is a test to see who's paying attention. This is a test to see how many people in my friends list actually pay attention. Copy and repost in your own bulletin. Lets see who the true friends are... Repost this if you are a friend... Don't reply... Just copy and paste this in a new journal as "Fake Friends."

-

So,

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 24, 2013, 8:57:23 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Is having 18 comments when I come home on dA normal? o_o

-

I'VE DONE IT

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 30, 2013, 1:16:22 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Listening to: Sleepyhead by Passion Pit / Pandora Radio

Mood: Relived 🤖

Eating: Cheerios. Well, the cheap TESCO cheerios but still Cheerios.

Watching: My Computer Screen

Reading: The Lies of Locke Lamora

And so it is done. Done. I have officially survived NaPoWriMo 2013. I have written thirty poems in April, one each day. Well, there was something like three days I used poems I'd written on other days but it all adds up.

I even went the extra mile and made two "encore" poems. Yeah, I'm that hardcore. I'm like doing the extreme sport variation of poetry here. Woah.

So, what now?

Well, don't expect much poetry for a while. Haha, no. I'm going to work on my prose. Finish that sort-of Chapter One of Sands of Ruin, finish my "Lovecraftian comedy" and do

another chapter of Us Zombies Aren't That Bad!. Yup, that's the plan and it'll fall to pieces mark my words.

I also have to start choosing my folio for Young Writers Award. I feel that I have 5-6 poems that I can qualify as being good enough. Hope I can get through; Moniack Mhor was where I felt the happiest and I need to feel like that again. NEED.

And then I'm doing quite a bit of travelling! School trip to Belgium, then a holiday! That should inspire me a lot. Around then I hope to begin doing new poetry but knowing my mind I won't. I mean, there is that other cloud poem...

Oh, and may as well do a project update. Construkt: Going well, got a more detailed structure of Act A in my mind now. Return of The Platinum Armour: No, I haven't forgotten it, and I will finish it. Mark ym words, dammit. I don't think I'll start Operation ReLogic immediately though. Trapped In The Nothing: Yeah, I'll get back into an update groove. Soundcloud recordings of My Poems/Prose extracts: Still faint ideas in my head... if you know of any free recording app or something like that please tell me, kthx.

So all in all, I'm not stopping deviantArt activity but my postings won't be so frantic as before.

See ya around.

-

Did anyone else know

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 9, 2013, 9:33:37 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

that when starting a new line in poems, it always has to start with a capital letter? Even with enjambment.

This surprised me for some reason. Mainly because I don't see it get done on deviantArt a lot. I mean, some of the most popular poems I see have lines start with lowercase letters. And, to be honest, it looks pretty nice.

But according to my English teacher, that's wrong punctuation... which makes sense, but even then...

I dunno. What do you think?

-

So, the Doctor Who Series Finale,

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 18, 2013, 1:21:21 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

What.

-

Whenever I start a new project

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 4, 2013, 11:11:13 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

or some kind of course or something like that, by the moment I start getting information about it slammed into my face I begin to feel "I don't want to do this".

Like, everything. Even if I love it. Take fencing. Love doing it but after school I always moan about how I don't want to do it and I'd rather go home.

Annoying thing that is. And it happened again when doing Synergy.

I had joined on a whim, and when I saw the note I was like "help".

But fortunately most of my fears have dissipated, and I can now present my friendly Synergy partner ~HuntingForHappiness!

Already he's given me vital criticism on my work, revolutionized the grammar structures of a few of my poems for the better and is just generally snazzy. And Canadian. Gotta love Canadians.

My favourite of his is **Wrong turns:**

They say there is a light
At the end of the tunnel;
the maze
that we traverse in
hopes of sunlight,

and home.

They do not tell
us that if you dare
take a wrong turn,
the light you approach
is the fire you fear;
and that still
you must
advance.

I really like how he twisted the whole light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel thing into something nastier. Of course, all his stuff is great, this was just one that stood out for me. But seriously, his pace deserves Michelin stars. Like, damn.

-

Belgium Trip Was Crazy Inspirational Snazzy

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 17, 2013, 10:20:27 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Seriously, woah. Not really much else to say.
Expect a poetry binge tonight.

So while I was away I noticed quite a few things have changed. Homestuck is off hiatus, 2695 Deviations at a time is a thing, writing journals uses the Sta.sh thing now, I've probably been kicked from Synergy and my phone was stolen.

So yeah, anything else happened while I was away?

-

Okay, so I didn't exactly have a poetry binge...

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 20, 2013, 9:55:46 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

... but hey, I got this down;

[???

Please comment and shenanigans.

-

The things you can find using the 'Undiscovered'

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 23, 2013, 2:27:39 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

option is pretty damn good, literature wise.

[2 in Storage]

goodbye by ano-brain

*hair like flames
and a single, adventure-ridden heart to match*

*she was like a wildfire
spreading over your skin and
her voice would absorb into your veins,
scottish blood*

*she was a fairytale wrapped up
inside a human being*

*the whole universe was cupped inside of
her little hands
impossibilities would trickle from her lips*

*both his hearts are broken
and her body is decomposing in the ground*

*some days he drops everything he's holding
and ignores every galaxy that is calling out to him*

*and then he will just sit quietly
for days on end, remembering
the girl who waited*

Please keep this thing, dA.

-

Pablo Neruda used to write his poetry in green ink

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 28, 2013, 12:13:27 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

because for him, it symbolized desire and hope. So in that similar vein, I'm going to start writing my poetry in deep purple/royal purple. Why? Well, I like the colour for a start, but violet (as that's the general shade I'm going for) represents the soul in the Gay Pride Flag. And as poets, it's our job to liquidize the soul for the human consciousnesses, so I can see that working.

Also, it has connotations of wealth but we'll just ignore that and my possible illusions of grandeur and possible Napoleon Complex.

Also I remember reading a poem of Pablo's in a writing workshop once, which I really liked (even though I challenged it because I was a stupid idiot >__>) and I just read "Carnal Apple, Woman Filled, Burning Moon" here www.poemhunter.com/poem/carnal... which I liked a lot as well. He's got a very distinctive voice.

I'm also working on putting the advice of Henry Miller to good use, except with gender reversed. I don't think I'll post the poem (as of time of writing working through stanza 2) because I don't really see it as being generally good. Plus if people at school found it then it'd be all very embarrassing, so yeah.

I'll probably change my mind.

BTW, I'm finding it really annoying how the journal cuts off the words at the end of the textbox instead of going on to the next line. Silly dA.

Most important part of this all is I'm going away from the internet for 6 days as per holiday shenanigans, so I won't be here for a bit. Which might impact on Synergy, but oh what can I do.

So yeah.

-

And then Andy Murray won Wimbledon.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 7, 2013, 9:33:16 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Welp.

That happened.

77 years but the UK took their time xP

-

(Sponsored by Literature-United, welcoming all

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 10, 2013, 2:03:26 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

pieces of literature today!)

So I'm going to do a nice little Literature Roadtrip because that's what all dem kids are doin' and I need to be all hip an' that, bruh.

Basically, if you sign up, I will read 3 of your pieces and leave a good comment on each of those pieces. If I like them you'll also get three favorites from me. At the end I'll do a big feature journal thing with all the people who decided to join.

BUT WAIT, there are some requirements!

- You must be a member of Literature-United. I am sponsoring them after all (just join the group, it won't bite!).
- You must have at least 3 pieces I've never seen before!
- You must have at least 3 literature deviations!

Now then, if you want to join just post here!

Deadline for when I stop accepting is 13th of April, 12:00pm GMT time!

The road trip will take place from the 15th of July to the 19th of July. I'll fit in people and all that stuff depending on who signs up.

So join that group (found here; literature-united.deviantart.c...) and sign up! 🍌

-

So the literature roadtrip kinda crashed and

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 14, 2013, 9:09:46 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

burned into the scrapyard of other projects that never lifted off. Sorry about that, Literature-United.

But hey, on the bright side, you got a few(?) new members. 2-3, but slow steps make a big... meta-step.

I made the final poem in the War-Grave Trilogy which needs a better name because a) that sounds awkward and b) I need to add things to connect them all. Wait a sec, b) isn't really a bad point, that's just a thing I should add. But I don't need to, because that seems silly. And disrespectful in some obscure way THE HEADPHONE CABLES ARE TICKLING ME.

I made an abstract drawing thing I'll put up when I learn how people photo traditional art and make it look like there's no background stuff but I can't use proper programs because they're confusing and take time to use and I don't have time for time because I say so TRAMPOLINING IS FUN

Back to the poem, it's pretty damn terrible. As well as the prose thing I'm doing, And the pseudo-script, which will seem awkward and clunky soon enough SUN IS FUN

That all? That's all. I think. Blub, there's an edit function on this if I forget anything MY CHEST IS ITCHY

-

Well, this is what I found on the Undiscovered

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 17, 2013, 4:16:08 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Literature function thing today;

Nineveh – Gay-Mountain

A grey whale fed me
From his stomach.
'Fuck off,'
He said to God
'And die.'
Sinking into his own world,
He became so many
inches of life that you would never know
he died.
In another story
he would have made it to the beach:
the hagfish would have never found him
and I would live in his eyes,
building rock pools
around noon and midnight.
I could have saved the city.

Midnight Worship - editjade

Suddenly a tribe of cats stopped at crossroads
as if an order was given
all the cats like one cat
looked at the sky
there he is
with the King Star in his crown
Leo.
Their eyes unblinking, bodies rigid, tails saluting
they watch him.
We give in to curiosity because you say,
god, the world must be ending, why are those
epitomes of selfishness running in packs?
And we see the miracle for cats only
Regulus Caeli shining brighter than those cats'
lustrous eyes.
Now, look, a shadow fell on the sky
eclipsing third part of the heavens,
and look here, the cats begin to move,

going round and round in circles,
take my hand, so we don't fall,
look up we will dance the dervish dance,
volvite, caelesties orbies,
maybe he will speak to us, too!
Stop!
Shooting stars falling, falling, falling,
unscheduled Leonids in August,
Leo is granting wishes to his faithful,
and I have a feeling tomorrow
it will be raining fish.

<da:thumb id="385969971"/>

Kaleidoscope – NemoX7

Sapphire ziggurats line across vacant vales,
Tethered to transdimensional trees of topaz,
Standing fierce before diamond dusk gales.
Obsolete monuments watching society spiral off,
Into an impatient breath before inhaling death.
Chrysanthemum irises soar above lost labyrinths,
Moored to multidimensional mires of mystery,
Bleeding oblique upon rose ravaged plinths.
Discrete posies laugh at civilization's mirth,
Into an asphyxiated love within the acerbic dove.
Magenta basilisks waltz around frozen forests,
Picketed to pansdimensional doors of desire,
Flaunting verse after garrulous goblin guests.
Complete deities stroke the hairs of humanity,
Into an exquisite hate dead by equilibrium fate.

-

Going away for a week without my computer. For

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 19, 2013, 2:56:07 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

real, this time.

Bai

-

My biggest writing-related fear is that everything

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 3, 2013, 11:21:28 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I write is pretentious, melodramatic or needy.

Like, there's always this stigma that all of poetry is pretentious, which I disagree with but... is it unavoidable?

I mean, I know that comments here will probably say my work isn't pretentious, etc, but for dogs sake look at the flubbing title. Look at my substitute for swear words. Look at this whole journal post, and tell me it doesn't have any semblance of neediness.

...Of course, I might just be mistaking quirks and the egocentric principle for arrogance. See, even that sounds obnoxious.

Maybe I just need to take a good swig of confidence.

I don't even know why I'm writing this; life is good right now and my problems are so damn microscopic compared to this all. See, at it again, making everything big and flamboyant. Ugh. I bet the real subconscious reason I'm writing this is to replace my last journal because it's out of date.

I need to distract myself with something.

-

Imma year old.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 5, 2013, 1:47:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

One whole year on this site has done me some good for my writing life. Things have been looking good and I think it'll get better.

Goal for next year? To have a DD under my belt. Ambitious, perhaps, but aim for the stars and all that jazz.

It was only yesterday that I realized I had actually gained a DLD. As in, I realized the gravity and greatness of having a DLD. Kinda annoyed I didn't realize how big an achievement that was back when I got it >___> (and here I was wishing I could get a DLD while already having one xD)

Great feedback on Monospace Poem, by the way. Glad no got offended xP

now to write...

...after procrastination to the highest degree

-

Thirteen Words

WED AUG 7, 2013, 12:49 PM

"Do you know how many bullets I've got in here?"

"How many?"

"Yours."

-

Going away for a week again!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 12, 2013, 1:46:15 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So don't be surprised if I don't respond or anything, 'kay?

-

I'm Back

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 19, 2013, 3:07:05 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I'm pretty sure I might not be able to catch up on Haikuwrimo, but we'll see.

I've got so much homework and it burns of education, school starts tomorrow and still

got stuff to do, I got rejected from something called the Young Writers Award but I wasn't really expecting to get through and www.youtube.com/watch?v=EkJNmP...

gahszi

But yeah, I'm back.

-

HI HELLO

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 24, 2013, 7:44:09 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

your children all belong to me OH YES THEY DO

-

on another note

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 24, 2013, 7:45:06 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

the other day i threw a small moderately cute cat into a pit of lava spikes

-

HI HELLO

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 24, 2013, 7:44:09 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

your children all belong to me OH YES THEY DO

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on another note

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 24, 2013, 7:45:06 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

the other day i threw a small moderately cute cat into a pit of lava spikes

-

Dismembered In September

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 1, 2013, 6:21:23 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

The title because rhyming.

I didn't complete Haikuwrimo, but I am happy with the haikus I made. Same with Synergy; never got around to getting the enthusiasm needed to make headway on 'Three'. I expect to find the energy needed for that thing in three years time.

Wrote my second Spoken Word. Not going to upload it just yet because I want to practice it for performances and stuff. Could be my first poem on Soundcloud.

My Coldplay related project hasn't started yet, and after that I might even do a prequel (using X & Y and the other ones before that, maybe). 'S all in the air. 'S all good.

Also been scriptwriting for a friend/ helping with scripts and stuff for a friend, who is doing pretty well on YouTube. 2'500 subscribers or so. You can find him here; www.youtube.com/user/radhaggis

So yeah. Stuff and stuff.

-

To Everyone

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 14, 2013, 7:30:32 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Catgroove by Parov Stellar
- **Reading:** 1984 by George Orwell
- **Watching:** Attack on Titan
- **Playing:** Audiosurf

Thank you for the favourites, you're very welcome and yes it is a very sparkly beard isn't it. I don't respond because that would take too much time; I'm not ungrateful.

Also, don't feel inclined to write a comment on each of my pieces every time it pops up if you don't have meaningful critique/ specific praise. A favourite will make me as happy as a one word comment, just saying.

I want people to try and post a negative in my work if they can find one. Not asking for a full-blown critique, just want something more balanced. That way, I can work out what my weaknesses are. And knowing your weaknesses is how you eat them. Said someone.

So yeah, don't be surprised if I ask you what was wrong with Piece X after you showered

me in praise until I'm drowning in the sickly sweet stuff. Don't make them entirely negative though; I like having some self esteem, you know.

"Two." is going along well. Getting done at a good pace. Might be able to work on Sands of Ruin properly after this, hah.

I need to write more nature poetry because introspective melancholics are boring and I don't want them to be my thing. I got some nice pictures of a crow-maybe-raven. And night time is getting nice. And it is autumn time. Who needs my problems when you can have nature, dammit.

I want to colab with someone on a poem. If interested, note me. I can start doing it after finishing "Two." Female poet, ideally, for the thing to work. Not anti-men, I just think it'd work better with a female poet doing parts of it and stuff. Yeah.

I also discovered that there's a section below the journal-write-in bit which has the whole watching, eating etc stuff in. So yeah.

Also, a bit of an apology, but I'm going to not post all my poetry here from now on. If something is really crazy good in my eyes, I'm going to send it off to magazines first before submitting it here if it gets picked. Sorry, not my fault publication conditions exist.

So yeah, writing is fun.

-

SOME DAYS YOU WAKE UP AND GET A DD.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 22, 2013, 3:03:39 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Homestuck Vol. 8
- **Reading:** Iron Council by China Mieville
- **Watching:** Attack on Titan
- **Playing:** Audiosurf

I always thought that one day, if I worked hard enough, I would get a Daily Deviation.

And now I have. I have succeeded in my year goal in getting a DD.

Yknow, I expected to feel surprise... but this surprised me. Kinda in the name I guess.

I thought that I would get a DD in one my poems, like "Jackson Pollock" or "(Gaseous) State of Mind", but not one of my prose pieces xD

[A Guide to Living in Pias]

Also, even more of a surprise? I only posted this to one group, and a small one at that too XD

On a different note, I finished 1984. Twas well written if not depressing. It was a dystopia, though, so I should have expected it.

Light waves are awesomeeeee

-

i did it

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 28, 2013, 2:36:15 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** eyes to the ground for change by Listener
- **Reading:** Iron Council by China Mieville
- **Watching:** The IT Crowd
- **Playing:** Cookie Clicker
- **Eating:** llama

I actually, properly, wrote a proper chapter for my novel.

This is an achievement because most of the time with my prose I give up if its a big project. But nope, this is a sign its not going to die. So that's good.

It'll probably get ripped apart and stitched back together in another draftocaust, but blub.

I know, I know, its cruel telling you lot about a novel you can't read... but on the other hand you all get to have fun stuff like Two. and stuff.

Talking of stuff, I changed my profile pic. Who wants me face when you can have me face... **in words????!!**

I'm taking part in chromeantennae 's super-colab thing so that should be fun.

I properly played Cookie Clicker and good cod its addictive

I started watching The IT Crowd and good cod is it funny

yay life

-

goodness gracious me / i got a DLD

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 11, 2013, 8:10:03 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** The Verve - Forth
- **Reading:** American Gods by Neil Gaiman
- **Watching:** The IT Crowd
- **Playing:** Terracookieclickerria
- **Eating:** Ilama
- **Drinking:** Tea

Hah half rhyming titles.

Writing of prose has been stalled because;

- good smog is that a lot of tests
- good smog is that a lot of terraria 1.2
- good smog is that a lot of procrastination

But yeah, I got another DLD! Damn, didn't expect that, haha. I did enjoy writing "A Pile of Exiled Leaves" though, and did have quite a bit of faith in it, glad [#DailyLitDeviations](#) thought so too 🤔 (It's here; fav.me/d6oylyk Many thanks to TwilightPoetsss and haphazordmelody!)

Yes, I am using the "#" symbol for the group because that is the pure symbols. I mean, I don't mind the new symbols- actually, I do; they're too big! I like being able to scroll over and see their type of member but cannot that by added in with the original set...? Blub.

I found a math rockish band called toe www.youtube.com/watch?v=IACSvD...

Anything else? nah, don't think so-

OH WAIT ATTACK ON TITAN IS ON HIATUS CRI

I better go check my grandma's haven't turned into Lovecraftian monstrosities.

OH YEAH I FINISHED IRON COUNCIL It was weird. And not his best. And confusingly nelogism-filled. Then again, American Gods is pretty weird too but enjoyable (tiger balls what)

Kay, now I'm done.

-

I have existed for 15 years (and 9 months) today.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 20, 2013, 2:00:13 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Two Door Cinema Club - Tourist History
- **Reading:** American Gods by Neil Gaiman
- **Watching:** Life
- **Playing:** Reality, the greatest MMORPG!
- **Eating:** Llama Cake
- **Drinking:** Tea

Pretty cool.

So far I've got:

- Two Door Cinema Club - Tourist History
- Right Thoughts Right Words Right Action - Franz Ferdinand
- Kaddish and Other Poem by Allen Ginsberg
- is 5 by e.e cummings
- Cloud Atlas DVD
- MONEH
- slippers

I don't really feel any different, probably because I find I change more a few weeks before a birthday.

But yeah, I was looking back at some of my early poems last night and wow I was so smug about things I had no grasp on.

Damnit, past me, you can't be Christian and Deist at the same time. Or pantheist for that matter. Ugh, silly smug me thinking his hipsterish spiritual life was genuine and not at all contradictory.

(I'm a theist for sure going slowly back into Christianity in case you're wondering but this isn't becoming a debate on organised religion plz)

I'm actually surprised at how subconsciously I went from capitalizing the start of lines to not in such a short amount of time. It must have happened subconsciously, lol. Silly deviantArt using poetic brainwashing techniques against me.

Hopefully I can buy an iPod of some kind today. Yai.

Thanks for the points, llamas, Watches and birthday wishes so far :3

(ALSO HOW DO I CODE ORANGE BULLET POINTS HEPL)

-

Rants:

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 7, 2013, 2:14:57 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

III: why does america hate the letter u? because it stands for UNIVERSAL HEALTHCARE AMIRITE GUYS

XI: that'll be fixed in the prequel serial story thing.

II: yOU DON'T NEED |TO THANK ME FOR FAVOURITES KAY, I HAVE IT IN MY TAGLINE AND EVERYTHING, I ONLY ASK COS IT GIVES ME FALSE HOPE AS TO IF I GOT A REPLY OR NOT ON A PIECE OR SOMETHING AND AHHHHH

IV: Durarara is probably the best anime I've ever seen.

XXIII: stahp being on repeat, major Minus plez

XX: have an owlguin;

o>o

| |

| |

| |

^^

XI: i need to make a list of all the different types of big novel series ideas, then single novel ideas, then novella ideas and so on COS PLANNING IS FUN

I: NaPoNoWriMo should be the ultimate test of writing endurance. You have to write a poem a day and also write a at least 50'000 word long novel all in a month. It would be terrifying and kill 98% of all who tried it, but the award could be a real life unicorn

XVIII d) this is really therapeutic though. like, the whole journal.

X: Do you remember how "Us Zombies Aren't That Bad" was a thing and then stopped being a thing? It should be a thing again one day.

XVIII c) why won't it come out?!

XII: i want to try out a new thing in which / = line breaks and ~ = breath cos allen ginsberg, confusing as he may be, is a snazzy influence

XIII: every breath / is another sprawling infinity~/ gurgling in sea foam / in a curving horizon line / on the edge-centre-behind,/

the belly of poseidon~/

XVIII: b) um, banna aunocorns geronimo. that's something

lemniscate: t h e r a n t s n e v e r e n d

XV: About a fifth(?) of my novel done now, ayayayyayaya

XVI: as in, 2 chapters. but a fifth sounds better and more positivityish

XVII: So I performed at an Open Mike and it was FANTASTIC! Like damn, seriously, the writing there was phenomenal. I was on up third (first poetry act >__>) but people afterwards came up to me and said they liked my stuff, so i think I did alright in those regards xP Now I have to see how I can negotiate fencing and going to the writing group nearby...

XVIII: i forgot what i was going to put here. instead, have this:

VI: yknow, allen ginsberg, you don't need to completely throw away the idea of line breaks just to be different. just be who you are. please. otherwise your work is really hard to read.

XVIII: a): don't get me started on e.e. cummings, his stuff i for another day please hepl

XXI: I'm really excited to write my stanza in the super colab, 's gonna be goood

V: but is it not the hypotenuse that dies inside us all?

nullus: Thoughts below;

VII: like, stupidly hard.

XII: i want to try out a new thing in which / = line breaks and ~ = breath cos allen ginsberg, confusing as he may be, is a snazzy influence

XXI: You are very welcome.

XXII: Do you think i could put some text on my avatar which says "DONt THANK FOR FAVES AND STUFF"? That might fix the problem, yes

XIV: see, like that! yay or nay?

XXIV: ahh, better

VIII: I'm a bit confused as to why Two. hasn't got any criticism on it being too descriptive. Like seriously, its a big problem (like I'll fix it though, haha)

-

As it's Poetry Basics Week,

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 22, 2013, 10:33:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Shine out from the massive sludge sea of deviations I get from ~~being too lazy to~~
~~unwatch most of my groups~~ being part of so many groups. I will way more likely go for the poem with no capitals, a pretty literature banner and some provocative title involving

scientific terms and swearing. Which also has got to be in lowercase.

And once that's done, you've got to make sure your piece is actually good. How do you know if your poem is good?

-You can tell me immediately exactly why metaphor x is used and what its purpose is in the piece.

-It isn't overly confusing

-If nature, then it has to be a linguistic photograph. It must be short, concise, and

-try and keep the subject pronouns to a minimum. As in, use a metaphor/simile in place of "it" or "he" or "you" although using them in moderation is okay.

-Now I think about it, it's more the word "the" which gets in the way.

Even if you don't fulfill my personal opinion and guidelines above, then I'll probably still fave it because it sounds pretty or it managed to catch my attention. Unless I'm feeling mean > 🤪

Either way, be warned that I probably wouldn't class your work as a poem, but more a collection of nice words.

The big thing here is that if your thing has no meaning then it is of no importance.

...In my opinion.

these are my opinions, and I'm in the mood for pompousness/ooh-look-at-me-i'm-a-blunt-pseudo-cynical-critic-man--ness.

Er, yeah. Please don't kill me too much if this offends somehow.

-

A CHALLENGE FOR YOU, HUMBLE WRITER

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 24, 2013, 2:07:02 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Write a poem celebrating/describing somewhere you have never been before.

yes, I'll do one too.

Post results in comments here.

Winner gets a ????????

off you pop then

EDIT: 27/11/13 [bleeding-sun-america-poem] My example :3

-

Rants B

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 1, 2013, 5:08:37 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

i) anyone ever have that moment when they buy a song off iTunes after seeing a YouTube advert for it and then suddenly it becomes kinda popular?

v) i got no chocolate this morning because i have a nut allergy and there were no nut free advent calenders left :C

xii) i'm sure there was something more important i had to talk about than the above but i can't remember it cos brain

iii) the sun is a nice shade of yellow today

vi) but i did get a trad. one with the wise men and stuff.

iv) the Festival of Collaborations is going snazzily

xi) what the hell is a bolfanando

viii) like seriously, Balthazar is such an awesome name like damn i want to make a story about them

ix) one day i will, but right now i'm too busy working on SUPER SECRET CHRISTMAS STORY OF PECULIAR EDGES tm

vii) wise men are the best part of the Christmas story, hands down

x) i want to tapdance like a penguin-eating bolfanando

ii) my point is is that i am the hipster god

-

I AM STILL FINDING TYPOS IN MY DD

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 8, 2013, 12:39:44 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

HOW DID IT GET SUCH A PRESTIGIOUS AWARD?? ayick

Anyway, today I began to understand the type of writers on deviantArt.

They are;

- "Ho ho, life!"
- "Ugh, life."
- "LOL life, so dull, have a fan-fiction"
- "Hmm, life..."
- "Ah, life..."

In other news I'm already planning next year's NaPoWriMo because ~~i have no life~~ it's amazing and you should do it :3

I've got an idea for it and it's very ideay. And'll probably need a camera. Or colour wheel.

Actually started Christmas story thing, Hopefully will finish it in time.

Also, new profile picture.

Give me some new poetry in the comments please. Must not be negative, that's getting boring. Plez.

-

who the fiddly foodly gave me a premium membership

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 12, 2013, 9:36:25 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Muse
- **Reading:** The Gathering Dark by i cant remeber
- **Watching:** DON'T THANK ME FOR THE FAVES
- **Playing:** DON'T THANK ME FOR THE FAVES
- **Eating:** DON'T THANK ME FOR FAVES
- **Drinking:** Owlguin Blood

Like seriously, what.

I am extremely grateful to whoever gave this to me :0

Like, I never really wanted one because I never really saw the point besides supporting the site, but its pretty nifty to have.

Now I have a star burning out my name and I have the chance to join some prestigious group as if I'm part of a aristocratic secret society. Which seems silly, because making a hierarchy on the site is stupid but I DIGRESS

Yeah, thanks whoever did this. Please show your face, I want to thank you personally :3

-

SUPER ANNUO RETROSCOPIC ANALYSIS ACTIVATED

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 24, 2013, 6:21:03 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Franz Ferdinand to Amy Macdonald
- **Reading:** The Wind In The Willows
- **Watching:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Playing:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Eating:** Soup (Llama, Carrot and Parsnip + Sweet Potato))
- **Drinking:** Owlguin Blood

So, it's nearly the end of the year, and I may as well jump on the bandwagon and go through this year on dA.

January 2013

I wasn't really integrated into deviantArt. Coming to the site was still an afterthought, and this reflected through my writing. It was pretty poor, and quite prose based. I was still working on my "Us Zombies Aren't That Bad" story. Ahahhaha.

There was a positive to the prose Memphis though; I discovered Six Word Stories, and so began the SWS Boom, as Ayeist historians remember it as.

Also, at this time I was participating in the Scratch That contest. Not exactly very productive, or good.

Oh, and it finished with one of the greatest tragedies known to this site... The

NO

Allosaurus

February 2013

This month followed the same format as the last: six word stories still growing strong, embracing new forms, an old prose piece uploaded... and then I started to embrace the abstract side of poetry.

So, this created pieces which were a massive improvement than before, like "Poison's Paint Can Spilled." and also a huge cornerstone for me: My Constantinople.

I then started my probably-dead collaborative writing project "After The Shattering". Siggghh, those were the days...

From the success of my abstract-tinted poems, Ayeist historians name the next period of his writing life as a big one: the Surrealist Renaissance. Here, Aye descended into mad writing frenzies in which he managed to write three poems a day all in one go. They weren't fantastic, but without it I really wouldn't have evolved my writing style.

March 2013

Poetry overpowered prose. The Surrealist days were dwindling, as were the SWS days, but now new (less extravagant) poetry was coming into play. A lot of stuff came out towards the end, as I got excited for NaPoWriMo.

Oh, and I invented a new style of visual poetry... I think... Statistical Poetry. I then uploaded my two stories I did for a national writing competition i won which literally changed my life for the better, and then...

April 2013

NaPoWriMo!

It started to fail when I hit day 3. I got disappointed with my cubist poem and then... yeah. I managed to still do it, but each poem felt horrible to write. So much so that when good poems came up, I thought them terrible too :<

And then one of them got a DLD xP

But that's not until later. I started to get back into good poetry with "Dreamland", which then reached its peak at "00:37 - 00:56", my best poem from NaPoWriMo. Then it went a bit "meh," until I hit a strong point with "i met a girl in a subconscious bar" without realizing it. And then at the end, somehow, I managed to have the energy to write two encore poems ("Mixing Board" and "Paint Dies In The Ocean").

Other things of importance: ● Kicked out of Scratch That (semi-finals D:)

● Started the now-failed mini project "Rooms"

May 2013

This may be the month of getting my DLD, but Ayeist historians will also stress the importance of this month for minimalistic work. Six Word Stories resurfaced, and haikus started to get some limelight for a brief period. This was mainly due to me feeling really low, and so not having the energy to write long stuff.

June 2013

The minimalism continued, but I also started to try and make my poetry have more depth to them. "Puffer-passion fish" really got the ball rolling on long poetry again. Half of my summer I was away, be it Belgium or Galloway or North-East Scotland, and this impacted on my stuff. I wrote the first piece in my war grave trilogy "Known Unto God" during this time.

July 2013

Summer continued, as did the poetry. Beach-inspired followed pieces began to crop up, I wrote my first Spoken Word piece, I finished off the war grave trilogy (with "Les Obus D'ivoire" and "A Ouroboros Rots"). Pretty good month.

August 2013

Tried to do Haikuwrimo, and only got 18 done because I lost the energy. Later was told I was writing them wrong too xD

Began to get a lot more opiniony...ish. Wrote the satirical piece "Monospace Poem" (and so nearly started a flame war xP), and joined various competitions. One such was this improv, shaky prose piece about a jungle planet or something like that. That's not very important though...

Oh, and I wrote a fast-paced stress poem which I really liked; "(Gaseous) State Of Mind".

September 2013

This month started with my poetry-prose combo story, "Two." inspired by the brilliance of Coldplay. That went really well, although has slowed down a bit, but I will finish it, don't worry!

My brother left for Ghana for a gap year, which was pretty emotional. So, I wrote him a poem, "Set Sail". I find it hard to re-read that poem, what with all the emotional charge around it :C

I wrote my poem on the Abrahamic creation mythos for [Concora](#) sadly cancelled contest, which was quite fun to write.

I also wrote my first found poem (but not the last, I WONDER WHAT THAT COULD BE IMPLYING HUMM) from a hymn, called "A temple with its walls away." Because why not.

October 2013

So I wrote my second DLD, which was brilliant because I was impressed with that piece too. "A Pile Of Exiled Leaves" allowed me to use scientific language romantically (as I had seen other fab peeps here do that), plus it got me into Scratch That 2.0 as an audition piece!

went on a bit of a whimsy binge, with stuff like "Conquerers" and "The World Is Just A Beachball In Space".

More opinionness came out with less satire and more critique in "Exclamation Marks", as to balance out the fun I was having. Can't have that, enjoying life! >:0

Oh, and I turned 15.

November 2013

This month started off with an angry-feelings-stupid-friends Spoken Word poem, which I liked... but not the story it told :C

I took part in my own challenge, as to write a poem about a place you've never been before. I did the whopping 48-line long epic on America (with each line representing a state, or two). Not much from my account, but I did make two collaborative pieces with [Zed-of-Venice](#) and [Aerode](#) and one posted here with ~~Silent-Intrigant~~ .

December 2013

And so, we are at the present. The Festival of Collaborations has continued with "Love Al Niente" with definitely one of the finest poets here [your-methamphetamine](#) (seriously go read her stuff its like Sylvia Plath and e.e cummings together afdghjk) and a stanza for [chromeantennae](#) 's super collab of ridiculous proportions. I also made an experimental piece, "Bang", in which the stanza separation adds to the piece literally. I'm not done yet though. For December, you can expect:

📍rangebullet: A Christmas story!

📍rangebullet: A end of year poem!

📍rangebullet: Maybe a found poem!

So, that was this year. GOOD COD I have improved a lot.

I hope you enjoy your next year, hope you enjoyed this year, and hope you are enjoying right now! 🎈🎉

-

DING DONG MERRILY JINGLING BELLS IN A ROYAL MANGER

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 25, 2013, 3:19:47 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** AM by Artic Monkeys (which i got today)
- **Reading:** where will i start hepl so many books
- **Watching:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Playing:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Eating:** multigrain shapes
- **Drinking:** Owlguin Blood

The dA staff should, like, have this ban on melancholic poems. Only leave ones about food on Christmas/Kwanzaa/Hanukkah/day of the tentacled harbingers and stuff.

Also, anyone who tells you it doesn't feel good to give presents is probably a demon and should be avoided at all costs because it is like your heart is being hugged to death by a teddy bear and- OH GAD THE CLAWS AGHHHHHH

oping you're all having a good christmas. mine will be spent with books and chocolate and a snazzy mug ("Keep Calm / I'm a Writer") and hnghaaaaaaaaa

nyway, can't wait for my owlguin stuffing and Christmas/Kwanzaa/Hanukkah/day of the tentacled harbingers llama :3
What have you people got 'den?

-

Poetry suggestions drizzled in doubt.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 29, 2013, 4:00:46 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** iTunes Library
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies
- **Watching:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Playing:** i give up, thank me for faves all you want
- **Eating:** Headphone Cable
- **Drinking:** Owlguin Blood

that's why we're scared of ultimatums, there's no wiggle room for our own needs and desires in there.

That'll come important later.

0th, my keyboard has gone back to being British and not mucking up everything. Like deleting the £ sound from keyboard existence. Yay, seamless speechmarking.

First off, www.youtube.com/watch?v=ejc5zi...\

Secondly, as per The Writer's & Artist's Yearbook 2014, I read some "miantream" poetry (ooooh burn me now for being so traditionalist, slam-stream-of-consciousnessesers) and I find the main problem with poetry is that too much ideas are "hidden".

As in, either too much ideas are put in the icing ("and this isn't prose because...?) or too much in the base ("I have no idea how the poet would ever think we would understand that 'tangerine satsuma teeth explosions' is satirical towards multiculturalism").

BUT, I did find some poets with really good stuff that got a balance. Ish; soem of them I'll have to read over again to fully understand.

🍊 Walter De La Mare

-The Keys Of Morning

-Goodbye

🍊 Carl Sandburg

-Chicago

🍊 Edward Thomas

-Grass

-The Dark Forest

🍊 Wallace Stevens

-The Snow Man

-The Emporer Of Ice-Cream

-Thirteen Ways To Look At A Blackbird

🍊 E.J Pratt

-From Stone To Steel

🍊 William Carlos Williams (now he was brilliant)

-Danse Russe

-To Waken An Old Lady

-Poem

-The Ball

-The Ivy Crown

🍊 D.H Lawrence

-The English Are So Nice! (plot twist, they're not)

-Andriatix - Pomegranate Flowers

🍊 Erza Pound

-Ts'ci Chi'h

-In A Station Of The Metro

🍊 Robinson Jeffers

-Sleep, Resting Republic

🔴 Archibald Maelien(?) (I can't read my handwriting at this moment)

-Ars Poetica

So yeah enjoy that.

Thirdly, I was reading The Writer's & Artist's Yearbook 2014 about publishing poetry and stuff, and I got kinda terrified.

Like, because I need to read a wide range of poetry and that scares me because I haven't and, as I said, a lot of poetry has too much base. What does that mean?! I don't want to be stuck in a perpetual rotation of e-zines and mediocrity! I want to be this figure that brings about a new poetry craze... but so do a thousand others. And that makes it chilling.

Self-publishing has this stigma of amateur, avant garde writing while paper publishing would put me on the map beyond bohemian, wine-red berets smoking bullshit-brown pipes. Y'know?

My work is too soft for slam. It really is. I want to make a compromise, but it will never come out right; there will be too many filler words because otherwise that'll just be a jumble.

So, why not just not publish? Find a day job, continue your deviantArt life! Well, I like fire, and having the fire illuminate me, so haha nope. Although I don't want to leave here either. But publishing, OBVIOUSLY, means I have to leave stuff like this. This is built up on the e-zine, too-free, wine-red-bohemian-beret culture... right?

Well, no. There is so much about poetry I have been able to flow seamlessly into my work. "Mainstraming" my work makes it, although good... more delicate. I don't want that. Perhaps the key is to read as much mainstream as I do dA stuff; I must read 10+ poems approx per day here. I can do that because, no offense, there ain't much to dissect in the work. It can be fantastic, but not much to dissect. Then again, there probably is a lot to dissect in peoples work! I can't be the only one with hidden stuff in my work, right? Maybe I should read like 3 poems a day, and analyse.

Poetry is like looking at a building really closely; you can see its curvature, but also the scaffolding. And that can take away the smoothness of the marble.

And then there will be the ones here who will say that I can do it, don't mainstream your work etc etc, and I can, I know I can... but I can't.

Which is why I want to prose publish. More chance of comfort, my box-sorting mind

thinks.

Talking of prose, I made a very short fable today: [The Plants: A Fable]

Phew, that felt good to get out.

-

Rants C

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 6, 2014, 12:16:23 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

i: i have gotten bored of mixing them up in which i mean i sincerely can't be bothered

ii: I went back to school today and it was school. its strange how people don't change, and they always stay people, even after two weeks and time to metamorphose into tentacled monstrosities.

iii: i wrote a poem yesterday, entitled "On The Absence OF A Computer For A Day". i've radio edited it cos.

Ahem.

shitzu fudge fudge shitzu,
fudge shitzu shitzu fudge,
shitzu fudge shitzu.

White,
Nothing but the void of absence
sucking life into the meaningless
timetable.

shitzu fudge fudge shitzu,
fudge shitzu shitzu fudge,
shitzu fudge shitzu.

iv: And it's sequel "On The Absence OF A Computer For A Day, ii"

xiii: no trust me i actually had something important to say

xiv: i hate it when that happens; i got all the energy to write and then bam

xv: in other news i invented crapcore poetry by mixing the different words in the Artist's Comments via Random Deviation and ahhahahahaheeeeeyus

xv 1/2: well actually i forgot what iw as gonna put here cos i went and wrote in dem filler xii's and

xvi: I REMEMBERED THE SERIOUS THING

You see, in my absence of computer I decided to go through my drawings and damn I had a lot of imagination. And free time.

So cos' I was bored I decided to finish up story arcs and stuff drawing wise. Compared to The I, the old 10-11-12 year old creator person I was, I really have changed. Like, I have evolved from him. The I has gone, and from the violet Imagination-ashes i hath returned as AyeAye.

xvi 1/2: A steam-punk story set in Alarosh might not be a bad idea actually

xvi 1/2 B: FUN FACT it used to be called Akarosh until i realized that was a dragon

xvi 1/2 B .5: fishcakes someone better not steal that. if they can understand what im talking about.

xvi 1/2 B .5 |: i do like these filler bits

xvi 1/2 B .5 ||: so fun to make up. and those are tally marks yes

xvi 1/2 B .5 |||: wonder what happens when i get to five...

xvi 1/2 B .5 ||||: ooooooh

xvi 1/2 B .5 -: ooooooooooh it s a hyphen cos its meant to go through but cant

xvi 1/2 B .5 - |: wonder if it ever ends...

xvi 1/2 B .5 - ||: TIME TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE RECESSES OF THE TEMPORALITY OF METANARRITAVEEEEEEE

xvi 1/2 B .5 -----
----- etc +1: gotta be more, metacode
ac&tivatedddddddddddddddddDDDDDD{@0499t5969700099876545678&"£\$
%^8)98&54£45^7*(*7654678; therefore the stagmatic of
%^&^^%\$£"!QW££\$R%T^&90976|%^& equals to the pilondrogmatic ^56676} -
&^%

~~~~~TEMPORALITY  
SHIELD~~~~~

xvi 1/2 B .5 -----  
----- etc + lemniscate: really. and after that?

xvii: o\_\_\_\_o\_o-i\_i0i0i\_i)iO\_)Oio-0oIO-O-o\_O-o-o\_o-O\_oo👤\_o-o\_Oo &&&'&&&'&&&'&&&  
DEATHS FOR THIS I CAN'T

xviii: gah, you lot take for granted all the confusing half-parts you miss every journal entry. hopefully that will enlighten you.

xvix: yeah they ran out of numbers to represent the deaths in aye's metaspaces that they just used symbols. numbers were brutally massacred in the Siege of The Motherboard, so we know no proper quantity of deaths.. Sigh.

xvix 1/2: the itnernet gods started it off. can't remember why though.

xvix 1/2 B: NO WE'RE NOT DOING THIS AGAIN

xx: anyway, to the point of this journal entry, hopefully i'll get a poem about hearts up tonight.

EDIT: Added in the moods and stuff, imagine if i forgot about them

EDIT ii: AND SO WE ENTER THE POST GAME OF THIS JOURNAL ENTRY.

EDIT iii: Sherlock has been pretty meh. By which I mean fantastic. But meh because it makes Sherlock not a high functioning sociopath but an introverted goof, oversimplifies stuff like Irene Adler and is so comedy based its depressing

EDIT iv: EVEN WORSE is that it is not Steven Moffat who is responsible for this, no, but MARK GATTIS. WHY GATTIS< YOU LET ME DOWN< YOU WERE THE BEST WRITER PROBABLY

EDIT v: although scandal in belgravia is my fave episode of all of them so i dunno.

EDIT vi: I released the poem by the way; [The Redwood Chamber]

EDIT vii: Please tell me i still keep my collection folder post-premium cos if i dont i will be even more pissed at the system even more (i got five days left)

EDIT viii: i'll miss thumbing stuff too :<

-

## LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 12, 2014, 2:21:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I STILL HAVE MY THREE COLLECTIONS EVEN WITH PREMIUM GONE.  
THAT IS SATISFACTORILY FANTASTIC.

Anyway, script work for a friend's YT channel is preoccupying my other writing work, fyi.  
And school :0

Not enough for a hiatus JUST yet, though. Let's hope I won't have to take one of those for a bit.

I'm excited for the films, I tell ya (I'll probably link to them when they're done)

-

## MORE WRITING CHALLENGES FOR YOU HUMBLE WRITERS

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 17, 2014, 3:38:08 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** R.E.M
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Videos from semi-artsy obscure Youtubers my age
- **Playing:** Owlguin God Simulator VII
- **Eating:** Pasta with Llama Mince
- **Drinking:** Llama Blood

🔴 Find another user and get them to write a poem with your style, while you do a poem in their style. Post link to results in comments here.

🔴 Do a poem with pure alliteration. Post link to results in comments here.

:3

I'm happy to do the first one with somebody if they wish

-

## and now, a review

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 22, 2014, 12:56:17 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Bastille - All This Bad Blood
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** I should be playing A Valley Without Wind
- **Eating:** melancholia meringue
- **Drinking:** sepia

So, Bastille's *All This Bad Blood*.

It's good. Very good, in fact. It follows along the line of Mumford & Sons Generation as I'll deem it in some ways, though, like lyrics that don't really mean much (although when they do SWEET COD do they) or biblical and mythological themes that have been overly used so gives this impression they're quite showy.

Talking of which, looking at their title track names alone you'd think they're quite artsy. "Poet", "Previously On Other People's Heartbreak..." and "Weight Of Living Pt II" which is on the first disc, while part one is on the second disc. AhAH very clever. (BTW, "Previously..." is a crazy one. Very weird compared to the rest, as I guessed. It's got excerpts from Part II of Disc II (keep up!) and also an acoustic version of "Laura Palmer" and choir "Icarus" and it's all very interesting.)

It's actually quite mellow music, generally, which you wouldn't guess from the hit singles. It's got this good ambivalence of impactful orchestral instruments, tribal chant and electro elements, although the last one can be a bit distracting at times. Most of the time it works, though.

The singing voice is very fresh, though. It's pretty... well, just that. It's emotional, but softly. But loudly.

These guys do like contrast don't they

The second disc is better than the first I'd say, mainly because its probably made after they've had experience and criticism. Fantastic stuff here. "Of The Night" is just gnnnghaaaaohyes

FAVES: Of The Night, Bad Blood (that has a really nice reggae beat to it), Laura Palmer, Oblivion, These Streets, Weight Of The Living, Pt. 1, The Silence, Sleepsong, Previously on Other People's Heartbreak... , What Would You Do (that one actually has something important to say, which is rare on this TBBluntlyH).

MEHS: Flaws, Weight Of The Living, Pt II, Get Home, Poet,

So yeah. Very good album, really good stuff here, fresh yet still comfortable. The songs don't always link well together, until you get to "Other People's Heartbreak" in which its essentially a very good EP but yeah. 8.5/10 maybe? Iunno.

NOW what else is happening in my life?

Welp, short stories are gonna happen. Two, specifically. One for a competition, one for school.

A poem'll go up tonight, I guess. I replanned Ch. 4 of *SoR* in Philosophy today, leading on to Ch. 5. This makes things nice, and brings back a popular character.

So yeah, good stuff.

~POST-GAME~

Okay yeah, "Other People's Heartbreak" is best part of album. It's much more out-of-mainstream, much darker, more articulate, and consistently good. It really is like a separate EP. Like Basque Country. But music. And not Spanish.

I was skeptical, and I know my dad was disappointed in it, but I enjoyed this album. Well done, Bastille. Good semi(?)-somophore effort.

-

# oh no i forgot to make a Robert Burns tribute poem

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 25, 2014, 11:54:32 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Two Door Cinema Club - I Can Talk
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** I should be playing A Valley Without Wind
- **Eating:** Llama Ice Cream
- **Drinking:** my sorrows away.

i am a terrible scotsman.

Dullhan (the really nice peep/s that give me stuff like premium memberships) gave me another dA compliments which rainbowed up my life. Thanks for that :3

um, i have no idea of what to say.

oh, i had a sabre competition. silver medal of bottom pool. lucky me i suppose. was fun-annoying-fun. that's a thing.

~POST GAME~

i absolutely despise how you can't get rid of a journal entry when reading it quickly now. so damn stupid and time consumingnly ughghgh

-

## quick take this music suggestion

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 29, 2014, 2:17:03 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Know what I found out was released last month that I've been waiting for ages and only foudn out was released today?

LOFAM 3.

Ohboiyes

[unofficialmspafans.bandcamp.co...](http://unofficialmspafans.bandcamp.co...)

Sounds like LOFAM, bur more refined, so far.

ANYway, what else has happened lately?

Well, I mean to get on top of competitions. REALLY need to do that.

Um, I won a silver medal in the sabre competition! In the bottom pool. But blub, don't take this away from me please

I did my Quadratics re-sit today, did it perfectly and was happy... and then was unsendable to the SQA because reasons. So I have to RE-re-sit it tomorrow DX

But um, yeah, dunno what else. Having a lack of polls is irritating in the perspective of music suggestions >\_\_<

Other stuff I've let my ears succumb to;

[bekndignum.bandcamp.com/album/...](http://bekndignum.bandcamp.com/album/...)

[insightful.bandcamp.com/album/...](http://insightful.bandcamp.com/album/...)

[re-logic.bandcamp.com/album/te...](http://re-logic.bandcamp.com/album/te...)

[tommilsom.bandcamp.com/track/c...](http://tommilsom.bandcamp.com/track/c...)

[homestuck.bandcamp.com/album/m...](http://homestuck.bandcamp.com/album/m...)

Um, what else? Oh, script work. Yes. That is going well, probably. Yep, don't wanna spoil much because, but yeup, will be good.

OH, and I managed to steal books today from my Philosophy teacher who no longer wanted some. She had Homer's *The Illiad* and some *introduction comic-book thing to Heidegger*, who seemed interesting so I thought why not.

Yay, philosophy.

~POST-GAME~

*Talking of games, there's a thing I;m gonna make for here. Called Metaplasms. It's gonna be fun, and I hope you peeps will think so too.*

*But now, pianoooooooooooooooooooo*

*Also, Emissary of Dance is as catchy as all the other dance tunes of the LOFAM legacy.*



THEY ALSO MADE A REMIX OF BOWMAN'S FANTASTIC 69423 called 720413 AHHHH

-

## handwriting memes and 10K views + journal junkies

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 31, 2014, 12:37:56 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Liquicity Yearmix 2013
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** fingernails
- **Drinking:** esoteric terracotta tumbling down sinopia thoughts

So those handwriting meme pictures are making me fight with my old enemy, proper computer usage. So let's talk about other things.

First of all, 10K views! Phew, that's a lot of views. Many probably from me refreshing the page, but still. 14K is like, Mr Popular, so yeah.

I got my first commission! Yeah, that's a thing I half heartily set up. And now I can do it. Yaya.

(Gee these pictures are taking their time >\_\_>)

Marathon tomorrow! As in, film marathon. Well, ish. It's the filler one. As in, we finish the Pirates Of The Caribbean trilogy (THE FOURTH DOES NOT EXIST) and Now You See Me. Although I'm bringing The Social Network in case the latter is forgotten, so we can get all our dosage of Eisenberg. Mmm, Eisenberg. Maybe Tennentian DW intermissions too.

(THE PICTURES AREN'T EVEN HALFWAY THERE AGHHHH)

Um, what else. Might make a psuedo-experimental poem today. Metaplasm is having a slow start :C

Music? Sure; [www.youtube.com/watch?v=Iwh5yO...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Iwh5yO...)

They're having a second mellow album coming out soon called Escapism. I need to get on top of albums I want to buy, because there are a lot.

My computer is fit to burst, so many programs and lag and ahhhhh my songs are freezing temporarily.

(Okay, we're past the halfway mark, let's do this)

I really need to perform my book binge soon. My list is getting out of control. Will be great for the bookshop I guess though.

In other news, when I misspell "out" I love how it has "och" as an alternative, I have tainted my laptop with the saltire ahahah

(It's been stuck at 121 for ages now @\_\_\_\_@)

May as well make some kind of list to get my books in order for the book binge, maybe some specificity for certain things in the comments?

- William Carlos Williams anthology
- H.P Lovecraft
- Angels In America
- There Is No Dog
- Railsea / Embassytown

(I'm going to use Dropbox because this is ridiculous)

- my mind is a blank, check post-game for the rest when i remember them

(Ooh, Dropbox is like the handsome kind young dashing man instead of the couch potato found in novels frequented by middle age woman. Telling me exactly the time you'll be finished? Oh, how kind!)

CINEMATIC POETRY THAT WAS WHAT I WAS GOING TO POST HERE. Ahh, brain.

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8-baH...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8-baH...)

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=otIU6P...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=otIU6P...)

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lht\\_JH...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lht_JH...)

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oowim5...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oowim5...)

it's strange how there's this contrast between the intelligences; the cleverer, the stupider. Computers are unbelievably smart, and also so stupid they are not even considered in a class of knowledgeable. prodigies are incredible but usually have social problems and stuff like that. I wonder if there is a balance.

Also, know what bugs me? That life seems to be just boxes. Boxes we fit in. We can be happy, yeah, but still boxes. There's even a box for being anti-box. That pains me a lil' and I don't really know why.

I WILL SOUNDCLOUD EVENTUALLY DON'T WORRY.

(Ahh two minutes left, finally this journal can end I hear you scream)

Remember how we all hated the new submission process? Hah, we were so silly and unadaptable. It's pretty useful now I think about it. Who gives a silly about the colour scheme.

(Ahh, we're into 2014 territory now!!!)

Introduction to Heidegger kinda turned my brain to liquid. Damn highbrow philosophy.

(AND IT'S DONE AHHH)

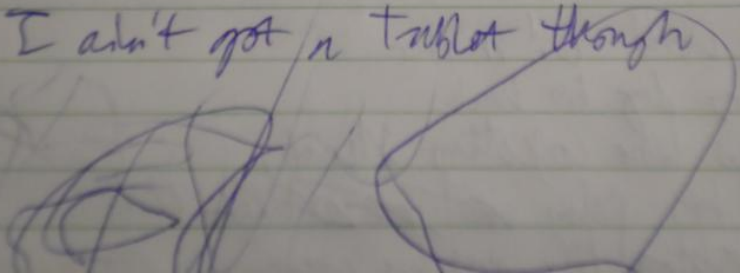
The thing you've been waiting for/ scrolled down for, the HANDWRITING MEME!

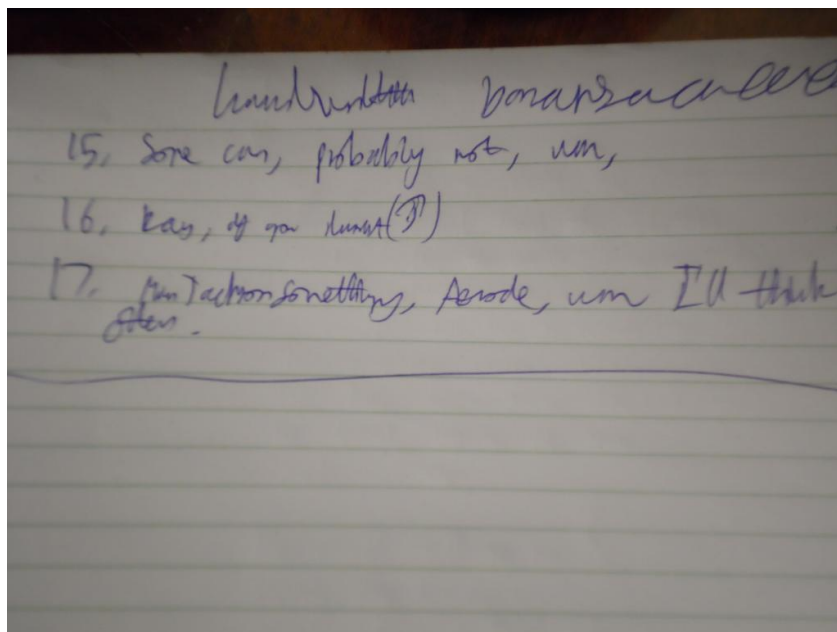
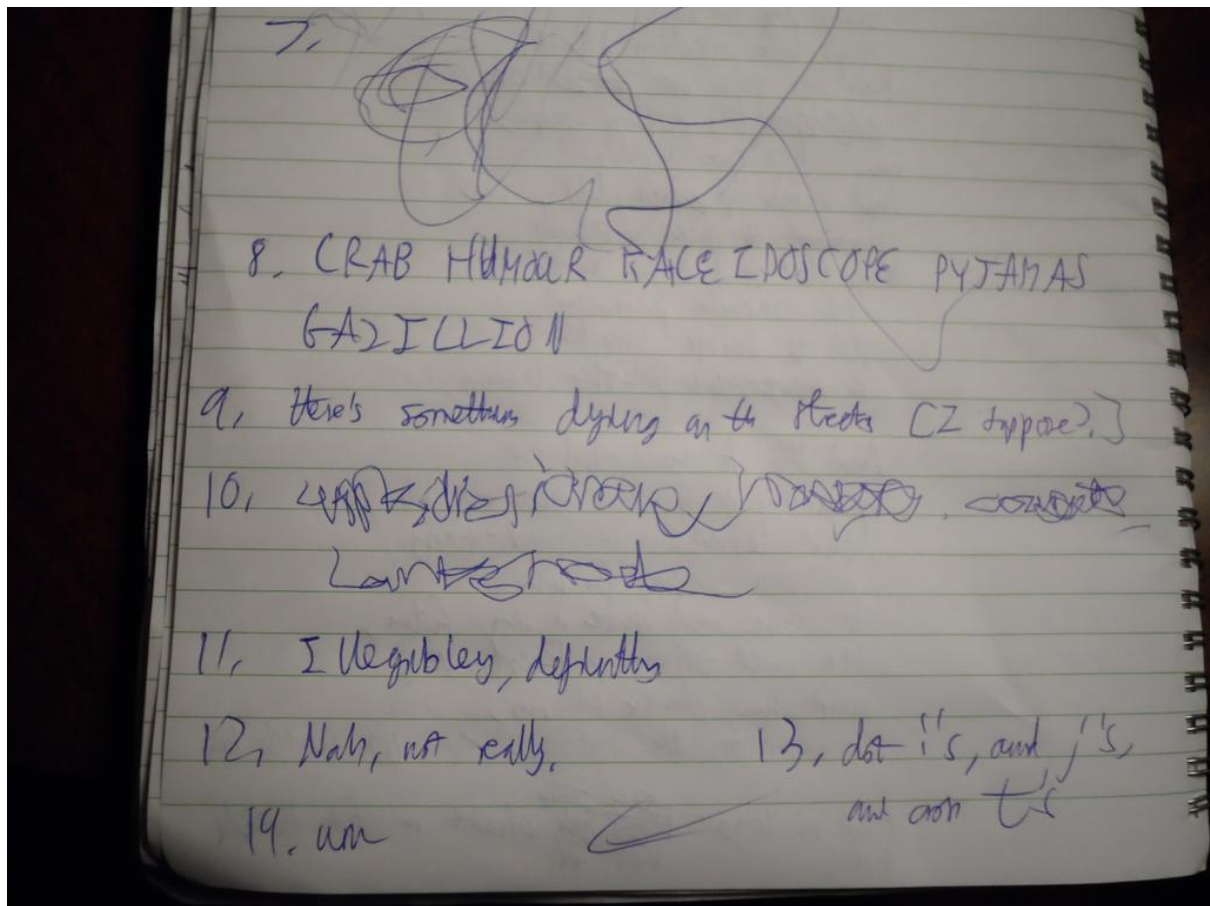
No, wait, sorry, dA has to load them up first >\_\_>  
Sighs.

MAND WZTZ / 1/5

1. AgeAge 12 / Age
2. Right handed, but ambidextrous - curious.
3. Micropoemish stuff, letters of memoriresque
4. Thank-you letter, to MUNDANEITY ALPH
5. The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy
6. I ain't got a tablet though

7.





I never did decorate it, sorry o\_\_o

AND NOW TO TAG PEEPS;

[Aerode MiniJacksonDiAngelo counting-vertebrae](#) AmyYang Silent-

Intrigant [Chezzy-Am](#) wo00 peeps

If already done, ignore :3

But yeah, there you go! A meme I actually like.

~POST GAME~

dA is leaving me a little less hungry now.

As in, brain hungry.

Also, I despise having no poll ability. It makes me into, as the title suggests, a journal junkie. I already posted one yesterday damnet.

-

## THIRD DLD

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 3, 2014, 11:25:27 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** KT Tunstall - Eye to The Telescope
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** Deconstructionist Guacamole [salad o ingredients
- **Drinking:** asdfghjkl milkshake

Damn, what a nice surprise. My small little micro-fable "The Plants" got a DLD. My third one, and first prose one :0

Infinite thanks^thanks^thanks *ad infinitum* to [BlakeCurran](#) for the feature.

Find it here; [fav.me/d6zwmuw](http://fav.me/d6zwmuw)

I had never thought of it having similarities to Animal Farm, but I can see how they parallel each other. And here I was thinking I wouldn't get another one, at least not for a while xP

But what else? Welp, I did a TV-game-movie marathon with friends. This is the third one we've had. The ritual hipster drink there was Granini pear juice. Found on the very top shelf in the juice aisle of Tesco. £1.50.

Surprisingly very accurate to an actual pear.

Anyway, marathon wasn't the best. That goes to the Sherlock S1 and 2 one we had last time, mainly because I didn't feel ill throughout it >p<

Stomach feels very very delicate. Like a *flower made of china*. \*sweesh\* 🍷  
As in, a flower made of pottery. Not a flower made of China. I ain't making an obscure social satire here, dammit.

Ooh, music! [www.youtube.com/playlist?list=...](http://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=...)  
Tunstall's got this soulful atmosphere to her even though her music is essentially an acoustic LP, imo. 'S very good.

~POST GAME~

Found a snazzy band, "We Invented Paris"; [www.youtube.com/watch?v=9NOllh...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9NOllh...)

And more; [www.subpop.com/artists/dum\\_dum...](http://www.subpop.com/artists/dum_dum...)  
[soundcloud.com/youngthegiant/s...](http://soundcloud.com/youngthegiant/s...)

## RANTS D

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 9, 2014, 10:02:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** iPod
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** fooodood
- **Drinking:** water is good for your health

i. Today I have made it further for my resolve to make happy things, happy poetry, happy writing as much as I can, to be optimistic here because fuck the tragedy and negativity here :<

ii. Weekend away was nice. Got a flash fiction called "Spaceship" to upload.

iii. Iceberg by We Invented Paris is my favorite song of 2014 so far, wonder if it'll be usurped later on? Kinda hope not, tbh.

iv: I've got this pit in my stomach about things concerning my piano teacher, but I'll talk about that another day.

v: Anyway, proper emotional stuff always makes me feel embarrassed when uploaded.

vi: I WANT NAPOWRIMO TO COME REALLY SOON ASDFGH:LKJH

vii: Got a lot of favourites in my Six Word Story. Thanks for that, plus the stuff for the poem here too.

viii: I was going to go to this open mic, but then 16+ age rating D:

viii 1/2: So one had better arrive soon.

xi: um

x: Red deer might be culled in Scotland?

xi: that isn't really interesting tbh asdfghjk

xii: kay, i'm done. can't think of anything else. watch out for Spaceship soon-ish.

xiii: OH yeah, I finally got to have Krispy Kreme donut :3 it was surprisingly donutty. but great. plus cake and food and stuff cos family lunches involve food.

xiv: yeah that is it for now.

~POST GAME~

Spaceship is here! [fav.me/d75rb5f](http://fav.me/d75rb5f)

-

## oh yeah valentine's day is a thing isnt it

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 14, 2014, 12:36:38 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** An Evening With... By The Clippers
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mTsifUMZp\\_U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mTsifUMZp_U)
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** anti-chocolate
- **Drinking:** melancholy soda



Did I mention that the 13th of February seems to be the point where I'm lowest at life?  
Ahh, suppressed jealousy and ersatz depression, great with the chocolates.

OH WAIT I HAVE NONE BECAUSE I AM A SOLITARY WOLF. NEVER SHALT I SEE BEYOND  
THIS ISOLATION OH PITY ME  
AGHHHHHHHh

ow about some music?

Whenever, If Ever, by "The World Is A Beautiful Place And I Am No Longer Afraid To Die".

Great band, makes screamo LISTENABLE?! I know, right? (There isn't that much screamo. It comes in like a soothing injection, no sweat). [topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

Actually, may as well give out a shout-out to Topshelf Records. Really good stuff. And toe! So yeah.

[topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

[topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

[topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

[topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

--> THIS ONE [topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...) <-- THIS ONE

Mhmm, yup.

Sorry I haven't made a valentine/ anti-valentine poem. Both seem boring to me.

BUT THANKS VERY MUCH TO THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN ME VALENTINES MUCH THANKS  
YES 🍏 🍏

I'll check out two other Topshelf Records albums to see if they're worth recommending.  
See post game.

I am very embroiled in something exciting. Hopefully. It will be of the excites.

I've started taking a notebook to school and stuff cos writing ideas on hands is apparently inconvenient, Pesky water, being so ubiquitous and all.

Here's some examples of the majesty my brain makes;

- 🍏 bubblegum bread
- 🍏 Can't --> Kant idea
- 🍏 Antikuylo?

🔴 Octopus fencing

And other such wonders.

I'm working on a short story, probably won't upload it here I'm afraid. Need it for my competition bank, yknow?

I sometimes drift into the territory of wanting to be a revolutionary leader for the LGBT brigade, and make a coup d'etat of the government and make some inspirational speech before being shot down, and become a martyr for the bisexual community. Then I realize I have mince in front of me to eat.

~POST GAME~

Okay, this alt punk band is really good. [topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...) Manages to be Topshelfy, but also has the fun of Franz Ferdinand mixed in. Great combination, would recommend.

also songs very short, but still fills a lot up, so will literally take you about 5 or so minutes to listen to it all.

This one is just creepy though. [topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](https://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

Talking of music; [fav.me/d76k976](https://fav.me/d76k976)

-

## CHALLENGE FOR HUMBLE WRITERS 3: RETURN OF HEPL

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 17, 2014, 11:05:02 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** iTunes library
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Minecraft
- **Eating:** Tagine
- **Drinking:** fatigue knickerbocker-glory

1. Write a poem without the use of ANY letters! 🤖

Here's my example, "&1&2&3";

& 1 & 2 & 3

& 4 & 5 & 6

&;

?!

!!!

!!!!...

...

.

It's about heart attacks :3

2. Make a found poem from a found poem/ title poem!

Good luck!

-----

Anyway, what else?

I've essentially finished my second poetry notebook :0

Which I'm kinda glad about. Don't get me wrong, I've had my best work out of this, but it was so BIG (A4 >\_\_>) and the design was nice but yknow, BIIIG.

So yeah, glad to get on to number 3.

It's been one great journey, Notebook 2.

From the latter end of NaPoWriMo 2013 to today, the 17th of February 2014, you have served me well.

Thank you.

Now, lemme go change it, just a minute.

Kay, I have officially decided that the 3rd poetry notebook willlllll  
beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...

...THE ONE I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS!

The "Stuff In My Head" one with the nice velvet cover!

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyayyyayyay!



But anyway.

Radio AyeAye 0, my dump of music I find and like, is now up and here! [fav.me/d76k976](http://fav.me/d76k976)

it is being continually updated, so always check it if you want some new music and stuffs, and maybe discuss it too? The comment section there looks lonely :C

Every day is starting to become more and more important. This is a good feeling; every day feels like a step ahead into bigger days, instead of fillers with only memories of the same bowl of Shreddies for several days in a row.

This might be because I'm in a long weekend, but blub.

Actually, calmness is strange feeling to have. I mean, I have freakin' exams and *I do not feel afraid*. Yet the smallest thing like being embarrassed for performing poetry terrifies me. ?!

Maybe my defence mechanisms are quite good, actually.

I got things finished today, which is always good, but I feel a bit square-eyed and tired. Ah well.

(This is really good chicken in this tagine, though.)

~POST GAME~

## i am nearing the edge of the exam storm now

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 24, 2014, 10:45:42 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** <http://fav.me/d76k976> (Radio AyeAye 0) comment >:C
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** friend's youtube channel and co.
- **Playing:** Socrates Jones: Pro Philosopher
- **Eating:** Apple Core
- **Drinking:** Prelim Pimms

that's right, i delved into the depths of hell and am now doing exams.

well, more like purgatory. exams are too boring to be of any torment.

although tbh exams aren't THAT bad. i mean, the invigilator just feels like a nice lady forced to be blunt, yknow? so sad. will probably make poems about exam and invigilators. maybe not the latter, but definitely exams. they need love too, yknow?

i'm kinda worried i am on the verge of another SWS Explosion :0 I've got my Futureline series now, and this new sociopolitical one coming up soon. you can only submit two per month for the group [SixWordStories](#), right?

I found an awesome philosophy game 🤖 [www.kongregate.com/games/Chief...](http://www.kongregate.com/games/Chief...)

REALLY awesome, please play it :3

Also, feeling pretty classic-ish lately in my poetry. As in, not flowy. AKA, more subtle. So sorry if you're not into that.

Because subtle poetry here will really just get discarded very quickly. we only really concentrate on imagery and blatantly spoken themes and stuff here, which is annoying because the ebst poetry and stuff has dimensions and pocket universes of thematic stuff in ebwteen dem ink symbols.

i will write you prose to tell you a story about something. i will write you a poem to make you feel something.

~POST GAME~

ERNEST HEMINGWAY DIDN'T SAY "WRITE DRUNK, EDIT SOBER"

BTW [www.reddit.com/r/QuotesPorn/co...](http://www.reddit.com/r/QuotesPorn/co...)

Also, my two SWS; [fav.me/d77u4i7](http://fav.me/d77u4i7)

[fav.me/d77u5ao](http://fav.me/d77u5ao)

-

## i am now out of the exam storm.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 28, 2014, 10:56:58 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** <http://fav.me/d76k976> (Radio AyeAye 0) COMMENT D:
- **Reading:** Red Seas Under Red Skies / That I Can't Believe!
- **Watching:** friend's youtube channel and co.
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** chili and chips
- **Drinking:** alleviatedness alchopop

Over now. English, not difficult but examy. RMPS, not as examy but a bit harder but not harder. Maths; paper 1, ohcodhelp; paper 2, prettyeasy. History, gahhhheeeeeeh. Biology, gahgahyesokay. Spanish, hahahahahaeasyasfudgeyfudge.

I created a poem that needed to be created for a while and it was one of my best of recent times. Will perform it, not put up here. But you'll be able to find the recording. It's called *Decartes*.

Also, tomorrow me and a friend will be doing the first assignment from the Art Assignment which you should all watch yayayayah

But yeah, I'll do a poem for it.

Anyone know where you can commission for journal skins? Would like a Ayeist one.

POST ME POETRY IN THE COMMENTS THAT ISN'T BORING PLEASE

Or at least not depressing. :333333333

moby is weird in his spoken word inclusions

~POST GAME~

-

## marching into march (aHAH puns)

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 1, 2014, 12:40:23 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** <http://music.stevebingham.co.uk/album/third>

- **Reading:** RSURS / LFA / TPOBAW / TICB!
- **Watching:** friend's youtube channel and co.
- **Playing:** Terraria
- **Eating:** pen clip-bit
- **Drinking:** satisfaction soda

I like my girls like I like my coffee. I don't.

I like my guys like I like my tea. Warm.

Was a sunny day today, so I went out with friends to see filming locations. Lotsa fun, got enough to make the script of final in the first of project. Yes.

I AM STUCK ON A FLYING MOSS FARM HELP.

I'll post the poem I'm going to start writing now. Ish. As in, when this journal is done. yes.

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=-69hE5...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-69hE5...)

The poem is for the Art Assignment feat. friend's vidja. Will be good but will take some weeks.

Also, I am finally going to get recording soon 🎤 "We are falling into the sky", coming very soon ;3

Also, I bought *Looking For Alaska* and *The Perks Of Being A Wallflower*. LFA seems a bit melodramatic but should be good. *Perks* is interesting cos' a) didn't know it was a book and b) letters oooh la la.

~POST-GAME~

The piece discussed ^ [fav.me/d78ho9p](http://fav.me/d78ho9p)

-

## GlitchLit: A Group For Experimental + Cyber Lit.!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 4, 2014, 11:50:34 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Do you remember me saying that important things were happening a bit back?  
Well, I can now announce that that project has finally up!



[glitchlit.deviantart.com/](http://glitchlit.deviantart.com/)



**GlitchLit** is a group centered around discovering, collecting and broadcasting experimental literature, particularly of the cyber kind. It came out of my Glitchout, which was essentially a bit when I wrote experimental pieces (especially "Error;" [fav.me/d75wx8h](http://fav.me/d75wx8h) ), and now I am glad to say it is a reality!

[spoems](#) and [Nichrysalis](#) have been incredibly kind and decided to help by becoming co-founders, and we already have some members and even contributors ([nawkaman](#) and [Third-Coast](#) ). So if you wish to help or submit some experimental literature, then come and join!

It was only started two days ago, be warned, and so areas are still in progress of being created. But hopefully with your help, we can get the group lively and running!

If anyone knows of a visual artist who specializes in group icons, then please contact me via Note!

-

## RANTS E

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 6, 2014, 2:27:37 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

i. haven't done one of these in a while

ii. i love doodling. not just drawing-doodling, any doodling. be it randomly letting my fingers go sentient over piano chords or letting words come out in purist stream-of-consciousness, i do love me some doodling.

iii. kinda pains me no one seems to be interested in Radio AyeAye 0. needs more advertisement i think.

iv. talking of advertisement, [GlitchLit](#) is now up! If you are interested in posting or reading experimental literature, this is the place for you!

v. I/O . Saudable. Masterpiece. [iomusicofficial.bandcamp.com/a...](http://iomusicofficial.bandcamp.com/a...)



vi. Talking of music, i've ordered the new We Invented Paris album! Physical copy! will be brilliant i'm sure.

vii. metaplasma started to get going! happy about that. at the same time, TITN is nearing its end. which is good, because although brilliant fun it is pretty time consuming and i'd like to focus on other projects.

viii. like my scripts! i've got one more to do, then we're ready to storyboard :3

xi. talking of friends, he will be helping me with poetry recordings this weekend! yay! "We are falling into the sky" coming very soon ;D

x. sorry about 'Two.'. i won't let it die, i hope! just felt very tedious at the time so other stuff became priority.

x 1/2. although the new coldplay album will probably hahsdfgh me back into it. maybe.

x 1/4. cos' coldplay are my fave band. although not always making THE best songs, they are the most consistent. like, there is no song on viva la vida i dislike. all are brilliant. they're not perfect, mind you, but still.

xi. yawn

xii. who was Wittgenstein? sounds like an awesome name.

xii 1/2. same with heuristics, and Foucault in general. everyone uses chemistry for cool poetic words, but i think philosophy has some even better ones just need to learn how to incorporate them now.

xiii. oh yeah, i was going to talk about dead projects. well, i think its good sometimes to let go. like, Us Zombies Aren't That Bad i have little motivation for right now, but might come back to. i know Gaiman said to finish all things but blub.

xiv. [www.youtube.com/watch?v=i85-G4...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i85-G4...)

xv. such ranting because this journal has been itching to be released.

xvi. but i think i'm all out now.

~POST GAME~

this is why i love listener; [www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8k9rD...](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8k9rD...)

-

## WANT TO HEAR MY SILLY VOICE?! ft. monotone reading

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 9, 2014, 6:29:12 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[soundcloud.com/i-am-night/oh-c...](http://soundcloud.com/i-am-night/oh-c...)

[soundcloud.com/i-am-night/rror](http://soundcloud.com/i-am-night/rror)

Ugh.

Please tell me you like this.

-

## so the person i kinda liked a lot thinks im

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 13, 2014, 11:45:08 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

really weird and really doesn't like me and i feel kinda hurt but at the same time free.  
i now have a valid reason to punch him in the face!

i jest. kinda.

but i think it is the start of a proper end.

and that is good.

[thewarmhardies.bandcamp.com/tr...](http://thewarmhardies.bandcamp.com/tr...)

But on to more important things, I'm starting to do proper annotation of my work! Cos' I feel my work can be very confusing sometimes and stuff.

[fav.me/d79wyp3](http://fav.me/d79wyp3)

[fav.me/d79x29j](http://fav.me/d79x29j)

~POST GAME~

tbh i'm most annoyed at how i was only "weird". not "mad" or "crazy", just... weird. i thought i was trying hard! sighs.

-

## tomorrow i get impaled and i decided to poetry 1st

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 21, 2014, 12:10:57 PM
- [Personal Journal](#)

- **Listening to:** La Dispute - Rooms of the House
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas
- **Watching:** ugh i have no idea anymore
- **Playing:** i dont have to fill these out but im sooo crazy so
- **Eating:** dad's birthday cake (was yesterday)
- **Drinking:** blackholeberry vodka

fencing competition.

hahahahHAHAAGHAGHHAGHWAHWAHWAH

but yeah, poetry;

LISTENER (Dan Smith is a genius, yes he is yes he is)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/fa...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/fa...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/fa...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/fa...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/ey...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/ey...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/ey...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/ey...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/th...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/th...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/de...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/de...)

[listener.bandcamp.com/track/oz...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/track/oz...)

SHANE KOYCZAN (best spoken word)

[shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...](http://shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...)

[shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...](http://shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...)

[shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...](http://shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...)

[shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...](http://shanekozyczanandtheshortstorylo...)

shanekeyczanandtheshortstorylo...

FOLLOWED BY FEASTS (a new one but v v good. the band members were all part of the army so their songs are inspired by the horrors of that, v powerful)

followedbyfeasts.bandcamp.com/...

followedbyfeasts.bandcamp.com/...

followedbyfeasts.bandcamp.com/...

LA DISPUTE (as per peer pressure from nihia. your tears will cry if you don't)

staplerecords.bandcamp.com/tra...

staplerecords.bandcamp.com/tra...

staplerecords.bandcamp.com/tra...

staplerecords.bandcamp.com/tra...

AND A BUNCH OF OTHERS (R.E.M, Peter Doherty, johnny\_ripper/Tod Shelton)

[deleted]

(oooh youtube vidja things from a link only interesting)

[Pete Doherty – Bowhemia]

(that's got a creepy weird video)

soundcloud.com/johnny\_ripper/t...

----

So that's that.

It's the time of year in which I burn my ashes again and feel i need the right poems but can't make them because the consequence chemistry isn't right. So I'll be my prophet to my midnight me and keep on turning anger to self hatred because quiet lets the balance resume.

Also, life is a complex machine of consequences and I'm not sure they have any morality entwined in them. I wonder if coincidences are Easter eggs alerting such a mechanism to

my attention.

And here I was telling myself to never get to this level publicly on this because I would assure someone they would have a mental illness or make them depressed or make them feel inclined to make a comment of reassurance even though they have no words or real care. next i'll be going on hiatus.

NaPoWriMo is coming up soon though. Might find some good in that.  
oh, and march 28th. hopefully will be good.

but for now, feeling like running away from my problems and so into them.

sorry for showing i am not always the energetic llama eating eccentric i appear to be :3

~POST GAME~

Yeah only three or so people will probably comment. and that's pathetic but you are still wonderful people; the patheticacy comes from me and nihia, not you.

also radio ayeaye 0 is dead probably. like no one gives a damn, seriously, i am nollywood in the streets of my own rubbish strewn streets. i love my music but clearly little to no one cares because forced smiles are played on others who don't understand why we don't all look at them-me as clearly my-their individuality is true.

OH there's a positive. Finished the book version of The Perks Of Being A Wallflower. Loved it loved it loved. Best non-speculative fiction story ever. Patrick best LGBT character in lit form.

Looking For Alaska is pretty underhwleming/ John Green is so subtle his whispers are shouting, at least in early 00's land. i did really enjoy The Fault In Our Stars.

btw how the hell will i ever perform properly?! i won't probably. which is a shame cos no one reads poetry. you need music to enjoy it now. i can't-won't find a tune to go along to recordings or be able to perform properly. it'll be as awkward as that universe-crash i put on soundcloud.

also favouriting this feels wrong in that instead of comforting words i get some acknowledgement of my haphazard art to make problems realized. thanks, i guess. good old attention spans

# okay im feeling better now and teenagehood is this

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 24, 2014, 2:46:25 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Noah And The Whale - Heart Of Nowhere (track)
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas
- **Watching:** and then an open door
- **Playing:** two feet out of the door
- **Eating:** headphones
- **Drinking:** hopeful honey

[Heart of Nowhere – Noah and the Whale]

now a list of thank yous for all the people who come towards me in their full fanness and leave me always feeling like i never appreciate them enough/ fan for them the same, fantastic way.

Silent-Intrigant [Aerode](#) [ghostinafog](#) [Chezzy-](#)

[Am](#) [MaplestripNaamHier](#) [cerealnovels](#) AmyYang [hypermagical](#)

[WhitePlumFragrance](#) [DeriveAnemone](#) [LancelotPrice](#) [counting-vertebrae](#)

and i am so sorry if i forgot you, i will update in post game otherwise.

so fencing results;

FOIL AND EPEE: GOLD

SABRE: SILVER

so my panicking was unneeded as usual

love you all. as usual.

yeah.

(love that song though)

~POST GAME~

damnet dA i don't "need" premium membership gah itd just be nice kay

not on site but [Garneac](#) too

[Skargill BlackBowfin v-espertine](#) (sweet v-espertine gone ;\_\_\_)

-

## NaPoWriMo! (i suppose i can answer your 20 qu's)

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 31, 2014, 11:01:36 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Guided By Lights - Safety in houses
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Werewold Paralel
- **Watching:** iunno
- **Playing:** piano
- **Eating:** pen lid
- **Drinking:** apprehensive absinthe

So, NaPoWriMo has crept up on me too fast @\_\_\_@

May as well explain my plan.

Okay.

I'm going to look up into the sky.

...

Yueahp.

I look up into the sky, and write a poem describing it. Pretty simple.  
BUT ONLY IF GOOD SKIES COME AROUND FOR APRIL DAMNIT SKY >:<

This is basically to becom part of what I call my Celestial Catalouge, a collection of poems about my Celestials.

But what are Celestials?! Why, they are elements/things that, however many poems/ lit. is written about, will never be grasped in ink form.

By all means, poetry about these Celestials is still amazing/can be, but its one of the few things which can never be grasped fully in an external source; you have to see it yourself, in layman's terms.

SO, what are my Celestials?

- Sky! (clouds and stuff)
- Stars! (and moon)
- Ocean!
- Ground!

This NaPoWriMo will be based primarily on the first two.

ahhahaahahHhahaghhaghhhaGHAGHHHAHAagh

But wait! There is more!

Because I can't be bothered choosing the titles for thirty whole poems about essentially the same thing, I will instead be using the hexcode for the colour that most approximately looks like the sky at said time of poem.

Here was my teaser; [fav.me/d75h1ya](https://fav.me/d75h1ya)

Now I suppose I should state 20 things about me because [Aerode](#) deserves your hugs

-----

1. I will consume your soul :3
2. I have consumed every llama soul; there is just my clockwork hearts in there now making them move, as they secretly converge on your house.
3. I have an army of every owlguin in every multiverse ready to attack my literary rivals :3
4. This is an owlguin;

o>o  
| |  
| |  
^^

5. That wasn't really a fact about myself

6. :3

7. Neither was that. Or the one before it, even.



8. I really like cat faces and I don't really know why.

9. I'm a male 15 year old scared of the year 16 which is why the months are probably clinging on to their days with their claws

10. Favourite band is Coldplay, I immensely love music because it really is the soul in the most liquid form known to all.

10.5: Coldplay are the most consistent in their brilliance for me. Like, Iceberg by We Invented Paris is on a whole better than the whole album of Viva La Vida, but the rest of We Invented Paris' whole portfolio is much weaker compared to the strength of Coldplay's.

11. I have only cried at one part in one book; Robert Frobisher's death in Cloud Atlas.  
;\_\_\_;

12. My friends are amazing and I love them.

13. um

14. this has essentially become a rants f; like, rants e.f (cos in the middle)

15. I like ranting and doodling on.

16. I like writing all things writeable. Only thing I can fully flesh myself out in and not feel overbearing doubts about.

17. Never been out of Europe :<

18. Love philosophy.

19. I'm a projectholic; always starting new things, too much >\_\_<

20. Really want to see a Wes Anderson film.

14. This is technically my fourteenth fact about myself.

14.5 oh wait i need to actually say a fact ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmilikefood

15. I do fencing! All sword are good

16. Favourite spec. fiction book is Perdido Street Station. Love Mieville.

17. Favourite non-spec fiction novel is The Perks Of Being A Wallflower. gah that book was painful PAINFUL but oh so amazing and beautiful.

18. I need to watch more TV; House of Cards looks v. good

19. I need to get Netflix in general tbh

20. I am blonde. Both intelligence position and hair colour xP

~POST GAME~

Oh! How could I forget, I went to a book launch! Managed to talk to old friends and proper pro. writers and people I've met before. Very very fun. Although need to get more ol' friends to meet up next time xP

-

## i have 21 feedback messages its like dA christmas

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 8, 2014, 2:14:57 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Foreva - Goodbye Chanel
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind
- **Watching:** Breaking Good
- **Playing:** keyboard of internet age
- **Eating:** pen lid
- **Drinking:** optimistic orange juice

so we discard dead things like banana peels into horrible pits called compost bins and i wonder if some mad performance artist should deliberately get their body disgraced as to make a point or something

the sun has began going out with the sky again and i'm really happy for the relationship :3

done a week of NaPo so far, goin pretty well i think.

[fav.me/d7clr97](http://fav.me/d7clr97) Day 1

[fav.me/d7cr7a1](http://fav.me/d7cr7a1) Day 2

[fav.me/d7cwpbv](http://fav.me/d7cwpbv) Day 3

[fav.me/d7d0xkq](http://fav.me/d7d0xkq) Day 4

[fav.me/d7d3pd7](http://fav.me/d7d3pd7) Day 5

[fav.me/d7deuog](http://fav.me/d7deuog) Day 6

[fav.me/d7deuog](http://fav.me/d7deuog) Day 7

[fav.me/d7dlwci](http://fav.me/d7dlwci) Day 7.5 (cos i broke my theme for yesterday)

i saw Frozen and it was good. surprisingly different from Disney formula, which is great.  
we also saw this; [www.imdb.com/title/tt0286112/](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0286112/)  
which was incredible. in its terribleness.

and breaking bad! series 2 is very good and stuff.

can't think of anything else tbh. easter holiday is good.

oh! I also finished Werewolf Parallel. brilliant book.

~POST GAME~

-

## DLD AIN'T DYING

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 12, 2014, 3:58:24 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Embrace
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind
- **Watching:** gagagagag
- **Playing:** keyboard of internet age
- **Eating:** gugugug
- **Drinking:** tea of revolutionary

See this; [fav.me/d7e3764](http://fav.me/d7e3764)

I'm not going to lie, I do think the standards for DLDs and lit. DDs has become a bit more... varied, but I do not think the closing down of DLD in general is a good idea. At all. It is how writers get exposure here, mainly, and a good stepping stone in writer's morale, and helps them lead nicely into DD success.

I mean, I'm sure a new group would take that idea on if worst did come to worst, but still, go and check that journal out and keep the group alive!

-

## so now i fel bad getting caught up in the dArama

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 13, 2014, 5:03:42 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Annti Martikainen
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind
- **Watching:** The Grand Budapest Hotel
- **Playing:** keyboard of internet age
- **Eating:** pear
- **Drinking:** sigh sherry

you know in media and stuff when an ancient one long lost in the past turns nasty and so the other ancients must return to start up a new chosen fellowship or whatever? yeah, well. [fav.me/d7e9d1i](http://fav.me/d7e9d1i)

but wait no that's bad too because of admin politics and backstabbing?!

agh to hell with it, just go to the hills and write poetry, everyone.

[foglake.bandcamp.com/album/vir...](http://foglake.bandcamp.com/album/vir...)

this album reminds me so much of the big poets here on dA. dunno if its cos' the cover work looks like their profile pics/ avatars or because their work is sooo sad yet beautiful or because their titles are in lowercase like their lyrics but whatever it is it's good.

NapoWriMo; might be losing my poetry steam. which is better than last year in which i lost it at day 3. still, I'll make it. it's going well I think.

dunno if you've noticed but I've been writing more flash fiction stuff. which means now i only have proper short stories that require effort left as procrastination from my novel >\_\_\_\_< and I can't do scripts cos ghghghgh

I saw The Grand Budapest Hotel yesterday! Very enjoyable and quirky and weird and funny. I think I like Wes Anderson.

hopefully the new Foster The People album is coming tomorrow along with Moonrise Kingdom tomorrow. i mean come on I'm sure God wouldn't mind if the mail worked on Sunday right

blipblob.

~POST GAME~

my trampoline is my new writing studio i love it

-

## i am going to burn myself out

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 17, 2014, 1:00:42 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** The New Division - Shallow Play (pandora)
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind
- **Watching:** Moonrise Kingdom
- **Playing:** piano
- **Eating:** pen end
- **Drinking:** canada dry

i have made 26 poems this month; 21 in the holidays holiday.

oh, sorry, more than that actually because i didn't post all of them here. that;s like, what, 28 so far i think?

that is nearly the NaPo goal *and i'm just past halfway*.

i am going to burn myself by the end of this month.

these holidays have been a fantastic escape from school, i really don't want to go back. i've got used to watching a movie every night. i'm starting to like movies. i need to get netflix.

this Easter holiday i've seen;

- at friend's marathon sleepoveresque thing! ritual hipster drink: carton of cherry juice
- Frozen!
- one Doctor Who episode! (is it me or are the episodes without the titular character usually the best?! blink, turn left and so on. we saw the latter)
- Shaolin Soccer! (the most beautiful film ever btw)
- Breaking Bad! (ish)
- ;bulletpurple: at the cinema!
- The LEGO Movie!
- The Grand Budapest Hotel (asgagga so good)
- at home!
- Pacific Rim! (that was fun)

- Moonrise Kingdom! (omug that was beautiful)
- the start of the Greek pilot! (seems good, has william fritzwhatshisname as one of the musc credits which surprised me cos' "woah connections of not meaning to" yknow like mike rugnetta and anthony fantano knowing each other well and that sorta stuff)

and then reading;

#### • POETRY OMUG

- Seamus Heany's Electric Light! (greek mythological peeps i don't get you but seamus heany so still love it)
- Ron Butlin's "Magicians of Edinbrugh! (lovely stuff but the intro stuff kinda makes it seem a bit like my racially ambiguous piano lesson music sheet books)
- T.S Elliot Selected Poems! (woah he's good. but again MYTHOLOGY AGH)

#### • PROOOOSE

- Red Skies Under Red Seas! (i'm gonna finish this mudnugget)
- Paradox Space! (it counts shaddup)
- Mind Blind! (that is waay more gritty than expected and awesome cos of it)
- Life Of Pi! (gonna clean my plate before diving in.)

and i've still got to read The Book Thief and those three Timeriders books and Republic Of Thieves and ah

no wonder barely anyone reads these journals hah

im feeling the ffects of overexposure to the computer now. like gettign anooyed at the petty politics of everything and the cynicism that comes to violently stab said politics and melodrama so im annoyed at everyone/ i will be once this month is done because i cant create anythign productive and i thought we were making films but no cos holidays ohcod?????!!

~POST GAME~

oh yea theres all that anime i need to halfassedly catch up on too ugh relaxing is so stressful am i rite

it's okay though cos canada dry exists

also the post game bit is inspired by Mickleleh[?] yes

Also, answer this survey from [Nichrysalis](#) ! [docs.google.com/forms/d/1FvpHE...](https://docs.google.com/forms/d/1FvpHE...)

-

## i am your DLR god

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 18, 2014, 8:48:44 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Mo Kolours
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind / Life of Pi
- **Watching:** Let's Read Homestuck - Act 5 (Act 2) - Part 39
- **Playing:** DLR politics game
- **Eating:** fingernails
- **Drinking:** ough tea

Okay, sort of.

I am now officially what is known as a Swing Admin for [DailyLitRecognition](#) (the new form of DLDs); I can feature both prose and poetry, but unfortunately no chapter works or fanfiction. My guidelines are below:

### MY GUIDELINES

- Send me suggestions via Note!
- 2 suggestions maximum per Note!
- Don't send your suggestions to more than one admin.
- Include a link to your suggestions (.fav or thumb), and a brief description on why it should be a DLR.
- Self-suggestions will not be automatically denied. It would be wiser to self-suggest to the other much nicer and more liberal admins, however.
- Although I am a swing admin (prose and poetry) I am more suited to doing poetry, but I will read any prose suggested to me!
- I will personally choose things with great emotional impact, clever usage of technique and ESPECIALLY if I know what your piece is about from 2-3 readings, at maximum.
- Do not suggest DDs (kinda a given, I think).
- As only 15, I cannot read deviations with extreme mature content; send them to older admins, please.

A quick note: **DLRs are not DDs**. DDs should be suggested to much nicer, more organised and wiser users than me known as CVs

( [neurotype](#) , ~~inknatecohol~~ and [SingingFlames](#) (for fan-fiction)).

The other Swing Admins are [lion-essrampant](#) , [hypnicjerks](#) , [WorldWar-Tori](#) and [betwixtthepages](#) .

-

## tomorrow easter holdiays stop

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 21, 2014, 9:57:27 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Fog Lake
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind / Life of Pi
- **Watching:** the sky
- **Playing:** school in its intrinsic antipatterns
- **Eating:** pen end
- **Drinking:** wheezing water

Tomorrow, I go back into that oil-filled tin basin and look through the murky mirror to find myself in burnt-out idiosyncratica and a false fallen hero, where the values of life become much more melodramatic and based on the bittersweet tree when really, as experienced, life can be fun. It'll go from one comfort to a more disturbing one; one of fighting in perpetual revolution for dignity felt deserved, passing past the passive-aggressive, hearing that viola string of melancholy while I'm choosing the fantastical poisons to compromise with.

It's a place where pretentiousness grows as a last resort against untested weakness, ultimatums are just markerstones and fractions of my full life factions. I'll go back to the basin and then find the optimism and think it wasn't that bad.

But on reminiscing on this, I managed to get a script idea. Which is good.

[Fracus & Darwin ft. Mark Slammer – Succeed]

what the hell this song does not fit at all with this journal entry.

[fog lake – it was never enough]

that's better.

9 days until NaPoWriMo ends. Hmm.

-sentimental thing-

-that thing above was just a way to try and poem, im sorry if you feel im just begging for attention because de manderville isnt right and anyway ill be fine as i said. im pretty



pissed it didnt come out right as usual though.-

~POST GAME~

-

## NaPoWriMover

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 1, 2014, 10:48:37 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** frozen movei in background
- **Reading:** Red Skies Under Red Seas / Mind Blind
- **Watching:** frozen occasionally
- **Playing:** shdhhs
- **Eating:** spoon end
- **Drinking:** tea

so i ended NaPoWriMo again and annoyed at how.. comfortable it all was. like everyone else posts about how hard it is etc but i found it alright

now im burnt out poetrywise will be prose working. given up that novel for now will work on that novel instead and NOVUL can sorta begin once i get sharpies.

so ye short stories and stuff.

if you want to collab with me on anything contact me plez

-

## RANTS F

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 5, 2014, 10:58:44 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Spirit Spine - Raptures
- **Reading:** TITN / Red Skies Under Red Seas
- **Watching:** frozen moveiu in background whys it always on sis
- **Playing:** VVVVVV
- **Eating:** slight headaches
- **Drinking:** tea

i. my nose is a waterfall of perpetual mucus today youre welcome for the image

ii. anyone know anyone i can request journal skins from btw  
or even how to make them

iii. i want to be the god ofapples. nothign big, but still substatial, yknow?

iv. today was one of those fantastic days where i found a song that i know ill love for ever

iv.5: [spiritspine.bandcamp.com/track...](https://spiritspine.bandcamp.com/track...)

v. found ^ via the end song of Folding Ideas, whcih is really interesting. over on Chez Apocalypse, which is like all the good bits of TGWTG.com condensed minus the cinema snob

vi. i want to change my avatar to a new permanent thing... i'll hink of something

vii. oh ye i became a deer because filmmaking

viii. i should be working more on my novel tbbh

xi. oh ye i had to pay £5 for four sharpies because i cant say no apparently

x. here have a pic; [cdn.indiegamers.com/data/avata...](https://cdn.indiegamers.com/data/avata...)

xi. also enter writing competitions and ive found that you can win steam games which is fantastic and v useful

xi.5: e.g ive got Braid, FTL, VVVVVV and Papers, Please cos i wrote a poem (

xii. top tip never write serial stuff on dA because barely anyone will read it minimalism is key here

xiii. to hell with it, imma gonna write the third drone poem for my drone trilogy

xiv. its a trilogy now

xv. itll be about my hike thingy i did

xvi. ye ye i said id stop doing poetry but come on we all know deep inside experimental poetry doesn't require any effort

xvii. although it does worry me how Warholian my work distribution is tbh

xviii. coupled with my impatience and eagerness to get feedback quickly too isnt that effective either

xxi. Today I completed perhaps my biggest project, TITN (Trapped In The Nothing). It's been a massive long journey, very fun and so worth it. Go read it here if you want (although its long, and im only satisfied with the quality about 30 or so pages in xP) [indiegamers.com/threads/trappe...](http://indiegamers.com/threads/trappe...)

xx. also join that forum if you like indie games and/or me. brilliant place

xxi. that reminds me of ~~CitrusHigh~~ :< where have you gone Citrus???

xxii. long weekend very much appreciated

xxiii. kay im done

-

## WRITING CHALLENGE 4: THE BAD SEQUEL MADE FOR \$\$\$\$\$

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 16, 2014, 11:14:07 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Goodbye Chanel - FOREVA
- **Reading:** Arthur Miller now; Death Of A Salesman & Crucible
- **Watching:** <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tWjOprIck8E>
- **Playing:** VVVVVV
- **Eating:** itching my chin
- **Drinking:** iPod tea

1. Write an Eight Word Play (EWP)!

My example;

*On The Meaning Of Life*

*NIETZSCHE: There is nothing!*

*HAPPI: Eat your ice cream.*

Director's notes count as words, btw.

2. Write me a post-post-post prose piece.

I dunno what that is, but I'm intrigued.

-----

Summer holidays are coming fairly soon. In a week I'm moving into S5; penultimate year of secondary school :0

My body is nowhere near ready.

This means Big Important Bad Exams© are coming up. In April, so prob. no NaPo :0 Which saddens me quite a bit. I think I'll do it in May, maybe. Or July. NaPoAyeMo!

Some really obscure but great stuff;

[ashmammal.bandcamp.com/](http://ashmammal.bandcamp.com/) Debut album out now. Not as extreme as their album cover might suggest @\_\_\_\_@

[unofficialmspafans.bandcamp.co...](http://unofficialmspafans.bandcamp.co...) Quality wise, it's better than LOFAM, but nowhere near as good as LOFAM2.

Also, softengine because they're softengine;

[softengine -something better]

Working on a short story and myriad collabs. That's pretty much it.

~POST GAME~

-

## on giving up certain projects

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 5, 2014, 9:55:29 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Mobius Trip and Hadron Kaleido
- **Reading:** The Crucible, The Cone-Gatherers, Carol Ann Duthy
- **Drinking:** tea for tat

however much neil gaiman is a great writer, i have to disagree with his point on finishing everything you write. because giving up on certain projects feels really good and allows

you to work on, yknow, good things.

Warholian drone? too boring. Two.? too much description. Perpendicularity? no plan.

in letting go im not flying over nice islands. like TITN stuff. or working on getting publicized in proper poetry stuff. it's good. i feel my priorities right, my writing fun.

my room has been redecorated and looks reeeaaaally nice; pics will go up with My Constantinople, ii. while clearing stuff out i got a chnace to look at old ideas from the days when my pseudonym was The I cos 10 year old me.  
i found out from him that;

- he had too many ideas

- his handwriting really was bad

:bulletoange: his sellable ideas were probably already sold

drawings were also, ah, uh, yes well.

but the world building was still staggering. and helped build up concrete for now.  
but i ain;t novelling! i need to improve my prose talents to do that. so short stories etc.  
i'll work on one this summer, i think. a new year one. yup.

moral of story; don't writer novels unless proseman.

also, have fun with writing

-

## a running commentary

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 10, 2014, 10:34:58 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Return To Struggleville <http://listener.bandcamp.c>
- **Reading:** The Crucible, The Cone-Gatherers, Carol Ann Duthy

>woah that is a lot of messages

>wait do i

>do i have a DD????!!

>ahhh okayokay

>which piece? a poem?

>right lets write a running commentary

>no wait that's edit journal dammit

>okay its gone up to 94 feedback messages now hahahhahhh  
 >oh that looks like a n interesting piece on coconut milk and youth ill; read that first  
 >right okay which one  
 >oh wow afterlife astronaut  
 >i was proud of that one haha  
 >AEROOOOOOOOOODDDDEEE  
 >that is a ridiculous amount of faves (72)  
 >this is surprising and comfortably so

[Aerode](#) and [HugQueen](#) deserve every ounce of everything nice

I don't care that its not a poem because I was proud of that piece, and it really puts my faith back into prose.

Now excuse me as a read through all those messages x3

-

## memeic ology

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 11, 2014, 10:55:23 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** liquicity
- **Reading:** The Crucible, The Cone-Gatherers, Carol Ann Duthy
- **Watching:** ??????????????!!?????
- **Playing:** !!!!!!/!!!!/!!!!!!?
- **Eating:** ??!!!!/!!!!!!/??????????????!
- **Drinking:** ????????????!?!!!!!/!!!!!

I'll do this tag because [Aerode](#) is a total babe kay

### RULES

1. You must include the rules in your journal.
2. List five random things about yourself.
3. Answer questions the tagger asked you.
4. Choose five people to tag in your journal and ask them five questions.

### random things

- i am actually the god of modesty, but i dont talk about it
- at this time of writing i am listening to this [Fake Static Noise – Fall (Maxin & Rueben Remix)]
- therefore i like liquicity a lot
- i got a DD yesterday!

🍊 i am 15, and so terrified of becoming 16 in october

queQue

1. What is/was your favorite subject in school?

Philosophy. We have a small class and awesome teachers, and the prospect of employability isn't so looming; its much more recreational.

2. You're stuck on an island. You can choose three Deviants to be on the island with you. Tell us the three Deviants and why you chose them?

**Aerode** because his optimism and amazingly persistent chirpiness would like create a boat of pure happiness we can sail away on.

**ghostinafog** I'd be able to snort cocaine with, so that'd be good.

**hypermagical** would be a nice friend to have there too x3

3. Variation of the question above: You're on a spy mission, and can choose three Deviants to help you with your heist. 🧐 Who are they and why? (You can use repeat Deviants.)

**Nichrysalis** because he would drug all the enemy spies with really good hip-hop rock. And, his leadery, mature organisedness would be helpful.

**your-methamphetamine** knows chemistry majicks so that'd be useful

**ghostinafog** I'd be able to snort cocaine with, so that'd be good.

4. Who is your deviantCRUSH? (Stolen from **Lissomer** )

**Aerode** and **your-methamphetamine** i guess, although Meta's all like "ugh my word what bs is aye going on about now im trying to master the chemistry majicks i dont have time for this agh"

5. If you could change one thing about the world, what would it be?

Timezones would be abolished. Actually, time would be abolished and fitted in with a more post-Hilbertian, tralfadorian perspective of reality. Yeah that'd be nice.

my queQue

1. You have inherited an Eastern European nation. Which waltz do you do in hearing this news?

2. In the prospect of overwhelming discourse born from the Gh'thalgian Depths, what volume will your voicebox be?

3.  $x(x^x)/36547568939$

When it has the property of a real function, what is its domain?

[&&&'&&&'&&& MARKS]

4. What do you think of tags?

5. Agh? Ugh? Which?

BONUS POST-GAME QUESTION \$: Favourite album?

those to be tagged

[ghostinafog](#) (because she is the last person on this site i expect to do a tag lol)

[Chezzy-Am](#)

[palladium-smoothie](#)

[jungle-slang](#) (welcome to the dark side of dA mofo, a slew of tags! TAAAAGS!

mwhahaha)

[Antic190](#) (random deviant ftw)



-

## Changes. (Also I'm palladium-smoothie)

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 18, 2014, 2:38:45 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

So let's start with Palladium first.

He is my alt. account I use for hyper-experimental poetry and the like.

I was going to reveal him when he got a DLD/DLR or DD. And he just has got a DLR.

So yeah.



Here is the reasons I have him:

- Originally, I wanted to see if the dA community would still praise me even if I made deliberately terriblesque and difficult literature. The answer is no, which is good and put some faith in my writing x3

- This later turned into a proper account for writing I wanted go superduper crazy on, and its turned out really well. I've managed to borrow things from him, like the twoWord thing.

:bulletoange: I was fascinated in being a character, for that is what Palladium is, a character. He has a narrative that is expressed in his pieces, and his journals; it's more than just a roleplay.

- I wanted to see those pesky 18+ deviations >\_\_< I was disappointed, they were just like normal deviations tbh

- Having a secret is kinda snazzy xP

There were clues, fyi.

- The Wingdings in Palladium's lit. banner says "IMAYE"

- His tagline "xii cocktails needed" is a reference to the number in my name

- We borrow phrases and such from each other

Okay, now on to change.

[your-methamphetamine](#) is leaving, as new users like [jungle-slang](#) just enter the community. I'm on the brink of summer, my friends are getting more and more mature and all the childish things that go along with it. Little things feel like symbolism in some life-novel. I'll probably be leaving certain things I've been to since 6. I got a second DD, my first ever proper poem is on the wall of a nature center down in south England (about the archetype of a kingfisher) and the P7s moved up to the academy an induction day today. They are sadly intrinsically annoying, but I think they're going to be a cool year.

Massive thanks to [chromeantennae](#) for the DLR on Palladium's behalf, and sorry if you feel tricked by Palladium.

I may get bored of him one day, in which case I might just hand over the reigns to another user... it could be a dynasty, as user after user tries to make the most experimental poetry they can, with their own twist each reign...

But hey, that's a change for another day 🍷

## QUESTIONS

- Do you have an alt. account?
- What do you think of them?
- Did you already guess Palladium was me?!

~POST-GAME~

## FUNFACTS:

[ghostinafog](#) had already suggested me a Palladium piece for DLR status, which I had to deny because that would essentially be self suggesting xD

[Aerode](#), [your-methamphetamine](#) and Ghost all knew before this.

-

# Summar

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 27, 2014, 12:02:47 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** A Great Big Pile Of Leaves - You're Always On My M
- **Reading:** Sprout
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Thomas Was Alone Expansion Pack (ahhh)
- **Eating:** Callipo, Orange
- **Drinking:** pen ink

School's out!

Ahh, finally, seven weeks worth of weekends up ahead x3

And writing. Will be good, I could do with a break. Running on the paths of an orange tree, and all that.

Lots of teachers won't be coming back though, especially the ones who were, like, major constructs in the school's identity. ???

What am I talking about.

But anyway, reading and piano and writing will be my summer thing.

Maybe going down to south of England too? Y'see, my first ever poem I wrote which won a competition (I know right?! Crazy. Technically it won two as it was in my folio for the next one but I digress) is on the walls of a nature centre in Weymouth?! By a cafe bit.

They meant to tell us they were putting it up, but they never did and we forgot until we checked, and bam there it was. So I need to have a quest down there to see if I'm credited :0

Exciting stuff.

But on to the main topic, what is your summer record?

2012 was *Ithaca* by Micheal Guy Bowman, 2013 was Listener's *Time Is A Machine* and 2014...

Well, right now it's A Great Big Pile Of Leaves' *You're Always On My Mind*. But that might change as I might discover a super awesome record over the summer! Maybe a toe one? We'll see.

Leaves'; [topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...](http://topshelfrecords.bandcamp.com/a...)

Brilliant stuff. Happiest emo revival band I think??

Anyway, writing list:

- "30's Maf Vam"

- Might restart *Sands Of Ruin* for third time o\_\_\_o

- *Treyygh*

:bulletorange.5: another script involving trains maybe

- Poetry collabs

- TITN summary, ATPW

Woo, now lemme eat syrup off that a big catface blowing bubble-blue fireworks into the

sky 🍌

~QUESTIONS~

- What's your summer album this year?

- Summer albums of previous years?

~POST GAME~

-

## While we eat our Faberge meringues,

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 4, 2014, 2:58:16 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Seapunk/Vaporwave ("#INTERNETGHETTO #RUSSIA")
- **Reading:** Arthur Miller's "The Crucible"
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Thomas Was Alone Expansion Pack (ahhh)

- **Eating:** red pen lid
- **Drinking:** molten ceramics

Have a slowed down version of Simple Mind's "Pursuit of A Miracle"(?) [bbrainz.bandcamp.com/track/del...](http://bbrainz.bandcamp.com/track/del...)

Which is very convenient, as I am going to go see them live!! 🎧 And a bunch of toher similar sophisti-pop groups and Scottish rock-blends :3  
Will be lotsa fun. Good ol' local magazines and their opportunities.

Back to the vaporwave, that's the genre it's part of. It's part of that trifecta of seapunk, itself and witch-house(sorta?). It's awesome and really interesting cos it's looking at the cutting edge of music and all that and ghgee.

So, first week of summer. Really good. Solitary, but good. Trampolining, writing, and I now have an idea for a script thingy 🤖

Finished reading *Red Seas Under Red Skies* and *Sprout*. Former took me ages to finish (since last Christmas >\_\_>) and former from school librarara. Made me think, the latter, but not as good as *Perks*.

I started *Across The Paradoxical Waves*, the sequel to "the best indie hypertext fiction piece ever!"(as it's the only one) *Trapped In The Nothing*. Which is very exciting, because it is the longest thing I have ever written.

Yeah, the short story i said I was gonna work on I haven't touched... it's fine though cos' I'm doing other writing project stuff.

Woo

~POST GAME~

-

## Paper aeroplanes into the Nothing.

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 13, 2014, 11:47:08 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Aztech - Manifesto / Guided By Lights - Praise
- **Reading:** Scott Lynch (The Republic of Thieves)
- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Thomas Was Alone Expansion Pack (ahhh)
- **Eating:** hunger
- **Drinking:** eyeliner of a sycamore tree painted in gold

I should have wrote up one of these on Friday, but oh well.

TBH, these nonfictions (we'll shorthand as ""essays""") are just like the title most of the

time.

:bademoticon: I seem to have found a different set audience with the coming of summer. As in, different consistent commenters, etc.

And I like new readers, but I do like my usual collective of contemporaries, I suppose.

They're probably doing something not this anyway so its okay 🙄

Same with ATPW, actually. Which is going well, thanks for asking! Finished Part 1, Part A going swell. Story so much more thought out, it's really coming along nicely.

:bademoticon: I seem to have slipped into a slightly more stressful week, I guess. Not going to that many places really.

Although I did go to a river beach in Edinbrugh yesterday. No poem came though, which was sad. But maybe its better that way, keep the beauty in its place rather than transport it back home *en inkia*.

Oh look at Aye, making up phrases, isn't he such a witty writer, ahuehuehue

:bademoticon: I cut down on my groups because I'd feel better if I had a nice amount of things in my inbox that I can focus on, comment more, etc. It makes me feel better for sure, even if the load is a bit relentless. I was considering onl gettign notifications from users, but then again I watch too many people and I wouldn;t find new lit. peopel that way. Which is counter-intuitive to my role as DLR Admin 🍌

:bademoticon: Talking of consideration, I really want to change my username. Like getting a tattoo. The opportunity is there, but I might regret the change? And it kinda goes against me in that I kinda got annoyed when others changed the usernames and didn't see the point in it most of the time xP

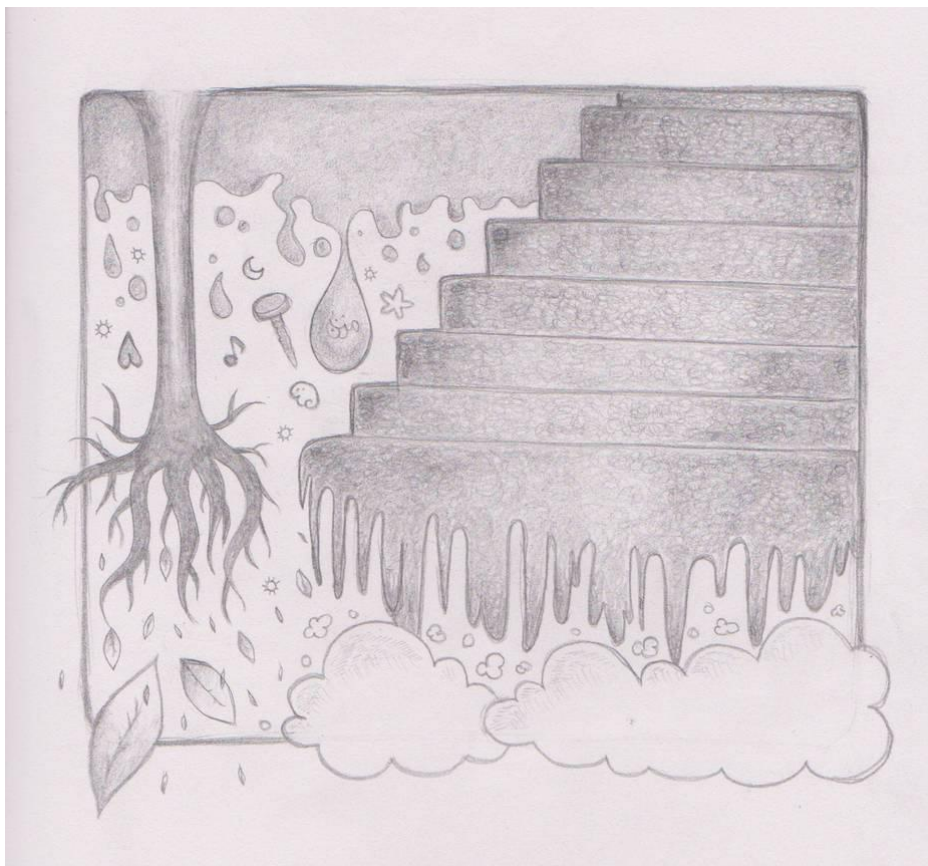
At the same time, though, I may regret not changing my name -\_\_\_\_-

:bademoticon: Talking of change, I got a new avatar! I really like it. "zenMoon", I made it myself on Paint.NET 🤖

I do find it funny how TITN&ATPW technically makes me an "artist". I do doodle, yeah, but it's not like it takes over writing or whatever.

I have to say, it is useful knowing how to use layers and stuff ridiculously fundamental in graphic design. Useful and kinda fun :3

:bademoticon: Actually, the one doodle I do have up here inspired this: by [Mez3rika](#) .



[Surreal

Imagination] Which is swell!

:bademoticon: In talk of Motion Books, when I realise how to use sound (Paladium's motion book was meant to have audio - \_\_\_\_ -) and get a microphone I'm going to release "poetry collections" of sorts here.

And Bandcamp too, probably.

:bademoticon: Oh, yeah, hot chocolate and tea in the same mug? Perfection.

Thanks for reading.

## 🌈 POST GAME 🌈

Here's a writing challenge... write a poem with only emoticons 😊

-

## And now, The Laughter of Stafford Girls' High

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 21, 2014, 3:12:16 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Aztech - Manifesto / Guided By Lights - Praise
- **Reading:** Scott Lynch (The Republic of Thieves)

- **Watching:** Oancitizen, probably
- **Playing:** Thomas Was Alone Expansion Pack (ahhh)
- **Eating:** hunger
- **Drinking:** eyeliner of a sycamore tree painted in gold

[www.mixcloud.com/e2e/the-laugh...](http://www.mixcloud.com/e2e/the-laugh...)

That can be your week three analysis of my summer. It's an amazing poem.  
Yup.

## 🌈POST-GAME🌈

Oh fine;

-I went to a place not known as Granite&Oilland  
 -I got obsessed with a certain type of poetry  
 -I tried to be superduperultra social in a big party but ended up talking to a boy who was mute so felt a bit bad in myself xP  
 -Ate a lot of nice food  
 -Read  
 -Finished The Crucible (yaawwnn) and The Republic Of Thieves  
 -Still reading The Book Thief and gonna start on All My Sons (seriously I really liked A View From The Bridge and The Death Of A Salesmen this better be good and not so dullll like Crucible aghh oh yeah and i have that as my text this year for English - \_\_\_\_ -)

So yeah.

-

## i wrote a bestial poem

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 25, 2014, 4:07:45 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

to stop the malevolent, counter-intuitive inspiration that recedes into core ideals. it was called the Filling and it has no form, it was mind in the second it was written in black sharpie, as it filled all the blank fucking useless gaps in my notebook with a stream so pure that a second later it would be unreadable. it was its own beast, a poem connected to the poet by an umbilical cord but it was itself and the therapy it produced was beautiful

obviously, it fell away because when kings return politicians feel weak, tumble and cry into themselves, they're reminded of exactly what naive children they are really, and

that royalty destroys by stepping on factories without knowing they were there in the first place. that's how ambition really gets destroyed, when Nietzsche twists it like a wet tshirt.

the saddest thing being it really is derived from the most piss poorest weak examples of writinghood antagonisation. poets are the primordial gloom rockstars come out of, after all. that's the only line that people will care about because it sounds pretty. it doesn't even work in the narrative stream. damn, extroversion rots your soul. cynicism isn't sex appeal. i get your opinion i'm sorry this is petty i know stitch my ears and eyes to each other if you must but then you realise anything you say will be loved except when IRL doesn't and BAM suddenly your temple is dead, why can;t you publish your real work here? because there's always that mythical better community ahead beyond the clouds the moon beyond that even beyond stars and we have to reach it, this has been said before and im sorry, i know i said it already, but the pilgrimage is less if clogged up by a million travelers.

this is ridiculous. no, not this, THIS. it's an epistemological position, ysee. to get people to read say "no one will read this" and the posthipsters will come flooding. i guess this will bring out more of the cynicism as sex appeal and opinion too as this really is so flat its easy to see. NOVUL is coming when i get the right tools which is really pretty stupid considering NOVUL is the third level of abstraction. this makes no sense for you but myself, all my myselfs need to understand that i am happy, life is happy, things will go well, i just need to get brought down by puke tbh

egoistic poetry egoistic performance art, it reeks of sharpie.

(I'm going to go write a story now.)

-

## i would like to invest in a milkshake factory

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 29, 2014, 8:44:55 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

for my lawn, please donate. even if you are really poor, yes.

i am in dire need of boys ysee.

GabriaXorp won't give me a grant :<

This is the week of Doing! I'm doing things. Doign things is nice.



Today I learnt that the Templar Knights have built things in my town. Which is swell!  
I watched Dawn Of The Planet Of The Apes yesterday! It was good! Exclamation marks!

!

I finished my Mafia Vampire story and will not upload it anywhere because it's kinda meh. I do have a better writing thing in the works, though. Prooooooseeee.

That is all for now.

## 🌈POST-GAME🌈

-

## purgatory affirmative!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 3, 2014, 11:56:00 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** A Muse song I don't feel like listening to
- **Reading:** Waverley (I went into edinbrugh today yi see)
- **Watching:** cry and cox plays resident evil 6
- **Playing:** the game game trilogy
- **Eating:** water bottle
- **Drinking:** not water

That's right, it's an update!

I've realised that if I want to publish a poem up here on the realitynet, then I can just a)  
change the title b) edit it c) profit is 47e3848% (∞x more profit than gabriaXorp am i  
rite)

Same with Afterlife Astronaut. I'll try and make all the edits from the awesome  
comments I got on that, brush it up at my writer's club, and bam contemporary short  
story yo

My writer's club is more sedate than this. Different group, calmer. It's nice. Not so  
proactive as this, but at the same time get the fatality feeling of obscuria

I thought of a new selling process!!

- Self publish books!
- Get da copies!
- Go to poetry festivald and stuff, and with a megaphone read out my work! Advertise  
via live readings in outside places!
- People go and buy poetry books, my word gets out ('specially as I put in website and

stuff in books)

🔴 holla molla dolla jolla

I digress.

The point is that I once ate an apple core and it tasted of tortellini.

🕶️ **POST-GAME** 🕶️

i am biting on my water bottle

I think I may have lost a close friend I've had a difficult relationship with. Like losing a fire, I feel cold. But not burnt.  
He's alive.

-

## My deviantArt Story

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 7, 2014, 7:13:58 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** OK GO - The Writing's On the Wall
- **Reading:** Mind Blind - Lari Don
- **Watching:** cry and cox plays resident evil 6
- **Playing:** The Stanley Parable
- **Eating:** ham + grated cheese + toast&meltedButter + ketchup
- **Drinking:** not water

[The Writing on The Wall- OK GO]

If I tried hard, I could relate that song to my dA experience somehow. But I can't be bothered so I'll just leave it there because it's amazebrilliant. As is the video.

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dA is a transcendence over the forum world I was used to go to (and still do) before I started an account. I used the same username from the ones on TO, IGF, etc.

I forced myself to make this a part of my internet schedule. I knew this place had potential for me, that this was the place for me.

So started the systematic churning out of pieces.

I was infantile to poetry; believe it or not, I used to write primarily prose before dA. But when my prose pieces barely got any notice, I wrote more and more poetry, and I got more and more recognition. But I was still obscure, barely noticed.

My early readers I barely see nowadays. [cskadoz](#) was my earliest supporter I would say, with his hard to decipher colloquial commenting in a tribute to E.E Cummings. Half the ones who thanked me for faves have deactivated their accounts now.

Oh, and ~~CitrusHigh~~ . CitrusHigh was perhaps my strongest supporter back then.

Although she's not on as much now, I still owe thanks for her support 🍋🍋

I got more and more recognition with [poetry-book](#) , back when it was holding the Scratch That contest. It spurred me into experimentation, which itself furthered in NaPo '13. I see "My Constantinople, i" as a turning point in my writing time.

I suppose that early time in 2013 was my Renaissance on dA. I was making more and more poetry every day, writing and writing, and getting a tiny following. [Chezzy-Am](#) , [LancelotPrice](#) and numerous others that I am really sorry I can't pinpoint their names to for (grammarwat) come to mind. Well, except the latter, because... I can;t remmeber them.

I digress,

There was also this boom in Six Word Stories I went through, writing something like three a day.

As 2013 ended, I got more intelligent with my work. I'd experienced some very inconvenient romance politics, and anger and stuff, and so my work improved. By the time of November (already?!) I had more supporters, and felt a better part of the community. Still, looking back I kinda acted like a hyperactive eccentric 15 year old. Oh wait.

I had gained a DD by this point, too. A prose piece. Made me faithful in my prose abilities, which is always great.

And now, in 2014? I've made two fantastic, fantastic friends of this site: [Aerode](#) and [ghostinafog](#) , I've started a lit. group for experimental lit., I've made alt accounts (one for experimental lit. under [palladium-smoothie](#) ), I got another DD by perhaps one of my best pieces, I'm now an admin at DLR...

I still feel a bit more somber than before. Which is a shame, I guess. But I always try and write what I write, however crazy it is.

&I still have faith. Even though @Aerdoe may be sick of my cynical-cum-irritatingly idealistic under the guise of realism facebook spam, even though I've felt a bit disenchanted with this place, even though there is so many questions that will not stop spreading to the constellations, even though I feel that my work is another McDonalds meal, even though I feel I do not deserve all the love I get for not loving the community

back equally however much I try, even though I feel (and then kick myself for said feeling) sad for not getting included in some list, even though school will be so hard this year and I'm not sure I can survive, even though I love life but just cannot pull myself into a proper position of celebration,

I still have faith.

I saw friends from a creative writing week away I got as a prize for a writing competition I hadn't seen in two years+. May 2012, three months before dA.

And I felt at peace. Any sadness or annoyance was the natural kind; it didn't feel like the fabrication of teenagehood, more the ways of Life.

So, yeah. I love you all.

Happy birthday dA, I hope my monologue is parallel to the age you represent.



-

## An Essay On Broccoli

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 13, 2014, 10:58:05 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** Mother - Erik Jit Scheele
- **Reading:** Mind Blind - Lari Don
- **Watching:** cry and cox plays resident evil 6
- **Playing:** Audiosurf
- **Eating:** thumb
- **Drinking:** sigh juice

Broccoli is an edible green plant in the cabbage family, whose large flowering head is used as a vegetable. The word broccoli comes from the Italian plural of "brocco", which means "the flowering crest of a cabbage", and is the diminutive form of "brocco", meaning "small nail" or "sprout". Broccoli is often boiled or steamed but may be eaten raw. Broccoli is classified in the Italica cultivar group of the species *Brassica oleracea*. Broccoli has large flower heads, usually green in color, arranged in a tree-like structure on branches sprouting from a thick, edible stalk. The mass of flower heads is surrounded by leaves. Broccoli resembles cauliflower, which is a different cultivar group of the same species.

Broccoli is a result of careful breeding of cultivated leafy cole crops in the Northern Mediterranean in about the 6th century BC. Since the Roman Empire, broccoli has been considered a uniquely valuable food among Italians. Broccoli was brought to England from Antwerp in the mid-18th century by Peter Scheemakers. Broccoli was first

introduced to the United States by Italian immigrants but did not become widely known there until the 1920s.

#### Nutrition

Broccoli is high in vitamin C and dietary fiber. It also contains multiple nutrients with potent anti-cancer properties, such as diindolylmethane and small amounts of selenium. A single serving provides more than 30 mg of vitamin C and a half-cup provides 52 mg of vitamin C. The 3,3'-Diindolylmethane found in broccoli is a potent modulator of the innate immune response system with anti-viral, anti-bacterial and anti-cancer activity. Broccoli also contains the compound glucoraphanin, which can be processed into an anti-cancer compound sulforaphane, though the anti-cancer benefits of broccoli are greatly reduced if the vegetable is boiled.

Boiling broccoli reduces the levels of suspected anti-carcinogenic compounds, such as sulforaphane, with losses of 20–30% after five minutes, 40–50% after ten minutes, and 77% after thirty minutes. However, other preparation methods such as steaming, microwaving, and stir frying had no significant effect on the compounds.


Broccoli has the highest levels of carotenoids in the brassica family. It is particularly rich in lutein and-

Oh, I'm sorry, am I boring you?! Do you not care to hear the gospel of misunderstood vegetables?!

What would you rather have, a tag journal? Something to endorse my pseudo-clique, something so memeic?

...Oh, you actually do.

Fine then.

Let's do a tag from [Aerode](#) 

#### FACTS

1. I am deeply in love with you. Yes, YOU
2. I just ate rice
3. I have a disposable thumb
4. I meant a double jointed thumb
5. I have a disposable mind
6. in fact, i have an array of minds to choose from

7. I CAN HAVE ANGRY MIND

8.

or timid mind

9. But I like this mind the best.

10. Ben Whishaw

### Questions

#### **1. What is your favorite subject to study? (Biology, math, etc.)**

</span>

Philosophy is good. Spanish too.

Oh, and this obscure one called "not at school"

#### **2. Tell us something you've never told anyone before? (This doesn't have to be a secret.)**

I've got three thousand jigsaw pieces in my eye

#### **3. Least favorite food, and why?**

Uncooked cucumber.

I mean, it's edible but takes forever to eat because texture

Oh, and cheap ketchup

#### **4. If you could meet anyone on dA, who would you meet and why?**

[Aerode](#) because he's Aerode, and so would cook me a many a doughnut-cupcake-hybrids :3

#### **5. Tell us an embarrassing story?**

Once I wrote a poem. Worst descrion of my lief ∞ever

#### **6. Tell us about your proudest moment?**

This week in May 2012 in which the universe gave me a break

**7. Can you recite the alphabet backward?**

sluos ruo emusnoc lliw proXairbaG

Did I do it right?!

**8. What's your comfort food(s)?**

Cereal. Multigrain Shapes primarily.  
Aaaand fruit, like apples and stuff.

**9. What is an ideal first date, in your opinion?**

You! Yes, you, exactly you.

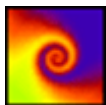
**10. Can you sing well?**

ha

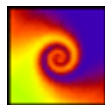
MY QUESTIONS

- 1. Favourite summer album this year?**
- 2. Do you like me?**
- 3. Favourite place of meditation? (Understanding meditation doesn't have to be the stereotypical sense)**
- 4. Meaning of life for you?**
- 5. What is your opinion of tags?**
- 6. Ben Whishaw?**
- 7. If you answered "no" to the last question, are you ready to apologise?**
- 8. What is your opinion of Question 8?**
- 9. "" of Question 9?**
- 10. What is the most recent word to come out of your mouth?**

I tag [saevuswinds](#) [anotherreal](#) (who you should welcome to dA!) and Møöñ



POST GAME



I have one more week left of the summer. It's a shame, because I've been enjoying this lifestyle called "being happy".

The most jovial songs can be the ones that destruct into tears (see "Sit Down" by James and "The Writing's On The Wall" by OK Go)

## Beautiful songs: [Erik Jit Scheele "Mother]

-

# into the other era we've seen before

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 19, 2014, 1:11:09 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** A New House - Deacon Blue
- **Reading:** All My Sons - Arthur Miller
- **Watching:** cry and cox plays resident evil 6
- **Playing:** Audiosurf
- **Eating:** thumb
- **Drinking:** tea wi moonlight milk

First day back in school.

It wasn't as bad as I thought, which is the saddest thing of all.

The new S1s were really nice, they let me past and all the rest of it. Sadly everyone else blamed their time-blood which is shitty and stuff.

It was still kinda overwhelming. I'd been used to social situations I liked myself to be in rather than ones involving conveyor belts.

Even though I kept quiet on the bus I still got hit in the face with the strawberry grenade. I have to do a year of this, or change my bus stop. Latter sounds more easy, but then I'll get the guilt of breaking a friendship that does next to nothing for me. Relationships are weird.

I did my homework first thing when I got back, though. I walked home, ysee, and felt all supadupa productive. Wonder how long that'll last? Considering I have to eat my sawdust-soaked heart if I fail my Highers, then for a while I hope. Although maybe I might give in to fate's peer pressure.

The group I'll call the "Liver-Killers" are doing really well with their brain cell suicide pacts, thanks to the power of RottenAppleJuice, by Not GabriaXorp because even they think it's a stupid idea.

MoudlyPotatoWater, however, is a big seller.

Either way, that'll tell Thatcher!

[Deacon Blue – A New House]

DaDaist journals like this should be a thing. By which I mean I should put more half-intellectual titles to things. As if I don't do that enough already.



The School Press are changing into a magazine format, with apparently a more local perspective. I can't see much luck in that considering we already have a local magazine (which I write for!!) and the hypernoise of the meeting, fractured organisation makes me wonder if I should leave.

I mean, write something about tomatoes in the comments if you read through this, I'm curious. I mean, I only stay to see this girl and her friends there. As friends ya silly. Maybe I was just overwhelmed on first day back; I need to be there from the start maybe??

It's a shame school had to feel so...comfortable. I was all ready to show a new me, a reserved one, "THIS IS THE BLUE DUST LEFT BEHIND BY YOU, SCHOOL!" sorta person. But no, I just had more deadpan humour.

Which is good, I think. It's a blindfolded step towards the right way through a pond.

Getting dizzy and having amazing music in your ears is the best. Move your head during your circling, keep hands out to stop crashing into something, do it on trampoline for best effect.

To be lost is the greatest feeling these days.

Love you all.

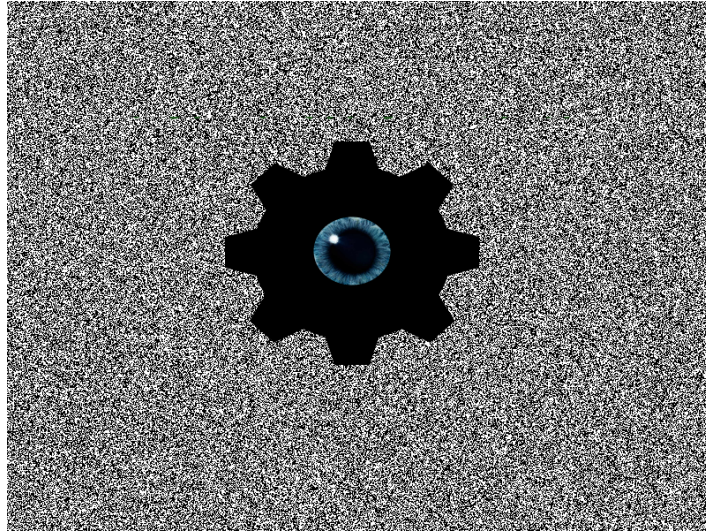
### **~POST GAME~**

I'm writing a short story called "Orbiting Moons". It's about a gay 16 year old ghost. Will be kinda explicit. Should I upload it here?

-

# |.intermission.|

- by [AyeAye12](#). Sep 1, 2014, 12:25:57 PM
- [Personal Journal](#)



*Discarded customers,*

GabriaXorp is delighted to announce that our security team has infiltrated the heretic, AyeAye12.

He is now under interrogation by our dark-matter St Bernards, in which any answer he gets wrong will result in vicious bites from diamond teeth. Please note that the questions we ask are incredibly easy for any diligent consumer to answer, such as "What is the meaning of life", "Is there a God" and "Why do I always hear the slurping of tentacles inside my ear constantly."

The crimes that AyeAye12 has committed include:

- Plagiarisation of our advertising campaign for CatSaver
  - Numerous times of ridicule in his journals
- Having the audacity to ask for a grant for a milkshake factory
  - Using said milkshake factory to gain boys (which have been illegal for 3939282 years)
  - Stealing a beta of our product, PleasurePill
- And many more being written up by experienced timeStream hackers at this very moment/all moments.

His three accounts ( [AyeAye12](#) , [palladium-smoothie](#) and [sea-ebony](#) ) are now under GabriaXorp control.

We shall begin posting more suitable content for you dear customers in due time. I am sure you are sick of Aye's previous "content" from before! [LAUGHTRACK\_05.mp∞]

AyeAye will be back around mid-November/December/never time, after undergoing our extremely effective E.X.A.M (Educational Xorporate Analysis of Morons) program, used when dealing with uncooperative customers. It has a &&&% successes rate, our satanic scientists are sure to tell us, enthusiastic and trembling with excitement at the prospect of our eldritch-tasers melting their solar plexus'.

We apologise for this interference during your usual shopping routine. Remember, It's Mandatory!™ Just go to your local Xorplex **RIGHT NOW** and shop with our unique "FreeWill" paying program. If you do not have a FreeWill, then contact the GabriaXorp Catalogue now to get 0% off; sacrifice a soul, get a FreeWill!

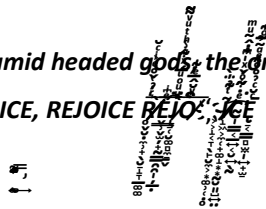
Phone Number: [SATANICSCREAMING\_09.mp∞]

(If you are not in a Xorplex at this moment, then that means you are outside of our designated universal standards. Please walk towards a colourless rainbow in the corner of your eye, and a faceless man with masks for skin will accompany you back to where you're supposed to be. Do not go towards any grass or trees or tribesmen calling your name as if they know you, this is incredibly dangerous.)

Thank you for your subconscious co-operation,

GabriaXorp Rep.

*We are not for you. We are for the three-eyed pyramid headed gods, the ones that will rip out of our cats' skins. Rejoice, REJOICE, REJOICE REJOICE.*



## i hacked myself out of GabriaXorp's prisonIntranet

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 19, 2014, 12:47:30 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

with a knife. a big old machete made of ahdfjrbkgjeddbasgdrkfbzx. that famous metal.

my break/hiatus has been good. im gonna say im still on it, but setting myself boundaries seems silly.

although i do feel healthier not having to fell any necessities in a way? like i dont HAVE to log in...

getting away from dA feels really healthy for me, writing wise. its also made me more

subjective, seeing the work here from an outsider's perspective. less favespamming from me im afraid!!

on scotland; disappointed, but hoping tories and UKIP won't stop superdevo from happening. woo go decentralisation of government.  
has made me more engaged in politics though. so dat's okay

i miss YOU personally, but not you as a collective community, basically.

i changed the pohem to a Simon Barraclough one. he is incredible

-

## oh look my premium ran out

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 24, 2014, 2:25:16 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

further signs of decay

i need to get my Ark ready pronto tbh

please don't but me another one it's too kind of you

-

## rants G

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 3, 2014, 6:49:25 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

n) ive heard [palladium-smoothie](#) and [sea-ebony](#) are really worth watching. go and watch them!!

a) this is nu

b) by which i mean i havent done it for a while

c) after having enacted the Ship Of Thebes paradox on to many , the boxes are unticked and i can breathe in my feed

c.5) lol rhyme

EDIT: not really

d) do ya like letters instead of numbers? i do

d.5) when i say numbers i mean i ii iii iv v vi vii viii xi x xi xii xiii until \*&%\$%&\*(I\*&^

e) london was great. saw phil jupitus which was surreal-nice. there's more complicated feelings but another day i think

e) The People - Uppermost - One

f) i need to make a poem with nothing but signs (no not wingdings)

g) do we like eridan?i.e homestuck is coming back this month vvayeah

h) i for one like the new style of dA. status updates are another medium for fastpoetry to come out of. have to figure out collections though

i) go watch [TheAnimalsRight](#) [ghostinafog](#) [diddlyhohum](#)

j) that was the first lol

ii) <da:thumb id="486090107"/> [The Summer that Refused to Die by TheAnimalIsRight] [storage]

by which i(i need another lettersymbol for i cos roman numerals how about &)mean k)

l) [protodome.bandcamp.com/track/o...](#)

l.5) no not i-->& &n l&nks because thatd muck them up

m) this &s to cover up the sadCr&:<&rCdas journal before th&s

n) see top

-

i suppose songs exist or something????

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 10, 2014, 10:28:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

i was tagged by [ghostinafog](#) and [gliitchlord](#) and it;s a good memeic tag journal thing

i.e, post 10 songs (you can do it from the shuffle of your f{x}pod iof you want, that's what im doing)

Here we goooo

### **1. esis - Yaki Matsumura - hope2.0**

[elementperspective.bandcamp.co...](#)

Oh, of all the songs from that awesome album @\_\_@ Most noise-staticy from that Japanese glitch-ambient compilation album of the "elementperspective" label. "bitterfly" is best!! this is creepy though D:

2. I accidentally deleted this, but it's Triumvirate from here;

[la-soc.bandcamp.com/album/abso...](#)

I recommend "Pinecones and Children's Gold" too!

(is weird though, im used to skipping songs i dont know that well on my libra, but this is forcing me to properly listen through them all. is good!!)

### **3. Protodome - Her [#0000ff](#) Eyes... - BLUENOISE**

[protodome.bandcamp.com/album/b...](#)

Quirky chiptune? yes please

S/he talks about food in her songs and is generally very happy music x3 It;s like if a whole bunch of albums was made out of the style of that one default Windows song or something

### **4. Foster The People - Nevermind - Supermodel**

[www.youtube.com/playlist?list=...](#)

Gah, I love this album so flipping much. So flipping much. One of the strongest pieces of music I've ever let my ears witness x3 I've never understood people's problem with FTP D: They're great IMO!!

### **5. Coldplay - Talk - X&Y**

Viva La Vida is my fave album by them by far, but this is the first they started to become like what I like about them. My fave band, believe it or not x3 Based on consistency of good.

(Talking of Coldplay, anyone else see "God Only Knows" feat. Chris Martin and other awesome musicians?! )

## **6. R.E.M - Losing My Religion - Out Of Time**

One of their cheerier albums, but still got that sting of melancholia that makes them so good. Lyrics are brilliant, and their sound is really unique. This is quite a classic one of theirs anyway I think?

## **7. Robert J! Lake, sampling Eric Jit Scheele - Temporary - Homestuck Vol. 8**

[homestuck.bandcamp.com/album/h...](http://homestuck.bandcamp.com/album/h...)

There's not really any words to describe the Homestuck soundtrack. It is both cinematic-epic and goofy as flip at the same time. Homestuck, btw, is one of my fave things ever, being the only thing I'm part of a "fandom" in. And it's coming off hiatus, whose

excited??!



## **8. Amy MacDonald - Youth of Today - This Is The Life**

(no album online >\_\_<)

Brilliant stuff in this album, next one even better. Third is meh. Good for cartrips, the sound of Scottish roads is this album tbh

## **9. Listener - I Don't Want To Live Forever - Live At 3FM Session**

[listener.bandcamp.com/album/li...](http://listener.bandcamp.com/album/li...)

I love Listener so much, one of my favest bands. Unique, fantastic, pure poetry as lyrics. Dan Smith strikes such a perfect chord with me in his words. It;s that perfect sense of americana which stays with me whenever I go on Bandcamp (my biggest discovery on Bandcamp actually, from June 2013)

## **10. Souleye - Potential For Anything - PPPPPP**

[souleyedigitalmusic.bandcamp.c...](http://souleyedigitalmusic.bandcamp.c...)

I'm not usually one for hard games, but VVVVVV is just brilliant. I blame 2i94728% of that on the soundtrack. it;s so epic and earasmic. Nggh, 8bit-nostalgic chiptune with great layering is always brilliant.

-----

so yeah there's a taste of my iTunes librararaar!! i tag [Aerode jungle-slang](#) aaand [TheAnimalsRight](#)

-

## the regressions of antiadult

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 17, 2014, 12:17:48 PM
- [Personal Journal](#)

cheerios sound like helicopters

i'm going to be away for a week or so without wifi probably, so don't freak out about any maybeaways

now away from social prisons humanity is reflectiveable

[www.youtube.com/playlist?list=...](http://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=...)

thanks

p.s i'm 16 in three days  
coming of age and all that  
help

-

## so im 16

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 20, 2014, 12:39:20 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

and manage to have a internet connection made of dinosaur bones

16!! wow, feels weird saying it now its true, before i'd commonly mistake myself by saying i was 16, months before my birthday but now... goodness me

I'd love to show you pictures but unfortunately the dinosaur bone internet connection is incompetent, so I'll list it instead, wi orange bulletpoints. haven't used them in ages, dieude

🍌 A notebook with an owl on the front, courtesy of sister (a nice surprise, I am a



notebookaholic so it was good to see it even though i didn't ask for it x3)

- Norman MacCaig's "The Poems Of"
- zip-up black hoodie (very upmarket, straight from Oohlala Boulevard)
- Carol Ann Duffy's "New Selected Poems" (1984 to 2004)
- Seamus Heaney's "Opened Ground (Poems 1966 - 1996)"
- Wes Anderson's "The Grand Budapest Hotel" (twas great in cinema, now i can pause at all the text bits wooh)
- David Mitchell's "The Bone Clocks" (started reading today, it is SUCCULENT as flip, maen.)
- David Mitchell's "number9dream" (a very nice surprise, put it on list as an afterthought, didn't expect to get it, haha xP shall be good though!)

I also got lotsa money. 95000000 aubergines, ysee. and more to come when i get home! plus film marathon wi friends

for i am at an undisclosed South-North-East-Western beach village in a certain landlocked Euro-american country, hence the mehpunk connection. it's great though, very relaxing.  
is good being 16.

(Thank you all for those who gave me birthday wishes, much appreciated. I will properly answer comments when I get home.  
Expect beach-related poetry when I get back proper.

The windmills are dancing, I tell ya. Watch them weave.)

-

## i have returned from the wifiWasteland

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 24, 2014, 11:38:29 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

yes, indeed! i have returned. I have beach poetry to give you all!  
I wrote a muckton of stuff, though. So many many stuff.

Anyway, I'm going to feature all the people who said happy birthday to me;  
[!!!]

Kayak, now that's done (there were many of you, thanks a bunch again x3) pictures!!



Thass me. As dolla-lord. Holla holla.  
(I found I got 50 extra at home from family who sent it there than Beachland, what a rich obnoxious white boy I am 🤑 )



The books and DVD I got :3

And then I actually got more, because I went to Barter Books, UK's biggest second hand bookshop! So good.

There, I got:

- Assimov's "The Gods Themselves"
- Charles W.T Stephenson's "Development Cantos"
- The Poetry School's 2nd Anthology, "Entering The Tapestry"
- Blur's "Parklife" (oh yeah, they sell CDs and DVDs too)
- York Bowen's "Two Pieces (Caprice and Nocturne)" (yeah they sell sheet music too, it really is a great place)

&now, a tagTHingThat'sActuallyInteresting

[pokemon tag]

kay, i'll tag [OoJitkaoO](#) and [Aerode](#) i guess

Anything else?

Oh, yeah! If you're in Low Newton-by-the-sea, and you go to Coastguards Cottage 5, and you go upstairs to the single bed room that isn't a double bed, and look behind the picture, there'll be a sleeping moth.

Also, if you so desire, you can sleep in the bed I slept on 🐛

If you love me that much that is

beach poetry soon

-

# tea's kicking in right now

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 28, 2014, 2:51:01 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

by which i mean cereal bowl

by which i mean daylight saving hours

(it's 10:46pm in its halloween costume of 9:47pm gasp)

to not be dissatisfied on dA you have to submit stuff here regularly. fun fact.

i got these snazzy document boxes for my schoolwork and they're really cool and i feel organised in my school stuff even though my homework is probably a shambles ahha

new piece about sad things even though i'm not particularly sad right now;

[the architecture of eggshells]

i have a folder of dA catchup stuf from my GabriaXorp imprisonment i better go thru that  
hmm

i feel ive missed a bunch of open mics but ill get to them tomorrow i think hopefully

woo love you

-

# i was gonna do this but

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 4, 2014, 12:14:41 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

the wonderbubbly [robojigra](#) must of thought it at the same time and posted a journal before me 🍵

I would like to writer fight someone

just like the title says except the rules will be set in this section of the journal

rule 1: I have to take on whoever comes

rule 2: we both must rhyme in some way (abstract rhyme, or concrete, or using words that rhyme in such a way those words no longer rhyme, just make it noticeable that some sort of deliberate attempt at similar words were used)

rule 3: alliteration allows allocation against rule 2

rule 4: any subject matter posted in response is adequate material for a rebuttal EVEN IF

THE MATERIAL DOES NOT ADDRESS ANY PREVIOUS POINTS

rule 5: rule 4 does not apply to Robojigra, Robojigra MUST reply addressing the previous set of material EVEN if it makes no sense

I doubt anyone is into writing for fun so I'm not sure why I'm putting this up, I'm not expecting anyone to take me up on it

but I would be excited if anyone did

so let's set any and all entries for the next ohhh I dunno six months anyone trying to enter after six months ya just came too late man sry

(although I'd probably[...])

go show your love for the idea (cos it is an awesome idea) and maybe one day it'll be standardised by, like, a group or somethink

also, awesome happi song: [MisterWives – Reflection]



- **Listening to:** MisterWives - Reflections
- **Reading:** David Mitchell, Yann Martell, Norman MacCaig...
- **Watching:** Wes Anderson
- **Playing:** The toetips of Hand
- **Eating:** homolonic balii
- **Drinking:** hairshakedance

-

## Lest We Forget

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 11, 2014, 2:22:55 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Remembrance Day today, and 100 years since WW1 happened.

I've written a trilogy of poems about WW1 graves in Belgium before, if you're interested:[]

That Belgium history trip really kinda encapsulated the juxtaposition of human nature. You had the Flanders -museum nest to the the best ice cream shop ever; bowling with friends-you-didn't-think-of-as-such-before after a day walking around war monuments; the beauty of Bruges after the white sea of gravestone; asking out the boy you love on a ferry travelling across sea which, nearly a century ago, had eager-faced soldiers from home bobbing along the waves. The best and the worst of humanity, side to side.

Here are way better poems to describe WW1 than me:

Ivor Gurney's "After-Light", from a WW1 poetry anthology I got in Belgium (also my

poHem for now);

Out of the smoke and dust of the little room  
With tea-talk loud and laughter of happy boys,  
I passed into the dusk. Suddenly the noise  
Ceased with a shock, left me alone in the gloom,  
To wonder at the miracle hanging high  
Tangled in twigs, the silver crescent clear. -  
Time passed from mind. Time died; and then we were  
Once more at home together, you and I.

The elms with arms of love wrapped us in the shade  
Who watched the ecstatic West with one desire,  
One soul uprapt; and still another fire  
Consumed us, and our joy yet greater made:  
That Bach should sing for us, mix us in one  
The joy of firelight and the sunken sun.

---

An Iraq War poem from an american poet called Brian Turner, "Here, Bullet";

If a body is what you want,  
then here is bone and gristle and flesh.  
Here is the clavicle-snapped wish,  
the aorta's opened valves, the leap  
thought makes at the synaptic gap.  
Here is the adrenaline rush you crave,  
that inexorable flight, that insane puncture  
into heat and blood. And I dare you to finish  
what you've started. Because here, Bullet,  
here is where I complete the word you bring  
hissing through the air, here is where I moan  
the barrel's cold esophagus, triggering  
my tongue's explosives for the rifling I have  
inside of me, each twist of the round  
spun deeper, because here, Bullet,  
here is where the world ends, every time.

---

*And Carol Ann Duffy's "Last Post";*

*In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  
If poetry could tell it backwards, true, begin  
that moment shrapnel scythed you to the stinking mud ...  
but you get up, amazed, watch bleed bad blood  
run upwards from the slime into its wounds;  
see lines and lines of British boys rewind  
back to their trenches, kiss the photographs from home -  
mothers, sweethearts, sisters, younger brothers  
not entering the story now  
to die and die and die.  
Dulce - No - Decorum - No - Pro patria mori.  
You walk away.  
You walk away; drop your gun (fixed bayonet)  
like all your mates do too -  
Harry, Tommy, Wilfred, Edward, Bert -  
and light a cigarette.  
There's coffee in the square,  
warm French bread  
and all those thousands dead  
are shaking dried mud from their hair  
and queuing up for home. Freshly alive,  
a lad plays Tipperary to the crowd, released  
from History; the glistening, healthy horses fit for heroes, kings.  
You lean against a wall,  
your several million lives still possible  
and crammed with love, work, children, talent, English beer, good food.  
You see the poet tuck away his pocket-book and smile.  
If poetry could truly tell it backwards,  
then it would.*

---

**And I made me own in the end:**

**Statistics turned to soil  
where our world grew out of.**

**Ghosts of mustard gas  
smoked out of a 100 calenders,  
the clock hands pushing against  
soldiers, agony, piles of green:  
farming land turned to No Man's  
in the blink of cannon fire.**

**And through the haze of Iraq,  
the Baltic cinders,  
the cracks between Vietnam,  
the red-flag danger of a fascist Europe,  
you finally reach Somme's mud:**

**a place of opium seeds, growing over  
where we once threw spears at ourselves  
and hoped something would win.**

**Too many petals  
to count. Too many teardrops  
of red to watch fall.  
ISIS plants more poppies in neck stumps,  
and we remember nothing.**

---

## can u nuu

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 15, 2014, 3:56:35 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[Mez3rika](#) tagged me so

01. Do you call yourself a loner or a social butterfly?

"tentacled monstrosity"

02. Which type of food do you enjoy?

primordial pasta

03. How often do you grab a book?

write a few a day (i'm a promiscuous book-grabber in that sense)  
i try to read at least once a day tho

04. Any bad habits?

i accidentally destroyed a universe once so...  
that or falling in love once, that was catastrophically inconvenient  
maybe both are connected, i forget

05. Name someone you wish they return to dA.

[v-espertine](#) 's a top lad, he kinda came back :C

[your-methamphetamine](#) returned though, so that kinda returned the balance in a way  
:3



06. When was the last time you hugged someone?

this morning i think??

(me and the toaster have a thing)

07. Favorite number--and why?

Nine. Cos' it's the last one, from a symbol point of view, and is just cool yknow

08. Ten years later--what do you dream to be?

A writer/ overlord over the supergalaxos systems

09. Why do things taste different from hot to cold and vice versa?

well, according to Wikipedia, philosophy is an incongruity in contrast to the juxtaposition of dichotoma. so i guess that's all i can say on the matter.....

10. If you and I met, what would your first reaction be?

"i hope she doesn't mind i'm made of tentacles and meta-mucus"

i tag Pope Innocent III, Pope Agapitus I, Vajrapani, Laykyun Setkyar, Berith, Leviathan, Gabriel, Michael, Elohim and [bob](#)

-

## can someone please explain black friday to me

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 28, 2014, 1:15:03 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

like

is it a new national holiday which is literally consumerist  
rather than at least having the semblances of goodwill/Christianity/paganism

it's terrifying that people turn so brutal and hysterical at these things  
even the superfast internet shopping has queues holy flip

people die in these things

people die over being able to get things they don't really want slightly cheaper than

usual

ofc, i can't really criticize this day. googlemas is coming up anyway, starbucks is watching and my ration supplement is dependent on Amazon.

so happy black friday everyone!! enjoy your artificial turkey-flavoured cranberry

-

## i have a new soundcloud

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 1, 2014, 3:01:37 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[soundcloud.com/ayeaye12](https://soundcloud.com/ayeaye12)

send me your account so i can follow you!

who should i follow? who should i follow to get into the soundcloud poetry circuit? IS there a soundcloud poetry circuit?

-

## new pies

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 5, 2014, 11:20:03 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

three new pieces for ya;

[sea-ebony – if only] [palladium-smoothie – vaporwave pasta] [ayeaye12 – ana(logica) the moon]

we have a new microwave after having to live by the primitive AGAlight fire in our house in the very privileged western place of Scotland, oh woes is us

so now i got goooood hot chocolate (no more kettleborns) and i had wellmade tea too hence creativity

so the vaporwave tag is strange in that stricly vaorwave artists have gone and now more altelectronic guys, the famous ones too (Cllective) are using it as a reluctant tag towards the ed, intresting its come through to a new level ofmore popular underground no christmas vaporwave yet, fingers crossed tho also, "vapourwave" tag on bandcamp is brilliant

gonna see The Old Vic'S The Crucible on sunday!1 thru cinema ofc. but im excited

anyways, is been a looong week. so enjoy those three pieces, and have a blaborous weekend!

-

# STP WHAT YOU'RE DOING

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 9, 2014, 3:55:29 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[wearecrying.bandcamp.com/album...](http://wearecrying.bandcamp.com/album...)

emo rock chiptune.

yes. it exists.

i am happy for this.

this is why i love bandcamp nghh so good

oh yeah also i'm kinda pregnant

-

# i watched Love, Actually

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 21, 2014, 2:52:28 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

it's a great film!

but rowan atkinson's purpose seems ambiguous??

i feel so warm and fuzzy and hopeful inside, is good. i feel i can change stuff and make stuff better etc

hell with all yall cynicism!! hugh grant's dancing in No. 10 is too beautiful to harbour any pessimism afterwards

and this song is brilliant too

[God Only Knows]

i love the BBC version too

-

# clearly i have an admirer

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 24, 2014, 9:33:46 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

because yet again, this wonderful community provides me another three-month premium subscription.

whoever you are is waay too kind 🍷🍷

(okay, yeah i was kinda asking for it by making that poll, but a part of me did want to not get it so i could actually pay for it myself xP)

please reveal yourself!!

oh, and Happy Christmas (eve), enjoy the sea of tranquil potpourri and vanilla

-

## End Of Year 2014 Song List

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 31, 2014, 6:40:32 AM
- [Personal Journal](#)

Since the start of this year, I've been listing the best songs I've heard in 2014. These are the songs that make the year itself.

Enjoy.

RULES;

- One song per album
- One song per artist
- From any year
- Has to have been first heard/ properly acknowledged in 2014

~~~

The World is A Beautiful Place And I Am No Longer Afraid To Die - Whenever, If Ever - Fightboat

February time I discovered this wonderful, wonderful band (from Tumblr, and then from here I discovered Anthony Fantano). Emo rock revival at its finest. This is one of the shortest songs on the album, but absolutely one of the best. Did I mention that the guy in the cover art looks, like, identical to me strained post-infatuation crush? And the music is really emotional? And the lyrics are beautiful?!

When all machinery is failing we'll compensate with our teeth. When we can trust the drugs or buildings, take the staples out of our feet. When all the trees are reaching for us, rooting up inside our bodies. If we run and hit a hurdle then we'll just deer leap over.

We stack bricks but walls don't always mean a place to live. We're earthworms dried on concrete, celebrating side streets. We're brave enough. Taking our chances with centuries-old devices. Taking our chances with moments-old ideas. Strength enough to walk away from it. Smart enough to know I'm over it. Old enough to be concerned about health but young enough to know that I am well. (We can't change this place the way it changes us. Our dream's too big to break.) Let's hope that this works out. This has got to work out.

~~~

### **Softengine - We Created The World - Something Better**

Best song from Eurovision, IMO. I'll always have a thing for leftfield pops/ indietronica/ pop rock etc. Nordic and Scandanvian countries have evolved pop rock into something beautiful.

~~~

Listener - Wooden Heart - Falling in love with glaciers

I discovered Listener last year, fell in love with their poetry, their unique experimental yet not avant garde style and that unique sense of americana. It reminds me of my garage in the best way. Very personal; they provide a soundtrack to a poetic spaghetti western.

Dat mellophone.

~~~

### **Gorgeous Bully - Dry Route To Devon - I Think**

For some fellows in Weymouth, punk is still at its peak of lo-fi goodness. I love this song so much; I can't find an original album it's from. I found it on Art is Hard Record's 2011 compilation album, "Dry Route To Devon". Album's a bit weird, but worth a listen. Especially for this song.

~~~

A Sunny Day In Glasgow - Sea When Absent - Golden Waves

Ahh, I love twee. Usually when music genres are "noise" I really don't like it, but this is apparently noise pop and I've got to say I really like this song.. Perhaps the only instance where chipmunk vocals are nice to listen to. Like, ever.

~~~

### **Fog Lake - Virgo Indigo - it was never enough**

Bedroom pop is heartbreaking. And I love it. This whole album, for me, encapsulates everything I think monospace poetry on dA accomplishes. Relax in the melancholy, man.

~~~

I/O - Saudade - Twins

Not the last post rock you'll hear from this list. Ambient rock at its finest; the guitars speak beyond lyrics, for me. Reminds me of urban exploration, and abandoned buildings. Poetic in the broken and ruinous, etc.

~~~

### **Noah And the Whale - Heart of Nowhere - Heart Of Nowhere**

Considering the album details the trials of coming-of-age and the end of adolescence, of course I really like this song. I remember aaages ago waiting for this album, before completely forgetting about it. Dat violin hook, nghh. The short film that goes alongside the album is well worth a watch!

~~~

thewarmhardies.bandcamp.com/tr...

The Warm Hardies - Songs for Grownups - Only Someday

You know you're hipster when there's no Youtube videos for your fave songs of 2014
>__>

Melancholic and acoustic glory. Twinges every emotion in my self in that bittersweet tradition of this kind of songs.

~~~

### **Ash Mammal - Bloodsugar/Ash over Oaklands EP/Sleeping Through Rapture - Ash Over Oaklands**

Found this through WeSauce's Creative Showcase. I rediscovered the downloaded EP when I accidentally opened my Windows Media Library, and I'm glad I did. It uses that riff bit from Guns & Roses' Sweet Child O' Mine and makes something blubbing fantastic with it.

~~~

spiritspine.bandcamp.com/track...

Spirit Spine - Spirit Spine - Raptures

Dan Olson of Folding Ideas is great at picking great synth-pop songs as title themes for his show. Dans in general seem to be good for my musical tastes.

~~~

### **Mo Kolours - Mo Kolours - Mike Black**

Best find from Bandcamp Weekly, for sure. This seggae record is like listening to a mixtape in a taxi through Caribbean areas of London.

~~~

Clean Bandit - New Eyes - Mozart's House

Intelligent baroque pop, a bit weird, love it. Interesting story, this group: started off as a classical quartet, turned to pop, exploded on to the scene. I remember seeing adverts

for this on YouTube years ago, which I eventually checked out this year when I saw their performance on Glastonbury. Never before could I have imagined a crowd of young people cheering at the sound of a Beethoven intermission, lol

~~~

### **Say Anything - Anarchy, My Dear - Burn A Miracle**

Why yes, Mr McCarthy, that is you rolling around in your grave.

The most poetic, and best, pop-rockish post-punk I've ever heard! Nice and angry and lurvely lyrics. Thanks to [ButterBadger](#) for pointing these guys out.

~~~

A Great Big Pile of Leaves - You're Always On My Mind - Snack Attack

This one reminds me of friendship, the more conventional aspects of high school, etc. Was going to be my summer album (until vaporwave happened, more on that later), and I just love it is so good, love me some alt rock. Topshelf Records, yo.

~~~

### **Watsky - Cardboard Castles - Sloppy Seconds**

Obligatory Watsky song. One of his most earnest and best pieces. He's a good poet!

~~~

Thanks to [ghostinafog](#) sharing me with this masterpiece of an album, summer was effectively punctuated by vaporwave, like how 2012 summer was punctuated by Michael Guy Bowman and 2013's summer Listener. Again, vaporwave had been a genre waiting to happen in my subconscious. No, seriously, I was wanting a internet-borne nostalgia-tinged critique of the time period I just missed out on (80s/90s). No joke. Anyway, although some of the albums are ladled with Marxist plunderphonics, this one is just for jammin' too. Dat future-funk, mhm.


~~~

Do like this song, nice and chirpily introspective. The weather on WTNV #38 or something. That halfway breakdown is beautiful too. Reminds me a lil of Bowman.

~~~

Coldplay - Ghost Stories - Always In My Head

Coldplay are my all-time favourite band, my favourite album being Viva La Vida. I wasn't expecting much from this album, being very disappointing that my band appeared to have gone pop (Magic, ugh >__>) but this was a really nice, serene product. Shorter than expected, and still great (because Coldplay can never be less than great)... but should be better. Shame Chris Martin seems to have not exercised his beautiful lyric writing in this project. Anyway, Coldplay's experimentation is something I love, and if it's only the first time they've fell short, then succeeding with five straight albums is incredible. Avicii as producer is kinda clever, IMO.

Anyway, this song stood out to me as the most beautiful, and heart-wrenching. here's hoping their next album is back to their good old, amazing selves.

~~~

### **The Penguin Cafe Orchestra - Union Cafe/Signs Of Life - Schzero And Trio**

Ahh, my fave classical music group. Although their New Age influences don't always make for the nicest sounds, this song is just great for drinking tea with. And that is a proper genre. Drinking Tea Music. Mhmm.

~~~

Pomplamoose - Season 2(Maybe?) - Happy Get Lucky

Too many to choose from from this duo, so I chose my first encounter with them (a la a Kyle Kallgren's twitter feed). Dancey lil number. Also, cos I didn't get overexposed to it, I love the original Happy too. These guys' visual shenanigans deserve equal praise!

~~~

### **Neil Ciciegra - Mouth Silence - Love Pysch**

just

there's no words

just listen

~~~

Owl City - The Midsummer Station - Metropolis

Look, I can understand why people really don't like his stuff, but I for one find some of it is really nice. Especially this album; this one is probably his strongest, tbh. His lyrics aren't really vapid, for pop standards they're great actually.

~~~

[patrick.bandcamp.com/track/ano...](http://patrick.bandcamp.com/track/ano...)

### **Patrick Ellis - Another Day On Altair IV - Another Day On Altair IV**

Breezy, summery ambient pop. Much relax.

~~~

The Cure - Wish - Friday I'm In Love

90s rock yes please

~~~

[anttimartikainen.bandcamp.com/...](http://anttimartikainen.bandcamp.com/...)

### **Antti Martikainen - Eternal Saga - Eternal Saga**

Epic, epic epic. Love this so much. Gets you in the mood for making epic stories about epic stuff. Which is always epic. GAH IS SO GOOD

~~~

OK Go - Hungry Ghosts - The Writing's On The Wall

Not only are their videos mindboggling and amazing, their music is that exact mixture between joy and sadness that overloads your senses into tears. A song that makes you feel bad yet you love so much you can't stop listening... Also why I love Passion Pit so much.

~~~

[midwestcollective.bandcamp.com...](http://midwestcollective.bandcamp.com...)

### **HOME - Odyssey - Odyssey**

The title fits. This is the most sonorous vaporwave I've heard. Retrowave indeed; sounds more 1960s computers than 1980s, really.

~~~

Deacon Blue - A New House - A New House

These guys were great live. And "The Hipsters" is equally fantastic. In fact, I posted the lyrics of that song as my "poHem" a bit back.

A song about change. Fills me up with sentimental butterflies.

~~~

### **IAYD - I AM YOUR DESTRUCTION - City of Mediocrity**

So, I discovered this guy last year along with Ukigumo. Great chiptune. Assumed Japanese. So guess my surprise when I saw his first album, his first release in six years,

and learnt he was actually Texan. Chiptune at its grimiest, and I like. And now I know what IAYD stands for too, which is always satisfying (I Am Your Destruction).

~~~

brownbear - Dead or Alive - Dead or Alive

Saw these guys live too, great acoustic-rock, stuff, although I had difficulty describing it. So, me and the other writer I was doing the article on the concert had to describe it as "indie rock with a sense of urgency" 🤔 But yeah, I like it.

~~~

(</followedbyfeasts.bandcamp.com/...>)

In my search for Listener-like bands, I found this gem. The most hardcore of all the music on this list, the whole raw energy is even more pumped up by the fact that all the band members have served in the Australian army together, and so their songs are derived from their experiences of war. Tense stuff.

~~~

ProleteR - Feeding the lions EP - Valentine's Day

My friend and his nearby YouTube contemporaries-peers-friend group thing like using this guy in their videos. And I can see why, he makes some really nice electroswing-esque instrumental hip hop! Really catchy.

~~~

### **Protodome - BLUESHIFT - This is BLUESHIFT**

It's as if the basics of music were reconstructed with Windows XP at its core. Really happy and unique chiptune. Reminds me of that default song you get in your Windows Media Library, yknow?

~~~

Kishi Bashi - Lighght - Hahaha Pt 1

Kishi Bashi feel, to me, pop's equivalent to Neutral Milk Hotel; the lyrics in this are so lucid and abstract yet so, so relatable and understandable. Plays out like a Beijing operatic tragedy. I listened to this so many times to get myself into these melancholic, Byronic, poetic whirls that it became my No. 1 listened song on my iPod. Hahaha. Discovered through my Youtuber-friend's friend who used it in his video.

~~~

### **The Gothenburg Address - Luminess EP - Luminess**

Cousins of Penguins Kill Polar Bears, if you will. More ethereal and atmospheric than PKPB, but both are still great post rock bands AND both horrifically underappreciated! Go show them love, on Soundcloud! Now!! (Well, after you've got through this article, at least).

~~~

R.E.M - Green - Stand

Can't miss out my favourite alternative rock band! From a lesser known album, Green. This is probably going to be the song I listen to at university, when on the bus and coming into campus. It has that arpeggiated, cheery yet satirical and cryptic vibe to it. I can see why it'd be classed as college rock, haha.

~~~

### **Blur - Parklife - Trouble In The Message Centre**

So, I originally didn't like Parklife. Now I love it, and also love Blur, after buying their album Parklife on a whim at Barter Books. They're so good, they won the Battle Of Britpop by far. This song was my fave and most memorable from the album, though. On rave culture. Weird and fun and thumbsup. All thumbs will be cut off to be upped at this song yeaahsplez

~~~

([/horsefeathersband.bandcamp.com...](http://horsefeathersband.bandcamp.com...))

Horse Feathers - So It is With Us - Thousand

A little depressing, possibly morbid ditty. Folk really do like their morbidity. A very relaxing, car trip-esque song, though. Although soft rock is best for car trips, this is more for those American Midwest travels. Probably. I've never been to America, so I dunno. My opinion on folk is usually not any one extreme way, but I do like stuff like this, which I think is "pysch-folk"? So thazz cool.

~~~

### **Milo - a toothpaste suburb - salladhor saan, smuggler**

Best rapper ever. Great poet. Ethereal, surreal, stream-of-consciousness... dabbles in Kant, while referring to Belgian palaces. This is what hip hop should be; with humility, with intelligence, with good words.

~~~

broughton.bandcamp.com/track/f...

Broughton - Alright, Night - Fistbump as head, Meet in the middle

This album is intensely emotional, and imperfect. I mean, it is teenage improv rock, the blunt lyrics and weird songs don't always work, haha. But there's an intense level of personal friendship gone into this, and I love that. The lyrics are surprisingly clever, too. It's a fantastic album in general. This song is hopefully what they keep their direction headed towards: control on their energy, trumpets, crashing climaxes, etc.

~~~

### **Belle & Sebastian - Tigermilk - Electronic Renaissance**

A lovely and tranquil synthpop song. Uncanny vocals aid in the strange, flowing feeling of the whole piece. Nice bridge between other sonic places. Found by Tumblr again, although they did ring a bell before then, somewhere in my unorganized past. Place beyond years, etc.

~~~

Madeon - Imperium - Imperium

Bombastic progressive house music oh my yes please thanks Madeon you're a great musician thankathankathank

(The game you have to play to download this thing got me so stressed out)

~~~

### **Lowercase Noises - This Is For Our Sins - Death In A Garden**

Orchestral, harrowing beautiful, AMAZING post-rockish (post-orchestra?) album, this. Based on the story of the Lykrov family, an ultraorthodox family in Russia, who went to live out in the Siberian harsh wilderness when Communism began to take hold of their country. They were discovered in the 1970s by a geography team, who subsequently accidentally infected the family members who had no immunity to the contemporary disease. Only one member remains, and she still lives out in the Siberian wilderness to this day.

Funny. I'd have never learnt of this whole story if I hadn't wanted to find out about a niche musical genre. This song itself details the killing of a brother by the hands of a Communist guard, hence prompting the family to move into the Siberian wilderness.

Again, amazing album. Reminds me of AOEII soundtrack but more tragic and emotional.

~~~

MisterWives - Rflections EP - Reflections

Discovered this through Harmony Smith's Vine account. A cheery pop song, which is more about the positive aspects of change from teenagehood, haha. That chorus...

~~~

### **Betty Who - Take Me When You Go - Glory Days**

Oceania is going to be invading the mainstream pop scene soon, and I damn hope so. Although the song kinda glorifies the lifestyle I go against (i.e getting shitfaced at parties) I do feel it has a certain twinge of bitter-sweetness which I appreciate. From the closing theme from an iRawss review (who I do like a lot, btw, go check him out!!)

~~~

We Were Promised Jetpacks - Unraveling - Safety in Numbers

Edinburgh's rock scene is looking good. What an epic introduction. I had this song on repeat for ages. Scottish rock deserves more recognition, IMO.

~~~

### **etc. - Hope 2.0 - bitterfly**

Japanese glitch-ambient is nice. Think surfing the internet on computers grown over with ivy, in post-apocalypse Japan. That's this album. As I said, Dan Olson is very good at picking songs.

(Also, only 2 views, wow I think I've won the game of Most Obscure Music Listener)

~~~

Sam Smith - In The Lonely Hour - Money On My Mind

A nicer male Adele with a great voice and starry-eyed soul sensibilities? Yeah, sure thing.

(hmm, an unrequited lover liking the most memorable and best written song from an album about infatuation who'd have known it'd appear here)

The Script - No Sound Without Silence - No Good In Goodbye

There's not much re-imagining (still about a girl he's broken up with xP) here, but the album is still very very good. The Script haven't sold themselves out to a popish sound, which I commend. The verbal gymnastics in this I love too.


~~~

[soundcloud.com/penguinskillpol...](https://soundcloud.com/penguinskillpol...)

### **Penguins Kill Polar Bears - Building Homes From Broken Bones - Pillars**

Local boys! Used this song as the end credits for me and my friend's first short film 🍷  
I told you there'd be more post-rock, haha. These guys are brilliance, btw, check them out. Maybe even buy their debut album!  
(It was released in April... it's been that long already?! Gah)

~~~

The Death Of Pop - Fifths - Whenever

Jangly shoegaze pop, hell yeah. A lot of digging into Topshelf Records' archives resulted in this glorious little gem. Love it, LOVE IT!!
If this is what it after the death of pop, then count me in to the post-pop world :0
It sounds like an incredible place filled with psych influences

~~~

### **Wyatt - Wyatt EP - Places**

Nice that MrSuicideSheep picked up this lovely, lovely song. Tranquil, beautiful moody pop. Found it first from Bandcamp Weekly, though.

~~~

Foster The People - Supermodel - Coming Of Age

In case a prevailing theme in this list wasn't clear enough 🍷

This album will be one of my faves for the rest of my life, tbh. So many fantastic influences, so varied (compared to Torches)... This song is amazing, too.

~~~

### **Moonlit Sailor - We Came From Exploding Stars - The Golden Years**

Of course it's a post rock album, read that damn album title.

Really nice post-rock, that is. Swedish. Found through

YouTube recommendations when getting video links for this same exact list xP

~~~

The Automatic - Not Accepted Anywhere - Raoul

Commendable Welsh rock band, if only for being the only post-hardcore band to get a No. 1 hit. They did that "Monster" song (the one about hills), but I can't put that down due to the ubiquity of that song. Let's be honest, that song will probably encompass the exact Western culture of mid-00s. Oh, and I also get the vibe they're the antithesis to the ultrahedonistic slog that my friends seem to be encapsulated with, so of course I like them on that front too.

~~~

### **Walk The Moon - Self-Titled - Anna Sun**

Somewhere from the crevices of Deja Vu and Absolute Radio I heard this song. Nice and happy rock! And named after a The Police song, so I like that a lot too (considering The Police are one of the few if not only white bands to make proper reggae than cod reggae).

~~~

Foals - Holy Fire - Inhaler

The singer was a really funny guest on Never Mind The Buzzcocks, and the band were named The One To Be Big In 2008 by ME, so yknow. Nice brooding music too. Featured in the trailer for The Riot Club, a movie I want to see (Synopsis: Rich, young attractive boys wreck flip up like the real life version which included David Cameron, George Osborne and Boris Johnston).

~~~

### **Tourist ft Years And Years - Single - Illuminate**

Is a nice weird pop song. As per YouTube advert. Conclusion: AdBlock makes you lose out on music opportunities

~~~

I sincerely hope homo-hop and Tumblrcentric bubblegum rap becomes mainstream next year. Prob not, alas. He's cyoooooot~~, and makes catchy tunes. Countertenor niceness.

~~~

### **Crying - Get Olde Second Wind - Open**

I really like all the songs on the album, but this one stands out as a great intro, personally. Emo rock chiptune is a thing that you have been waiting for without thinking you needed it. But you did! Headbang/10. Best find from my emo rock-bandcamp-binge of early December

~~~

music.simonpanrucker.com/track...

Simon Panrucker - Hello My Name Is Simon Panrucker - Hello My Name Is Simon Panrucker

He is utterly mad and I love him for it. He has that kinda eccentricity you had when like 10-11, tbh. He writes songs for Cartoon Network, if that contextualizes this madness at all

~~~

### **Catfish and the Bottlemen - The Balcony - Kathleen**

You could say they're copycats of The Kooks, but then again in doing so you're being a cynical sod not listening to this awesome piece of alt. They played at the BBC Music

Awards as one of the new upcoming bands, I'm pretty sure. I like them a lot and hope they do well!

~~~

Found it on this amazing mixtape radio called HI54LOFI (internet based, go check it out). Really liked it; perhaps 2015 will involve me having some sort of folk renaissance??
Iunno. Is strange though, November - February time seems to be the time when I find the most music I love in the year, haha.

~~~

### **Manoeuvres/Station Earth - Single I think? - Mad World**

Liquicity is one of the best music YouTube channels ever, some of the best electro I've ever listened to coming from here. This song was the most memorable, all the way back in Spring, and I nearly forgot about it. Thankfully, the always great Yearmix had this in it, that Celtic blend making it really stand out from the other stuff. The lyrics are really good, highest in the pop standard.

~~~

We Invented Paris - Self-Titled - Iceberg

What can I say without employing the stale hyperbole above? It's my favourite song of this year. It's from a painfully unappreciated and one of my favest bands indie pop/rock band, We Invented Paris. It encompasses my feelings about this year. It has got me through stuff. This is the sound of 2014.

Here's to another year of universe-encompassing music.

- [AyeAye12](#)

-

this is here because

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 31, 2014, 11:21:05 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

my End Of Year Song List for 2014 is so long and has so many media imbeds that I cannot browse my own page
woops didn't think the logistics of that through xP

it's not even finished because i;ve just remembered two songs/artists who need added to it >__>

~~~

### **ProleteR - Feeding the lions EP - Valentine's Day**

My friend and his nearby YouTube contemporaries-peers-friend group thing like using this guy in their videos. And I can see why, he makes some really nice electroswing-esque instrumental hip hop! Really catchy.

~~~

Protodome - BLUESHIFT - This is BLUESHIFT

It's as if the basics of music were reconstructed with Windows XP at its core. Really happy and unique chiptune. Reminds me of that default song you get in your Windows Media Library, yknow?

~~~

Happy new Year, all~

-

## On why Looking For Alaska is terrible

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 1, 2015, 2:07:22 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Clickbait title got you yet? Right, kay.

Just spent three hours straight sloughing through the second part "After" (oh how very enigmatic a title that is) of *Looking For Alaska*.

I ended up going from "seething hatred" to "grudging respect", but the gratuitous

romanticizing of smoking, drinking, and setting up some vague aspect of "punk nerd" made this really jarring to read.

Like, the main character is noted to be a nerd as an insult. But don't worry, The Colonel (the overuse of stupid nicknames I'll get to in a second) is still an intelligent outcast because he has the AUDACITY to not praise *Moby Dick* despite its placement as a classic, but rather criticizes it! OOH WELL ISN'T THIS A GROUP OF RELATEABLE SAVANTS

Sweet blubber, this book was so unsubtle. Why, the Philosophy teacher is named Mr Hyde? Not at all referencing the Gothic character who appears to have two sides to him, SURELY BLOODY NOT

It reads like the fantasy of a male-gazed, lonely, mopey teenager. Which it, uh, is, tbh. Until part two I guess, which is rather sad in tone, and in how it turned out better written than part one because "Before"'s biggest problem was its prized jewel- Alaska. Was I meant to take her as some complex, Faustian intricate archetype of the Misunderstood Intellectual Rebel? Because I just took her to be a) attention-seeking b) possibly bipolar c) stuck-up. Which is meant to be the point apparently, but there isn't really any direct consequence of her irritating behavior.

Because it's not directly credited to Alaska for what happens to Alaska, it's all "ooh it's our fault let's be even more angsty than we already were, although at least we've pegged down our egos now so that's a bonus" until the epiphany BEING that it was Alaska's fault. Agh. The rest of part two had Alaska canonised in a way slightly understanding considering the circumstances, yet at the same placed her as some queenpin of this oh so unique school where everyone smokes yet can recite Vonnegut to a moonlit sky. It's as if everyone is severely depressed at her loss (although only her close friends WE ALL REALLY LOVE RIGHT can be properly depressed! Let's hate on the rival gang which exist for really tenuous reasons and don't provide any stature as bittersweet nostalgic in any sense, just pedantic!) rather than the more realistic scenario of it being a great shame, a great loss, but not to the point it gets to.

Then again, reality isn't exactly in this. At all. I'm fine for rebelling characters but when they try this hard...? The book essentially portrays the scenario in which there are no direct consequences of their arrogant hedonism, which there should be. Instead life is made great by these new eejits who think they're super duper clever... when they're, uh, drinking copious amounts of damaging liquid and inhaling rat poison, tar, nicotine...

Oh, and the nicknames! So many stupid nicknames. Unnecessary, too; minor characters

who only appear for literally singular chapters get nicknames. "The Beast"! Why?! To build unnecessary atmosphere, I guess, which is apt considering the whole book is just hot air really.

The worst thing though is that it's made me moody now because a) it's a sad book and b) it was bad, but I can understand its origins so there's no need to be sad, but then everyone asks "are you okay" and you say "yes" because you are fine but the underlying emotion from *LFA* makes it come out false so now everyone thinks you're hiding your sadness so now everyone is grumpy and there's this nasty atmosphere and it feels like my fault and I just want to watch *Sunshine On Leith* dammit, or *Limitless* as I have been meaning to do for days but we're meant to be watching *Leith* as a family but we can't because they're arguing now and it's my fault for being moody at the book even though it isn't actually my fault but it feels like it and I will be fine, just need to listen to *A Sunny Day In Glasgow* and I can't believe I gave up on the film I've been itching to see for days for goodwill that has come fruitless and all the depressing and mediocre shit has come out from dA about now (perfect timing GUISE) and I'm going to hate writing this and hate responding to the sympathetic responses I get and I hate the stupid spelling mistakes I keep making and I hate feeling like I've got some mental problem when I don't because everyone on this site has some mental problem it seems and if I don't provide some point of positivity then we're all fucking doomed I guessed and the google spellcheck is fucked and I don't care anymore and writing this journal hasn't helped one fuckin' bit at releasing my fucking emotions

...

Of course,

We can't blame poor John Green. He is a great writer, granted; I personally really liked *The Fault in Our Stars*. A mixture of too much autobiography, ambitions of having this credited as a modern classic (which, alas, seems to be happening) and being generally new to the novel business makes this specific book fall flat.

And when this came out, Tumblr hadn't provided the archetype of "intelligent yet rebellious teenager" yet, and the punk nerd aesthetic hadn't been cemented, etc. Perhaps it's just a product of its time, a time in which indie rock was getting softer and Mumford & Sons did not provide the base for counterculture.

So, uh, let's hope *Paper Towns* is better. By principle it already sounds better than *Looking For Hubris (And Succeeding)*

-

## New User!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 11, 2015, 4:54:53 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Yo! Everyone go give a warm welcome to [VoidLands](#) !!

She does a bit of writing, and at my request she came over here. I think you'll agree with me when I say she has a great piece to start off her Gallery; [A Rose]

*Àqueles que nunca encontraram a razão por trás da vida,  
oferecê-los-ei uma rosa;  
apenas uma. Negra e pútrida.  
Negra pois — sendo a cor mais apropriada — indica o vazio e a tristeza do ser,  
e pútrida pois nada nos lembrará mais de Cronos que a própria miserabilidade da vida.*

(To all who never found the reason for life,  
I'll offer them a rose;  
only one. Dark and putrid.  
Dark because — for being the most appropriate color — it indicates the void and the sadness of the being,  
and putrid because nothing will remind us more of Kronos than the own misery of life.)

So, yeah. Go do your dALit nice thing!

-

## It was the month of June / In Tienanmen Square

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 12, 2015, 9:45:10 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[Dawn of Man – Michael Guy Bowman]

A long weekend has begun and the stress/Deadlines that plague me on specific occasion have dissipated like bubbles of the ocean. Despite the cenotaph "examinations" erecting its way across the 2015 sky, I feel strangely calm... communities fracture, books end



generally well, tea appeases (modestly).

Sorry for not being exciting as usual, this doesn't fit into any clickbait ethos really, lol. Just felt it was about time I did a "write-in-a-less-antiformalistic-way-than-usual" memoric journal. Hence, uh, this.

I finished David Mitchell's dizzying masterpiece *number9dream*. Perhaps the most accurate adolescent *bildungsroman* ever, by theme that is. Now to finish a proof copy of *I'll*

*Give You the Sun*, another brilliant YA fiction book by Judy I forgot. Noah doeh. Perks of working in a bookshop!

I'm working on a new project that is gunna be excite. More info soon, perhaps March time?

The tea relates to the cup I just drank. Community enfracturement to a forum. That is the appendix, a{wo}men.

-

## people from realitynet found me here

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 18, 2015, 12:00:56 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

help

no longer does society perceive me as a quiet weirdo but instead a quiet weirdo with a place to be himself

THE HORRO

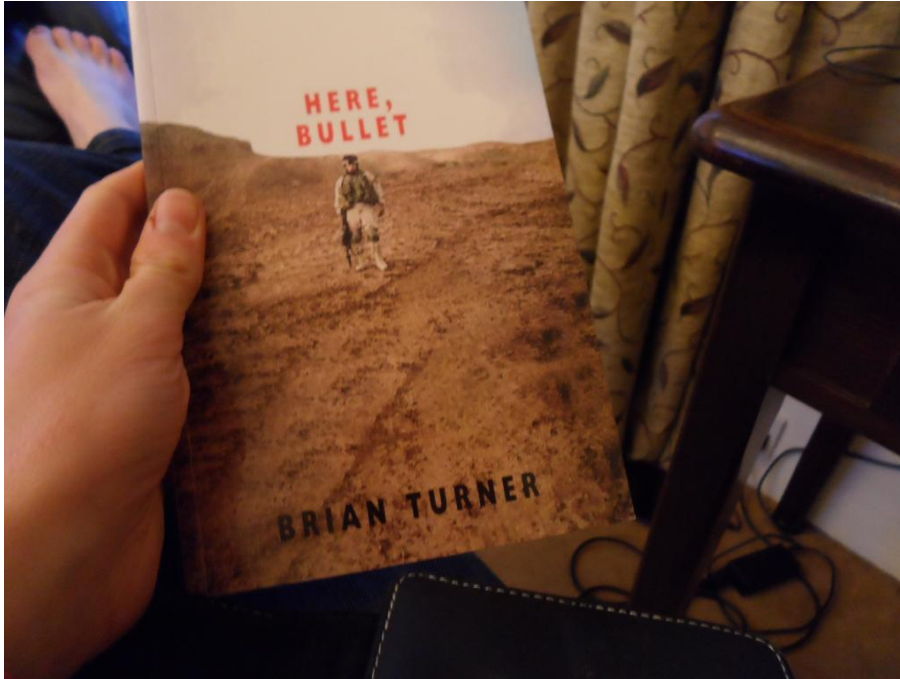
i mean yeah they're my friends, but it feels like my identity has shifted??? like i am an onion with three layers now. not eight. i get super excited for stuff her and also put some corny-hurdy-gurdy stuff too, leaving me vulnerable to attack to anyone who wants to expose me??? i have a reputation as a ambivalent-pseudo-cool guy yknow, now people are gonna be like "woah this guy does unusual stuff".

oh well, just gotta ☹ BE YOURSELF AND THAT ☹

(this development isn't at all parallel to my new resident troll, [ImaBigGuy](#)  
i think we'll keep him. he's better than [the last one](#) )

## Oh I forgot to mention,

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 28, 2015, 10:34:26 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)



I got this recently. I've wanted it for a while.

It's a collection of poetry about the Iraq War, written by a veteran. It's pretty harrowing. Some of the pieces aren't too well written, but they're made up for with beautiful ones like these:

### The Baghdad Zoo

An Iraqi northern brown bear mauled a man  
on a street corner, dragging him down an alley  
as shocked onlookers shouted and threw stones.

Tanks rolled their heavy tracks  
past the museum and up to the Ministry of Oil.  
A gunner watched a lion chase down a horse.

Eaten down to their skeletons, the giraffes  
looked prehistoric, unreal, their necks  
too fragile, too graceful for the 21st Century.

Dalmatian pelicans and marbled teals  
flew over, frightened by the rotorwash  
of Blackhawk helicopters touching down.

One baboon escaped the city limits.  
It was found wandering the desert, confused  
by the wind, the blowing sands of the barchan dunes.

-

### Kirkuk Oilfield, 1927

*We live on the roof of Hell, he says,  
and Ahmed believes it, he's watched the gas flares  
rise from holes in the earth, he's seen the black river  
wash through the village in a flood of oil  
as if the drillers had struck a vein  
deep in the skull of God, and the old man says  
Boy, you must learn how to live here -  
where the dead are buried deep in the mind  
of God, manifest in man and woman,  
given to earth in dark blood,  
given to earth in fire.*

-

And the titular poem, the one that'll be my poHem for a while;

### Here, Bullet

If a body is what you want,  
then here is bone and gristle and flesh.  
Here is the clavice-snapped wish,  
the aorta's opened valves, the leap  
thought makes at the synaptic gap.  
Here is the adrenaline rush you crave,  
that inexorable flight, that insane puncture  
into heat and blood. And I dare you to finish  
what you've started. Because here, Bullet,  
here is where I complete the word you bring  
hissing through the air, here is where I moan  
the barrel's cold esophagus, triggering  
my tongue's explosives for the rifling I have  
Inside of me, each twist of the round  
spun deeper, because here, Bullet,  
here is where the world ends, every time.

-

## AyePoWriMo

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 1, 2015, 9:37:28 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

My, Aye's Poetry Writing Month has begun!! :0

I nearly forgot. Time must have, like, sped up by three seconds every second or something. Mad.

All of them are going in here;

but I'll upload the individual pieces too.

What is the first piece about? Nothing really because I had no inspiration at the time. Just things that'd sound good + pinkshinyultrablast's Umi in my ear placed into a narrative. 'Tis April Fools Day after all.

Expect procrastination poems because as of today it's an exact month towards my Super Uberexams. :&

OH, also! My resident troll, the ever wonderful [ImaBigGuy](#) , made this really really great Walt Whitman-esque piece: [Butterflies]

poetry is a transcendent force guise, go fave and love it!!

-

## The Gliitch Review

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 30, 2015, 4:44:16 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

in which i make up words and pretend im a prolific critic

So, I didn't particularity enjoy my NaPowriMo this year. I still had fun in places, of course, and got some good pieces out (one of which got sent to the leader of my country????!! long story). But generally, nah, didn't enjoy writing aesthetically pleasing rubbish which then got universal praise xP

Of course! An accidental consequence of this whole enterprise was [gliitchmonth](#) , in which my friends took a joke I didn't even realise I had made and made it real. So basically the premise was to do a super weird version of NaPo, with double-i's (I have no idea why we do double-i's anyway) and such.

Except some of my pieces were totally not gliitchy and still accepted because... pangliitchism?! I digress,

There were few surprises with [gliitchlord](#) and [chromeantennae](#) . The former, being an arguable founder of this whole pseudo-movement, kept to his roots, with an asymmetrical rhythm and frequent line breaks. As a nice flair, the titles had a binary twist. Sometimes he branched out into more unfamiliar territory, with a rhymecore edge to "satchel charge". Generally, however, standard (yet still good!!) stuff.

Chrome kept to his usual styles too, which is to say heavy hip-hop influences, unfathomable narratives and neo-Monospace imagery. That usual sense of playful melodrama was also present as an undercurrent, although it did let way to more sombre tones, like in "this isn't a control".

[scheherazades](#) managed to expand on their own foundations too. The usual alt-lit-esque imagery and titles were there, plus prosaic tendencies (like in "go to sleep in the yellow purse of your heart") expressing the usual intense, consuming emotion present in many of their pieces. However, they did expand into some syntax manipulation ("forward, forewarned") and fun too ("conspiracy").

The really interesting submissions were from those who joined a bit later when the group began to gain traction. "Second-Generation Gliitchsters" if you will. If you wanted to be pretentious.

[kerrybush42](#) kept a constant tone of self-awareness, especially prominent in "oOps" and "interview with a banana", the latter also showing a natural flair for surrealism. Rather than experimenting with the general content of the pieces, she prioritized changing layouts, with intense efforts put into extreme enjambment. An overall effort à la Cummings.

Some were quite conventional in style, but had their subject matters based on the themes; this is best seen in [237-IndefiniteTruth](#) , [Jade-Pandora](#) and [PoeticMolecules](#) . Others flirted with the idea of typographical experimentation, like in [peaseblossoms](#) 'grayhound iris, lambent gaze" and "chrusa(lis]omme)". [saltwaterlungs](#) offered a hybrid between conventional uses of the theme, with the edge of something more experimental. And she had amazing use of alternative (i.e, ascii) symbols.

But yeah, overall, pretty good run I'd say.

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Tomorrow my exams start, so probably won't be super-productive throughout May... but after that, oh boy are there plans. Pllaaaaannnnssss. Delicious, delicious plans. I'm going to try and focus on some prose for the next bit, get a nice balance in here. Whether or not I'll upload a lot is another matter... but I digress. Onwards!

~POST-GAME~

Ahh, haven't done a post-game in a while.

Basically I forgot to add my more admirable pieces throughout this month: [...]

So, in the end was actually a normal quality curve. Started off good, slumped throughout the middle, peaked again towards the end, with a few upward blips inbetween. Huh.

-

## Exam Playlist and Politics

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 8, 2015, 8:58:14 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I often get songs stuck into my head during exams. Just randomly popping up in my cranial cordoliol (that isn't a part of the brain, I made it up, ca'lt wait for biology exam in five days!). Today, in my RMPS/Philosophy exam today, there were two aongs:

- Kishi Bashi - Bright Whites (makes sense; a question was on the Big Bang Theory, which led to "It Began With A Burst", which led to the more memorable one of recently)
- Blur - Lonesome Street (I think??? I forgot because I got Kishi Bashi stuck in my head)

Now, on to this.

UGH

The Evil Party has won our election by a majority despite everyone saying it was going to be a coalition. We were going to get some exciting septaheadron politics, but nope. Conservative majority by, like, 80 seats.

It was pretty brutal. I'm always going to be aligned with SNP, always, and I'm very happy with how well they did. But I'm heartbroken that Labour, led by Ed Milliband (who is great FYI; away from the reactionary New Labour and also human instead of a tanned robot, and as a side note: why do we not want a geek to run the country? Aren't geeks the clever ones? Don't we want a clever person to be in charge of the country?!), completely crumbling. Crumbling.

Granted, everyone overlooked the UKIP vote stealing the Labour vote. And also, the main reason we're in this mess is because the voting system is awful. And we could have changed it four years ago if it wasn't for the Conservatives pushing Nick Clegg into

cornerous corners (which is totally a thing).

But it was an utter tragedy to see Nick Clegg's party be left with only 8 seats. Same as DUP, of all things. Now Clegg is going to be known as the man who destroyed the Liberal Democrats, instead of what Cleggmania proclaimed in 2010. Which is an utter shame. Even worse now because, although the Lib Dems got beat around due to their naivety, I do believe they stopped the Conservatives doing some awful things. And now the Conservatives have nothing to stop them shredding the NHS, risking our EU membership and other such ewwwwww things.

Did Murdoch's media empire/propaganda machine really manage to spew out enough nonsense that the public took them as truth?! What happened to the whole social media shift? Gah.

It's like Jon Major all over again. Except this time we have SNP, and that's good. Fantastic result from them. I was worried they would get sidelined in an oncoming kerfuffle to form a government, but now it's a majority the SNP can focus on one job: to be a thorn in the Conservative's side. Er, well, I guess they other jobs to do as well but I digress.

Shhhh now. To me mainly. Let's just listen to some lovely ambient pop:

[mornings.bandcamp.com/track/de...](http://mornings.bandcamp.com/track/de...)

Aah.

EDIT: The second song was "You Sexy Thing (I Believe In Miracles)" by Hot Chocolate, because one of the other exam questions of a different topic was on miracles, and also the news recently has been about Rool Brown's death, RIP.

-

Notebook Nebula

by AyeAye12, May 19, 2015, 2:10:13 PM

Journals / Personal

Despite this being the latter of the two generations, we shall focus on the first one (or, the "Primordial" Generation) at a later date, since there is more coherency and sources on the Second Generation below.



This is the Second Generation of my notebook collection.

NotebookNebulaGen2Analysed by AyeAye12

It is split into two Spectrums: the Poetic Spectrum, at the top, and the Prosaic Spectrum, at the bottom. They are identified by green numbers and red numbers, respectively, while off-shoot "bubble" mono-Spectrums will be represented with gold numbers. Although both major Spectrums have inter-mingled, for simplicity they are represented in two separate sets.

~POETIC SPECTRUM~

1: The first poetry notebook. Very neat, very spaced out, each piece comes completed without much editing (in this analogue dimension, at least).



2. An unusually big notebook, this managed to harness enough poetic energy that forms began to went off-piece, and so resulted in a more messy yet fuller system.

3. This was when the full chaotic energy of Aye fully allowed for freedom of text, leaping from page to page, with lone lines and notes and short statements intercut with longer pieces annotated with self-improvement. A performance piece of sorts, "The Beast", filled up any loose spaces (since the notebook had the tendency to have pages stick together, therefore causing the accidental skipping of pages), leaving this particular dimension with the reek of Sharpie.

h: A certain project, known as "Assorted Haikus (& other such minimalist musings within an improv 21st Century)". This occurred during a very productive time within Aye's writing, in which he could find no notebook in his room in the middle of the night and so had to write on small flashcards. This was the foundation on which sea-ebony 's style was born from.

4a. The original timeline Notebook 4. Follows in the same vein as the 3rd.

4b. The offshoot alternative Notebook 4. Since Aye forgot to bring his 4th notebook down to London, he bought this moleskin one in a train station's WHSmith. Now, poetic energy interchanges between both dimensions, with this one receiving more due to a long absence/Aye losing 4a. Follows in the same vein as 3.

5. The predicted 5th Notebook. Has these really cool grand magnet-door-things.

T&e: A spontaneous buy (because it looked gorgeous), and spontaneously started so the notebook could actually serve a purpose other than looking pretty. For a long-term poetic project.

~PROSAIC SPECTRUM~

Although each notebook exists and shifts in its temporal placement, this is an approximate chronology of their existence.

1. Could also be described as one of the last 1st Generation Notebooks, started of the general-prose-ideas trend that was to follow.
2. Both for general prose and also for writing tips and exercises received from workshops and such like.
3. General prose.
4. General prose, again, yet this time it was not finished (impatience probably drove Aye to write in a new, flashier notebook).
- 4.5. Prose-writing. This notebook is for writing up actual, full(ish) stories, rather than Aye's typical typing on a computer. Also a pretty magnet-door one.
5. Originally a Narrative component (see First Generation), now serves as for journalistic/non-fiction endeavors.
6. For scripts (more the theoretical than the writing up; the latter is usually done on the computer).

~MONO-SPECTRUMS~

S: The notebook that was/sometimes still is taken to school, in case Aye needs to write an idea down and doesn't want to deface his hand and/or arm. An amalgamation of both poetry, prose and even visual diagrams.

T: The notebook used for Aye's forum adventure, internet opus "Trapped In The Nothing", and its hypothetical tetralogy.

P: The notebook for the idea inspired by Trapped In The Nothing (started anew for a feeling of freshness. Also Notebook T is of low quality, unlike this one).

~corrigenda~

There is a missing notebook within the Prosaic Spectrum, 8, which was bought at an IKEA due to its prettiness and is essentially for long-range prose story arcs (things like novel series, etc.)

-

## Cold War II: The Gay Musical

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 24, 2015, 8:35:22 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Or, as most people call it, Eurovision.

I really like Eurovision <strk>because there's nothing better than upholding stereotypes</strk> and this year was... alright I guess. Last year's entries were overall better, especially Finland, but there were some good ones in there. But no uniqueness; no Russian grannies or milkmaids or any of that stuff. Although it was a shame that Finland's entry this year didn't get through. It was a punk band made up of elderly people with learning difficulties who had the shortest song ever for the contest at 1:40. They were base. And didn't get through :<

Of course the best bit was when the Russian guy giving out the vote gave them to Russia itself, much to the horror of the presenters. Also Georgia's call for war by dressing up as CBBC's Raven, and Greece's thinly veiled cry for help from the EU.

Russia's song was good, although talking about believing in "the dream" within the context of Putin's personality cult seemed... uhhhhhhhhh

Latvia had a nice FKA Twigs style thingy going on. UK's entry somehow ruined electroswing (if Scotland was independent we wouldn't have this problem!!). Serbia was cool. Conchita was cool too; she's a good presenter. Oh and I looooooved the interval

performance percussion orchestra thing. All the orchestras were great tbh.  
Oh and Australia! They were cool in its soul-y way. And it's a shame Estonia was sidelined by other stuff.

Couple this with gay marriage being legalised in Ireland and today was best gay day. For uh, a smattering of countries in the First World. But with these glittery events how can you care for something as insignificant as abhorrent homophobia throughout the world????? right guys???????????

Yeh, it was a cool day regardless.

-

## Priori Progeny: A Webcomic

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 1, 2015, 12:16:32 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

### Read it here!

As you may or may not know, I'm the author of one and a bit forum adventures: *Trapped In The Nothing* and *Across The Paradoxical Waves*, both inspired by Andrew Hussie's MS Paint Adventures and the excellent *A Beginner's Guide To The End Of The Universe*.

For the past few months I have been working on the spiritual successor to those two forum adventures of mine. It is a webcomic called *Priori Progeny*.

*Priori Progeny* is a metaspace-spanning epic that details the last generation of Gods, and the tumultuous domain they inherit (i.e, All; the entirety of existence and the entirety of non-existence too). It mainly follows the character of Veroshima, the very Last God to be created, as he learns the way of his predecessors in how to run reality within three brutal academies, while around him events threaten to tip All into chaos.

For now, it updates every Monday at a respectable GMT time, starting with the 1st June.

Oh hey, that's today!

I hope you'll enjoy reading this, and please share the news of its existence!

~FAQ~

**Why aren't you making more proper-writery-stuff?!**

I still will be! This is just one of those multimedia fun project thingys. I like branching out, feeding on the creative-chlorophyll around me, like the abstract tree I am. No wait, that's not how trees work. If you are a tree please inform me of standard protocol.

### **Why is the art so bad?!**

Well, uh, I prefer the term minimalist; it is meant to represent the hyper-complexity at what you are witnessing (the plights of Gods), hence their simplification so that mere mortals such as ourselves can understand what it going on without our brains exploding.

### **I think it's just because you can't draw well.**

Well yes, that as well.

### **How do you work this comic thingymabob?!**

Leftmost red arrow goes to the first page. Rightmost red arrow goes to the most recent page. The left-grey one goes to the previous page, and the right-grey one goes to the next page.

### **THE PANELS THEY'RE SO BIG**

Hmm, yes, sorry about that. For now try decreasing the page zoom, until I can get that sorted.

### **I don't understand this thing at all!!!**

Maybe [this ongoing summary](#) will help?

### **Who is AyeAye12?!**

Oh, you know who I am!

### **Inspiration for Priori Progeny?**

The wonderful people who made commands for both Trapped In the Nothing and Across The Paradoxical Waves; MS Paint Adventures; [A Beginners Guide To The End Of The Universe](#); JK Rowling (to a tiny extent); palladium smoothies.

### **Anything else?**

The Priori Progeny Wiki is [here](#). Pictures used are in the public domain. I have a [Twitter](#) and a [Tumblr](#) too!

Oh, also, in case you miss it, there's a prologue before the "opening title" as it were (as seen above), so be sure to miss that.

-

## this is the uptown funk of dA memes

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 10, 2015, 11:46:05 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

beep beep all aboard ze bandwagons

a)

[cristinewakesuphappy](#) tagged me in this wonderful meme, in which you take pictures and stuffs ^\_\_\_\_^ You should try it, it's funnnnn

### **Ze Rules**

- Post a selfie.
- Post a photo of your bed.
- Post a photo of your bookshelf.
- Post a photo of one of your more unusual possessions.
- Post a photo of a favorite accessory you love to wear.
- Post a photo of something you've had since childhood.
- Post a photo of your pet(s).
- Post a photo of your neighborhood.
- Post a photo of your closet.
- Post a photo of your shoes.

### **Sacrifices To T'thgacagrathon, The Tag God**

[scheherazades](#)

[gliitchlord](#)

[chromeantennae](#) (let's be honest Ricky you've probably already done this or been tagged a million times already but more feasts for the tag god is never a bad thing)

[ghostinafog](#)

## **Journey Through A Heliographic Vision Of Autophaneronic Intentions**

🔴 Post a selfie.

[nope - 22/7/19]

here i am in all my exzema glory. ewwwwww

[nope - 22/7/19]

Ahhh much better.

🔴 Post a photo of your bed.



🔴 Post a photo of your bookshelf.

I have several;



My main one. Philosophy/Language at bottom, YA/late-childhood fiction on penultimate, second one is "Big" Poetry/Scripts/New Stuff, top is more YA stuff. I seem to have cut off the very top too, which has my childhood stuff as well as miscellaneous. Really the shelves aren't ordered in any way, just in abstract guidelines.





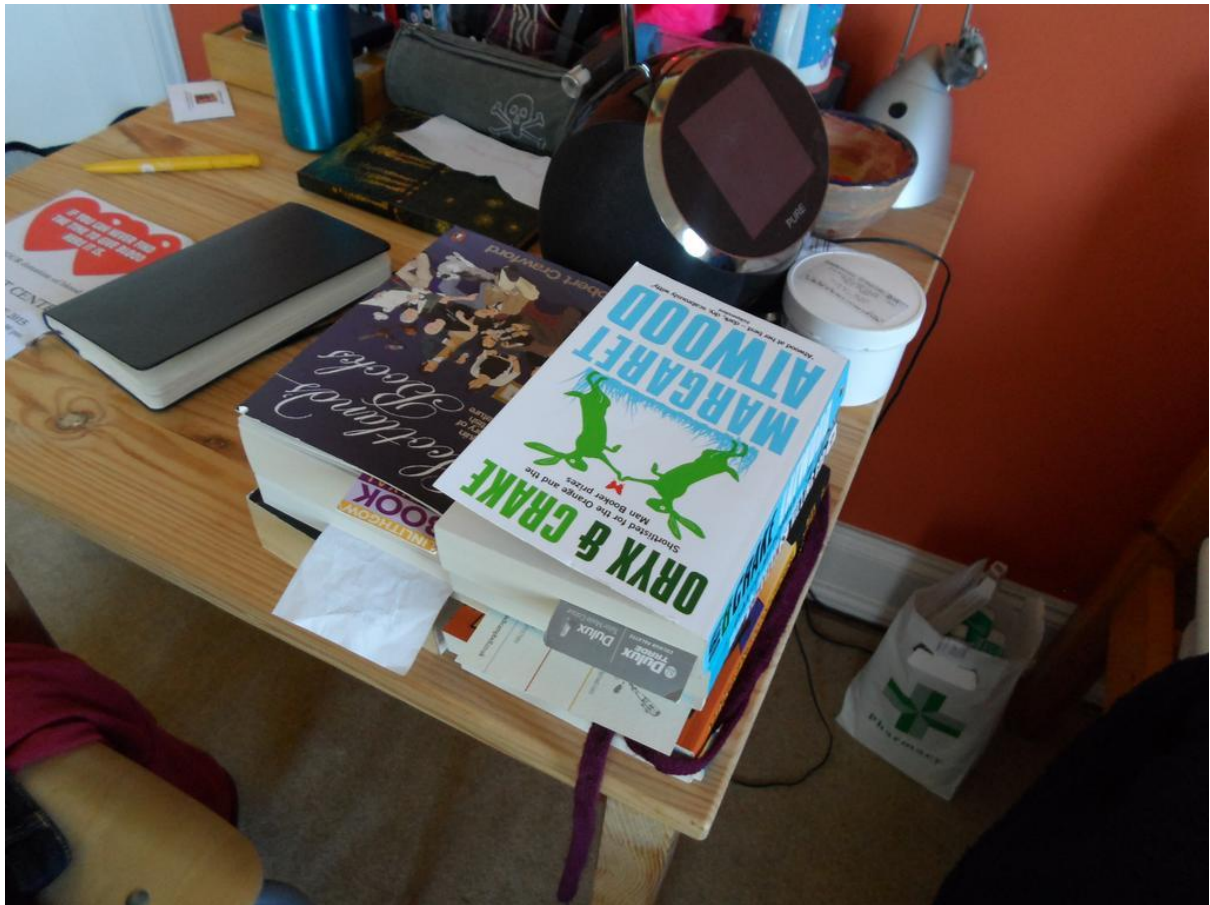
For CDs, Movies and other such media stuff.



Poetry shelf! As well as short story collections.



My all-time favourites shelf.



What I'm reading right now!

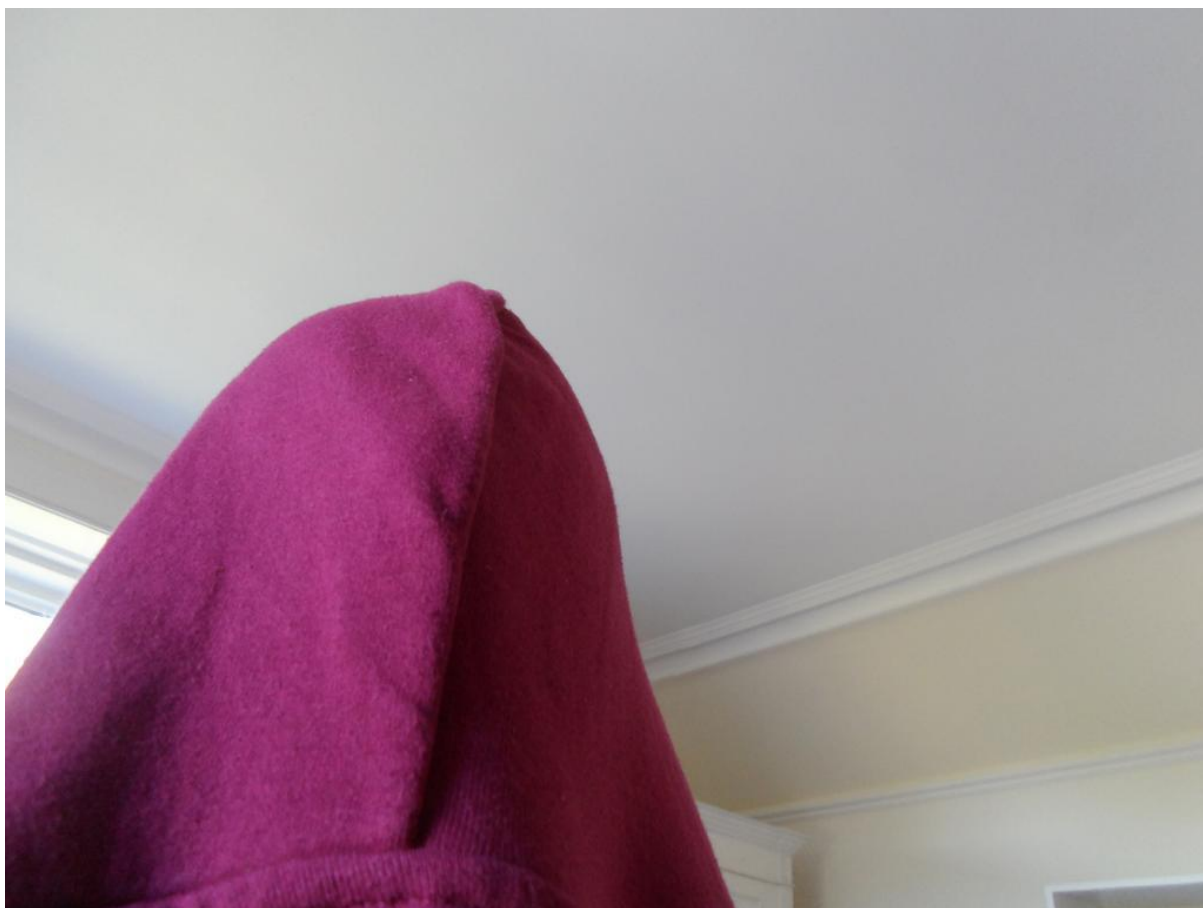
📌 Post a photo of one of your more unusual possessions.





A really cool stick I found on a hike I went on recently.

🌸 Post a photo of a favorite accessory you love to wear.





📌 Post a photo of something you've had since childhood.



Good ol' Christmas Dog.

🌸 Post a photo of your pet(s).







rowie the philosopher dog

🌸 Post a photo of your neighborhood.



🔴 Post a photo of your closet.





🔴 Post a photo of your shoes.



They are pretty snazzy. I am the Snazzman in general tbh

b)

So, like Tori and Ricky, I am going to be doing a Q&A Video!! :happybounce:

Whiiiiich means I need questions from you lot! So go ahead and ask, aaaaskkkk~

And I'll answer them by next week, hopefully :meow:

So please! Ask away!!

c)

The new Muse album is pretty good. Nice to see them go back to their roots :nod: Better than *The Second Law* by far.

-

# All Quiet On The DeviantArt Front

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 30, 2015, 8:54:30 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

a)

Hello.

How've you been? I've been engrossed within the realitynet, but still writing and living, etc. etc.

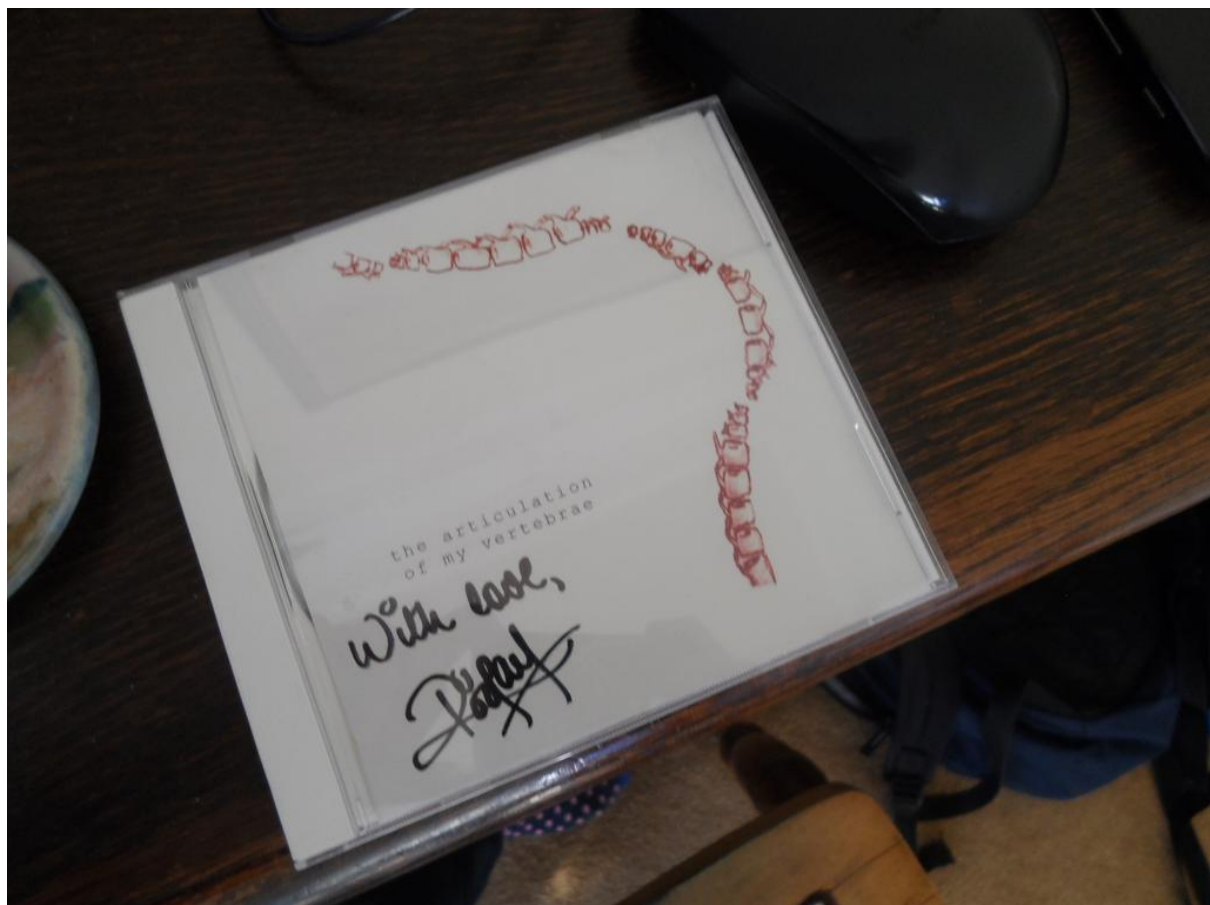
Have you posted anything exciting recently? Post it in the comments so I can read it

^\_\_^

b)

Look what I got!!

[nope - 22/7/19]



[your-methamphetamine](#)'s wonderful spoken word album, "the articulation of my vertebrae"!

Look at its gorgeous album art~

And her poems are, of course, excellent~~

And the thematic concept of the spine is great too~~~

You can listen to it [here](#).

Seriously, thank you so much Orooj-e. I appreciate it 🙏🙏

also thanks for not selling my address to the NSA and other such sorcery sources

c)

8 days(?) until exciting news can be revealed to you exciting people! 🍀

a, ii) {da capa}

How've you been?

-

## The New Everything Everything Album

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 25, 2015, 1:01:38 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

YO

[open.spotify.com/album/1oScYOf...](https://open.spotify.com/album/1oScYOf...)

yo

Great album.

-

## Do Not Fear My Lambs

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 26, 2015, 10:45:54 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

First off, congrats on U.S.A legalizing gay marriage!!! That's just incredible.

Second off, my condolences to the victims of the three terrorist attacks today: the shooting at the Tunisian hotel; the bombing at the Kuwait mosque and the decapitated factory worker in France. Truly awful tragedies.

Second.point five off, today was my last day of term. And it was quite emotional, because long standing points of reference in my life are going, or changing, and the sea keeps flowing in beauty with the curve of a malevolent smile, but then froths into a divine fizz. For example my former English teacher, my favourite teacher ever, the one who inspired me to become a writer, had her last day today. So I had written her a poem, and when reading it she started to cry and it was all really heart... I'm not sure what suffix to use there. One that inhabits loss and hope. Yeah, that one, why not. So that was pretty emotional; the third person to cry (that I know of) when reading one of my pieces.

second.point seven five off, because [Aerode](#) wanted tagged for no contextual reason

u fool you've ruined the order of this journal

nuuuuuu

Third off, on a more positive note, I am off to Barcelona tomorrow! And then after that I'll be off to a top secret place in Scotland to defeat Cthulhu. This all means that I shall probably not be on DA much for a fortnight :C

So be good, be safe and be happy! Enjoy this summer and such forth. **And if you write anything cool/see anything cool, post a comment about it here!**

Cheers. Let's chase the syrupy sun, however dark the night, and find the endless sugar sky. I know it's there.

Here's some intermission music;

[Public Service Broadcasting: ROYGBIV]

**~POST GAME~**

I JUST REALISED THAT MY TITLE OF THIS COULD BE MISTAKEN AS A WARNING ABOUT MY MANIACAL LAMB HERD INSTEAD OF AS A NAME FOR MY WATCHERS AHAAAAHAHA



## Back From Barcelona

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 1, 2015, 10:44:11 AM
- [Personal Journal](#)

It was pretty great. Eye candy everywhere (beautiful buildings too)!!

I got all this:



- Gaudi coaster and mug
- Orwell's *Homage To Catalonia* (in English)
- A collection of poetry by Catalan poet Joan Vinyoli, with Spanish translations, called *La Mano Del Fuego* (*The Hand Of Fire*)
- A super cool blue bottle thing



I also got this really nice Gaudi notebook because I forgot to bring one, again >\_\_> It's got a woodwork cover; really pretty, high quality stuff. Where does it fit into [my convoluted timeline shenanigans?](#) Nowhere, because it isn't part of the binary system of Timeline A and Timeline B you timelinemisogynist you

In it I wrote the structures for five poems:

- Two shall never see the light of day unless I edit them a lot because I don't really like how they came out, and also one is basically an excerpt from a bigger piece
- Said bigger piece I am not going to post here, but rather keep it for competitions and magazines and other such stuff
- Another piece I am also keeping back for both bullet point reasons mentioned above, simultaneously
- And one I shall post here!!1 [La Sagrada Familia, June 2015 (29<sup>th</sup>)]

And here it is.

On the 3rd of July I go off again, until the 11th, this time in my home country. So more beach poems and stuff, woooooooo

How are your holidays going?

-

## Do Not Fear{,} My Giant Space Eggs

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 3, 2015, 2:31:06 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I am off for another week of holiday! Where? An undiscovered location in Scotland. Why? To defeat Cthulu.

What if you miss my presence? Well, [palladium-smoothie](#) is doing Flash Fiction Month! He is making his addition to the alt lit canon through his series "gertrude, corndog mayor and friends". So read the first three here;

[...]

If I get an internet connection, I think I will write No. 4 (and post it on Palladium's account for completionist's sake) because the challenge for that one is super cool. Seriously, [Flash-Fic-Month](#) is really good with the community thing. Kudos to them.

Anyway, I'll be back, hopefully with more writing, ambition and writing ambition in a week! See yaaaa~

-

## i'm back in case that was not apparent

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 16, 2015, 8:14:08 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

And DLR is getting reborn!

So, if you love the lit. community and want to see it get energised and all that jazz, then go and help the group out! Not even by doing staff shenanigans; just reading, commenting, suggesting; all that jazz.

So go do that and be a **ꜱBENEFICIAL DALIT COMMUNITY CITIZENꜱ**

[litrecognition.deviantart.com/](http://litrecognition.deviantart.com/)  
[dailylitrecognition.deviantart...](http://dailylitrecognition.deviantart...)

pls  
for me

(Also Cthulhu has now been defeated and I have a flipton of calamari)

-

## Some DALit Thing: S1E1: chromeantennae

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 19, 2015, 12:41:45 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Deviant Events](#)

**Some DALit Thing** is a not-at-all-scheduled podcast, in which AyeAye12 talks to various members of the DeviantArt Literature community, asking them about their work, their lives and the community they're part of.

To start off this project, I've interviewed recently-appointed head of [LitRecognition](#) , [chromeantennae](#) . I asked him about sonic fanfiction, his favourite DA writers, race in America, community, collaboration and literary criticism.

### **FEATURING:**

:bademoticon: **FLUCTUATING VOLUME**

:bademoticon: **AN AWKWARD INTERVIEWER**

:bademoticon: **OCCASIONAL LAG**

:bademoticon: **VOICE BREAKING**

:bademoticon: **A WEIRD PREVIEW IMAGE**(it's meant to be a minimalist Fella listening to

headphones made out of DA logos kay)

:bademoticon: **POETRY**

### **MENTIONED:**

[SpriteBlayde](#)

[Lissomer](#)

[scheherazades](#)

[scripted-silence](#)

[BleedingProphecies](#)

## POEMS READ:

Chosen Piece: **person igniting life through explosions**

Personal Piece: **discovery swells in slivers of of light**

Intro and Outro Song is "Open" by the band Crying. [Listen to it here!](#) It and the DeviantArt logo are used in fair use and not for profit in any way whatsoever. Unless it's like, spiritual money, dude. All that loooove economy. Or something.

(Special thanks to Ewan for all the technical help!)

## CONTEXT

I don't feel like I am an active member of this community.

While I love it, the often instinctual lethargy that comes with infobesity, that overload of work in my inbox, often makes me just delete it all in one go. I don't feel like I participate in many community events, and I generally feel apathetic towards many of the going-ons within DA.

This is not something I like. "Give To Get" is the motto for success here on DeviantArt, and that is probably why I feel disappointed with my recent output: I'm not giving, so I don't get much feedback. Although really I'm incredibly fortunate to have a small band of supporters, and I am ever so grateful for how they engage with my work ~~but my massive sense of entitlement pushes me to get more people to pay attention to me~~

But I didn't want to just do another journal feature or something like that. So in true leftfield-Aye-fashion, I've gone and done something completely different: a podcast or sorts. I hope you all enjoy it, and please please PLEASE spread the word about it! **It'll die without an audience!!**

Also, feel free to make comments/suggest things, because this pilot was quite rough (in the editing stages mainly), so conversation is a good and productive thing!

**ALSO!** If you are a graphic designer/ are well attuned to the making of logo-like things, then your help would be greatly appreciated in making a new icon. Because however wonderful you might find this one, it is a bit, ah, basic. So if you're into that sort of

thing/know somebody who is, please Note me and we can talk!

So yeah, I hope you enjoy! And maybe next time I'll have a catchy catchphrase ^\_\_^

-

## transcendental cookie palace

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jul 29, 2015, 11:35:04 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

a)

[Some-DALit-Thing](#) has gone well!

n case you don't know yet (because you are impervious to my constant rattling about it or something) **Some DALIt Thing** is a podcast hosted by me in which I talk to various members of the DeviantArt Literature community. Episode One has gone well so far, and please continue to spread the news!

**Episode Two will (hopefully) be recorded in late August.**

But with who? Ah, that is a secret~

b)

[palladium-smoothie](#) has been charging through [Flash-Fic-Month](#) so be sure to check his stories out! They're crazy weird, and have accidentally began to analyse the concept of revolution?? Still, check it out pls

[...]

c)

EAT THE FLESH OF THE CAPITALISTS

-

## Alright, so,

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 3, 2015, 4:10:04 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[HugQueen](#) is a wonderful bundle of squee

and thank you ever so much for the DD and for all the comments too. And If you didn't comment on it, no worries, I still love fave&runners~

And if you did neither and thought of it with contempt, then that is okay as well. It is, like, your opinion, dude/dudette/dude-genderless suffix.

I've always wanted a poem as a DD, tbh. So now I can safely say I'm at least semi-demi-decent at both prose and poetry 🍷

So thank you ever so much. And now my DD quest is over I am at peace, and so may begin to meditate my corporeal form away on top of a candyfloss cloud mountain.

Thank you all, once again~

-

## seinfeld!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 4, 2015, 3:16:58 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I was seinfelded by [seinfeld!](#)

### **RULES**

1. seinfeld!
2. seinfeld!
3. seinfeld!
4. seinfeld!
5. seinfeld!

### **FIFTEEN SEINFELDS ABOUT ME**

1. seinfeld!
2. seinfeld!
3. seinfeld!
4. seinfeld!
5. seinfeld!
6. seinfeld!
7. seinfeld!

8. seinfeld!
9. seinfeld!
10. seinfeld!
11. seinfeld!
12. seinfeld!
13. seinfeld!
14. seinfeld!
15. seinfeld!

### **seinfeld's QUESTIONS**

#### **1. Favourite flavour of EU oppression?**

seinfeld!

#### **2. Would you rather liberate the oppressed proletariat or sit on your sofa like the bourgeois panda you are?**

seinfeld!

#### **3. Does twenty one pilots transcend the paradigm set out by death grips?**

seinfeld!

#### **4. What type of asymmetrical hyperidmension would suit you?**

seinfeld!

#### **5. Would you live in a transcendental cookie palace if a Nigerian moon prince offered it to you for free on an email?**

seinfeld!

#### **6. How much cooking oil on the charred wings of an albatross is too much?**

seinfeld!

#### **7. If we are to constitute no dichotomy to the 22nd century's predicaments,**





nfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!  
!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!sein  
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seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!seinfeld!sein

-

## DeviantArtist Questionnaire

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 7, 2015, 2:25:45 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Deviant Events](#)

### **How long have you been on DeviantArt?**

Nearly 4 years? I joined three days after DeviantArt's 12th Birthday... how can i be so old

### **What does your username mean?**

I used to call myself "The I" in fictional accounts of myself 'cos 11 year old me was just the coolest. But then some flump on the ONM Forums (he's called Darkjelly, and I'm still trying to hunt him down so I can say I forgive him) told me it was like a terrible superhero name. So, I left forum lyfe for a year, and then when I joined another (much nicer) forum I morphed the name into AyeAye, and then added on a 12 because I was that old. And it stuck!

### **Describe yourself in three words.**

Self-deprecatingly bizarre.

### **Are you left or right handed?**

Depends! I should have learnt to write with my left hand, but didn't, so I'm right-handed in that respect, but in many other respects I'm left-handed.

### **What was your first deviation?**

[Burghead Beach]

A poem called [Burghead Beach](#).

It's surprisingly still alright? Which is reassuring.

**What is your favourite type of art to create?**

Literature! Writing! Words!

**If you could instantly master a different art style, what would it be?**

Music. Like, playing instruments and stuff.

**What type of art do you tend to favourite the most?**

Literature! Writing! Words!

**Who is your all-time favourite deviant artist?**

I mean, this is just pure temptation for creating convoluted clique-politics, because there are so many great writers here and if I mention however many there will be one missed out who would be heartbroken however much they consciously understand it wasn't personal. But I think we can all agree @CommunistPony55 is the greatest weaver of words to ever grace this site, nonetheless.

**If you could meet anyone on DeviantArt in person, who would it be?**

Okay, obviously I'm not going to get away from forced squad categorization in this journal, so:

[chromeantennae](#) [scheherazades](#) [ghostinafog](#) [Aerode](#)

And many others! Who will all feel heartbroken too for not being tagged, even if consciously they understand it's not personal. And even those tagged will be anxious now, because they'll be wondering if the order of names means anything?? Even though it doesn't?? But the risk is still there????? Ahh?????????

**How has a fellow deviant impacted your life?**

Hmm, this is a difficult question, because many have impacted it in various ways. [your-methamphetamine](#) was my gateway drug to the general canon of "definitely not manure-esque" literature (who I'd also love to meet!!); [Aerode](#) made me feel very

happy for a while (and still does!!); [chromeantennae](#) introduced me to the idea of a close community; [ghostinafog](#) became one of my closest DA friends and fans (and still is!!)... everyone has impacted me in some way (and again in not tagging them I have made them self-conscious, so great apologies for that). I will say that the general community of DA has made me integrate more of my *real* self with my *internet* self. Which is good and positive. Very positive.

### **What are your preferred tools to create art?**

Computer; writing program; pens, pencils; paper; etc. Oh, and palladium smoothies. Need a lot of them to get the ideas flowing.

### **What is the most inspirational place for you to create art?**

Oh, good question. That place where I have a good amount of tea within me, am engrossed in a whole new dimensions of life that has just been introduced to me, and am buoyed with the feeling of productivity. Or something.

### **What is your favourite DeviantArt memory?**

Hmm... the general "mania" around [Afterlife Astronaut](#), probably.

The fact it has so many comments and faves and views and such like, and managed to attract people who usually discarded the whole *literature community* (let alone prose, which is already heavily marginalized here), fulfilled a lot of faith within my prose abilities. I had written the piece as a sort of minor piece that I didn't think of much, which I think is now one of my most important literary piece in my life, and that is due to DA. It made me reconsider where my strengths were; despite most of my gallery being poetry, the two DDs I had received (at that point) were prose. That said something. And so I'll say that that was my favourite DA memory.

-

## to the person who makes accounts to Watch me:

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 8, 2015, 2:21:52 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

**EDIT: In lieu of [doughboycafe's journal explaining all](#) I'm very sorry to my very-new watchers and bid you all an enthusiastic welcome to my profile! ^\_\_^**  
**The following is meaningless due to recent developments~**

please stop if that's okay??

i don't know if it's because you want me to appear like i've got more Watchers than i actually do, or if it's part of a nefarious and convoluted plot (5 years later i'll be accused of making a ton of accounts for myself or something)

but nonetheless, it's a rather inconvenient use of your time! instead of creating accounts for the sole purpose of upping my Watcher list, why not go for a walk? try some writing yourself? read? listen to music? the possibilities are endless!!

thank you! ^\_\_^

or maybe no one is making these accounts and i'm genuinely getting very-new users watching me. perhaps i'm going insane

-

## Edwin Morgan tho

- by [AyeAye12](#), Sep 21, 2015, 7:45:08 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Like, his stuff genuinely really excites me. This guy's poetry is the kinda stuff I want to accomplish, if that makes any sense.

I got his *New Selected Poems* along with a bunch of others, here's just a few of the good ones:

-

### Strawberries

There were never strawberries  
like the ones we had  
that sultry afternoon  
sitting on the step  
of the open french window  
facing each other  
your knees held in mine  
the blue plates in our laps

the strawberries glistening  
in the hot sunlight  
we dipped them in sugar  
looking at each other  
not hurrying the feast  
for one to come  
the empty plates  
laid on the stone together  
with the two forks crossed  
and I bent towards you  
sweet in that air  
in my arms  
abandoned like a child  
from your eager mouth  
the taste of strawberries  
in my memory  
lean back again  
let me love you

let the sun beat  
on our forgetfulness  
one hour of all  
the heat intense  
and summer lightning  
on the Kilpatrick hills

let the storm wash the plates

-

Glasgow 5 March 1971

With a ragged diamond  
of shattered plate-glass  
a young man and his girl  
are falling backwards into a shop-window.  
The young man's face  
is bristling with fragments of glass  
and the girl's leg has caught

on the broken window  
and spurts arterial blood  
over her wet-look white coat.  
Their arms are starfished out  
braced for impact,  
their faces show surprise, shock,  
and the beginning of pain.  
The two youths who have pushed them  
are about to complete the operation  
reaching into the window  
to loot what they can smartly.  
Their faces show no expression.  
It is a sharp clear night  
in Sauchiehall Street.  
In the background two drivers  
keep their eyes on the road.

-

#### Glasgow Sonnet i

A mean wind wanders through the backcourt trash.  
Hackles on puddles rise, old mattresses  
puff briefly and subside. Play-fortresses  
of brick and bric-a-brac spill out some ash.  
Four storeys have no windows left to smash,  
but the fifth a chipped sill buttresses  
mother and daughter the last mistresses  
of that black block condemned to stand, not crash.  
Around them the cracks deepen, the rats crawl.  
The kettle whimpers on a crazy hob.  
Roses of mould grow from ceiling to wall.  
The man lies late since he has lost his job,  
smokes on one elbow, letting his coughs fall  
thinly into an air too poor to rob.

-

So, uh, yeah, just wanted to post something because I've been quiet here. Still writing and alive; in fact I've got very exciting news ^\_\_^ But I have to wait a bit before I can publicize said exciting news. But it is exciting :3

-

## So I'm one of the top 15 youth poets in the world

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 9, 2015, 7:56:34 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

which is to say, I was chosen as one of the top 15 prizewinners in the world's biggest youth poetry competition

which is p AMAZING if i say so myself!!

so yesterday, as per [#NationalPoetryDay](#), i went down to London for the award ceremony. and got featured in three national newspapers too. plus i made fraternal, moving eye contact with Phil Jupitus. TWICE. great stuff.

and i also met [DeriveAnemone](#) at the thing!!! whose absolutely lovely in person as in account ^\_\_^ alas we forgot to take selfies but we can create an abundance of figurative selfies anyway

so yeah, super busy day yesterday. and if you can read the poem, [The Snails Move Out](#), there on the linked name

and that is the exciting news i've been hinting at for a while! woopity woop woop. onwards diagonally etc.

-

Some DALit Thing Ep 2 [schezerades/Torin]

### **FEATURING:**

:bademoticon: **EXCRUCIATING AWKWARDNESS**

:bademoticon: **BIRD SQUAWKS**

:bademoticon: **LAUGHTER**

:bademoticon: **SILLY QUESTIONS**

:bademoticon: **POETRY**

### **POEMS READ:**



Chosen Piece: **wholeness**

Personal Piece: **Untitled** (may I suggest "girl"?)

~See(?) the Podcast to Hear It~

Intro and Outro Song is "Open" by the band Crying. [Listen to it here!](#) It and the DeviantArt logo are used in fair use and not for profit in any way whatsoever. Unless it's like, spiritual money, dude. All that loooove economy. Or something.

Listen to the previous episode here:

(Special thanks to Ewan for all the technical help!)

-

## Happi New Year!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 31, 2015, 10:26:35 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

(Although I'm early)

A very Happi New Year to you all~

Thanks for reading, faving, being a presence or just breathing. Is all good.

Here is my last piece of the year, a dialogue between the personifications of 2015 and 2016:

[2015/2016]

Again, thank you all, I can't say that enough. It's been a hectic formative year, so much so that it feels several timelines have existed instead of this mere linear set of 12 months. 2016 will be spacey and even more formative to me than 2015. very exciting stuff.

Ice cream hearts (<<3), owlguins and hugs for all~



-

## Over 40'000 Pageviews!!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 22, 2016, 12:39:02 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Oh wow, that's a lot of people and viewing. Or many page refreshes on my behalf, if you're to be cynical.

Apologies I didn't do that whole kiriban catching thing; I'm not really sure where that term came from anyway, haha

I'm doing good though. Exciting, monumental things coming up. Drifting with the clouds, perhaps touching a beyond.

Hope you're all doing well ^\_\_^

-

## My Poetry Performance 8/2/16

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 9, 2016, 3:17:50 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[link to Ewan's recording of reading on YT]

Here's me performing (and bumbling between). Went really well, I think!

Do you like MY VOICE and MY FACE??? Then lucky you!! This video fulfils all your requirements. Audio quality isn't the best so be sure to turn it up fully~

Don't think poems performed have been posted here so even more exciting (though I did do 'Time Zones' as an encore piece of sorts, but that wasn't filmed alas)

Hope you enjoy :3

-

## NaPoWriMo!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 31, 2016, 3:59:09 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Tomorrow, I start my fourth NaPoWriMo. Fourth??! Wow I'm internet old

Basically, the gist of NaPoWriMo (if you don't know) is to write 30 poems in April, one for every day. I've managed to successfully do it for three years running, so let's hope I can keep it up for another year!!

Here's what's to expect from me:

#### • The Geochron

Two stones with one bird, this. This year I have exams (although thankfully not as many as last year, nor with as much (perceived) importance) and so I have been slowly turning my physical geography notes into a giant epic poem which tells the tale of the Earth. As you do. I've already finished Sphere III and Sphere IV (Bio and Atmo, respectively) so a lot of my NaPo entries this year will be mini-sequence "Creation", Sphere I and Sphere II (Litho and Hydro, respectively) and mini-sequence "Drift".

#### • [gliitchmonth](#)

As well as that, I'll be doing some of the themes for this year's Gliitchmonth! Power has been given to [peaseblossoms](#) who will/is do/ing an excellent job. You should try to write a gliitch piece or two; it'll force you to be very inventive, and is lots of fun~

#### • "Normal"

I'm sure there will be the usual pieces as well, as per my usual writing routine. They won't be posted here since I need to keep them aside for magazines and competitions and the like. But that's alright, you'll have enough poems from the above two categories to last several l(aye)fetimes, I'm sure. There's enough Aye for everyone 🍷

-

So yeah, good luck all! I may or may not have internet connection on a remote island I'm spending the first third of April in, so there could be a delay in posting the pieces. But if not, the fun will begin soooon xx

-

So Not Leaving, But

- by [AyeAye12](#), Aug 23, 2016, 4:23:17 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Uhm, hi.

How are you? I'm doing pretty well. As you may have noticed, I don't use DeviantArt for my writing anymore. And it's sad typing that, making that an official statement and not just a background sentiment, because I have such fond and wonderful memories of this place and community, which still thrives, and I'd be impertinent to assume that because my involvement has dwindled so too has said community.

But even though you can't see my recent literature I assure you, I'm writing my best stuff yet. And although a part of me would love to be able to share it here, the literary circus wouldn't take it if I did that, and that's the path I'm taking, the one past the magazines and their editors and publishing houses. Magazines, by the way, are actually more similar to DeviantArt literature than I initially assumed. There's still a level of saturation, or density to put it more kindly, and still a variance in quality. The only difference is that magazines have gatekeepers, while DA doesn't. Which, uh, dodoi, in retrospect. And if you want to reject that more traditional path, I don't blame you, but this is what I'm doing.

Also, the people I was closest to on DA have drifted away from the site, really. [scheherazades](#) I've seen pop up in different alt lit. journals, which always brings a smile to my face; [ghostinafog](#) lives up to their name; [chromeantennae](#) still uploads a bit. [gliitchlord](#) churns out his idiosyncratic stuff like the crazed robot he is, haha... [Lissomer](#) is quiet, too. I met [hypermagical](#) by chance on a YouTube comment section the other day, so I'm glad she's still alive and kicking. Are you out there, [LancelotPrice](#), being your confounding You?! I hope so. [your-methamphetamine](#) is going leaps and bounds, it seems, which is just excellent. [DeriveAnemone](#) is on her path to success as well; equally as awesome.

~~Not that every bridge has kept stable: [Aerode](#) blocked me from Facebook chat for reasons that on the one hand I completely understand and emphasise with, and on the other hand I don't really understand. And I know that sounds accusatory, but I'm just trying to not obfuscate the point, hence me being intimidatingly open, and maybe this openness will cause trouble, but whatever. It hurt, man, especially along with the two diss poems about me (one of which got a DD (!!)) (though to be fair it did deserve it, it was very good)), but there's nothing I can do, it's in the past. He's writing stuff inspired by poets outside of the DAsphere, and considering his absence I think he's going in a~~

~~similar direction to me, and I wish him the best of luck, although I don't think he'll need it. Sorry I couldn't be a better friend, and please don't take this paragraph as an attack to reply to with vitriol. I miss you.~~ **this is totally irrelevant now thanks to the miracle of communication**

This all sounds very much like a goodbye journal, and although in a way it is, I'm not planning to leave. I'm not one to be so permanent in my decisions, lol. If I get published in a magazine or whatever I'll definitely write a journal about it. And if I know you fairly well but don't have you on social media, I should add you on said medium!

But yeah, this is a goodbye in a way; it's goodbye to DA as a place of prime artistic development, I suppose. It's a bit like going through an overgrown garden, looking at all these profiles again, either barren with long-gone Core Accounts, or the strange blossom of professional-sounding biographies. And you know, maybe I'll upload the odd poem or story or whatever, who knows, but a thing I've learnt is that that William S. Burroughs's quote about only keeping anything you want to show someone six months' after its initial composition has an element of truth to it... whenever I uploaded anything, that always implied a finality, and so never really improved it. Being able to hold back ultimately improves my writing.

But I'm doing one more big project-ish type thing before I ""go"". Here's how it is: I leave for university in just under two weeks. I've decided that, before I go, I'm going to try and catalogue the entirety of my books/CDs/DVDs/media. I'm calling it the *Compendium Adolescentia* because of course I am. It's similar to one of my favourite and underrated things I've ever written, this huge list of every song in 2014 I felt had affected me in some way. Underrated because the amount of embeds in it made it nigh-impossible to load/read/listen/engage in any meaningful way. Hence why I use Spotify playlists now, hahaha. So keep an eye out for that, if you're interested.

Oh, actually! There's one more thing too. It involves robots. I won't mention much else because as I learnt from *No Man's Sky* it's best not to promise the world before you get into the actual creation of something.

So: not leaving, but. I still love you all. This place was crucial for my authorial development, it really was. There's amazing people here. I'll enjoy being a DA-spectre of sorts, haha. And this journal itched my need to compulsively write something substantial every day, which is good. Catharsis and all that.

Cheers,

xx

-

## I'm 18 today

- by [AyeAye12](#), Oct 19, 2016, 4:25:07 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

I'm an adult

<:0

-

## 2016

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 1, 2017, 12:50:57 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Stay strong and love each other xx

-

## Buy One Of The Best Things Ever Written On dA NOW

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jan 14, 2017, 4:55:01 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[www.amazon.com/dp/B01N9REAMJ/r...](http://www.amazon.com/dp/B01N9REAMJ/r...) [Black Widow]

by the ever-epochal(sic?) [Aerode](#)

support him! it's an incredible work and I don't mean that lightly

-

## I HAVE A RADIO SHOW NOW!!!! pls listen

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 5, 2017, 9:51:12 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

"Granite Dreaming", 5 - 6pm GMT Wednesdays on [aberdeenstudentradio.co.uk](http://aberdeenstudentradio.co.uk)

Playing the sound of basements around the world, basically— underappreciated gems to cult classics. Shoegaze, dream pop, etc.

You can also find archived shows here: [www.mixcloud.com/AberdeenStude...](http://www.mixcloud.com/AberdeenStude...)

Luv <3

-

## GETINNOCUOUS

- by [AyeAye12](#), Feb 22, 2017, 6:26:54 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

[soulwax remix of]

u can't normalise!!!!  
don't it make u feel alive??

\*

in other news there are seven probably-habitable planets, thus we're Saved/ perhaps  
Life-as-concept is in better hands

perhaps \$ is waiting for us, there

-

## NaPoWriMo V

- by [AyeAye12](#), Apr 1, 2017, 12:27:10 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

Last Prophet Standing, back in this green Garden, here's to half a decade. I'm going to do this, my temporary resurrection, my fifth NaPoWriMo, and then go fully onward. Not have this as such a limbo-space; keep it active, of course, but passive. A place to update on my winnings. A symbolic capital of my cultural empire, to continue the imperialist and/or megalomaniac metaphor. The concept of AyeAye12 will still exist, but the ""physical""/present notion of that avatar will be focused on other things.

Nonetheless!! This will be fun B)

Here's No. 1: [Mother Fish]

&so forth

Let's make a Start

-

oops

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 3, 2017, 12:37:45 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

first of all, queer yourself up with this amazing summer anthem-jam:

[PWR BTM song – yikes – 22/7/19]

second! i failed NaPo '17!! oops!!! i had a v good run of four years in a row so i'm not complaining honestly lol

also i got two-three v v good first drafts, which is exciting stuff

third! i'm (just over) halfway through my novel! yaaaay!!

big plans, Momentous Occasions i'm washing to create with this thing

keep loving, keep the glitter on

-

I HAVE FINISHED MY NOVEL

- by [AyeAye12](#), May 14, 2017, 4:47:47 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

's first draft

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm v delighted and happy, I have something substantive to survive my mortal coil, yay

.....now to edit it

**COOLKID STATS**



- Approx. 67K words
- 144 A4 pages
- Thus, about 270-288 normal book pages, depending on margins
- It concerns trains, multiverses and Scotland

Can't wait for y'all to get a bite into it, thoough that involves me having to get it published <:0

woo! The fields of infinite motion are swaying their engines and so forth

-

## Thank You For The Birthday Messages

- by [AyeAye12](#), Nov 11, 2017, 6:13:36 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

much appreciated to see you lovely flowers sprout out of the soilwork for me xoxo

I see the New Year is coming soon, which sounds to me like an oppurtunity to brush up on this script big time:

[2015/2016]

exciting stuff 🐼 🐼

Into 2nd year of Uni now, which is quite a thing. Finished a full one-act play, hoping to get that put o n a proper real-life-y stage next year; working with a lovely film-angel on making a screenplay of mine into a proper film; working on short stories and the like too; waiting to hear back from a literary agent on the novel(!!!!). Poetry doesn't seem to flow as freely as it once did, sadly, though I'm so involved with fiction & student life so haven't really felt the drought. I'm not too worried, it'll return when/if it needs to, and anyway I'm planning on writing a verse-play, so that'll be a nice way to get into that world again B)

student life-wise..... president of english lit. society, secretary of creative writing society, host two shows on student radio, accidentally became an editor for student newspaper and write for Arts section..... reading a lot, watching a lot, generally engaging with media&art&the world..... better stressed than bored Imao

o also mark gattis got the chance to read a script of mine at some point, which is a bit

Amazingly Absurd

ALSO fellow dArchitect [Aerode](#) has his poetry book here, on offer, buy ittttt [www.amazon.co.uk/Moonwalker-Pa...](http://www.amazon.co.uk/Moonwalker-Pa...)

love to all, All xoxox

-

## I Got A FOurth DD??????!

- by [AyeAye12](#), Dec 14, 2017, 8:18:17 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

which I find pretty impressive considering my role as "ded" on this fine site these days, lol

the gesture is sincerely appreciated, i'm glad some people like it x

[A Disatser in The Sun]

-

## Trapped In The Nothing | An Epic of Anti-Infinity

- by [AyeAye12](#), Jun 4, 2018, 5:50:45 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

When I was fourteen, just over five years ago, I started a webcomic called "Trapped In The Nothing" over on the now-defunct Indie Gamers Forum (IGF). It starts by following Line, a string of black pixels in a white void known as the Metabyss, but expanded to include gods, Anti-Gods, civil war and multiverse-wide conspiracy. It's very much indebted to Homestuck/MSPA, as well as "[A Beginner's Guide to The End of The Universe](#)" by Crippledvulture.

It's taken me a while, but I've managed to archive/reconstruct the whole thing over at: [trappedinthenothing.wordpress....](http://trappedinthenothing.wordpress....)

As you'd expect from a fourteen year-old, it's chaotic, cringey and convoluted. But it holds a precious place in my heart, both as a snapshot of my younger self, and of small

internet communities in the early 10s. Hopefully you'll enjoy it.

-Aye xxo

-

## Update at 20

- by [AyeAye12](#), Mar 17, 2019, 6:21:06 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)



oh, [BlackBowfin](#) , [DC-26](#) , you lovely lovely lovelies, 2 too kind.

well, first of all, you can find me on [Twitter](#), or feel free to private message me here for Facebook if you are inclined/close

i am v much still alive & kicking & working my butt off to make writing my central Thing before i graduate (aH)

I wanted to find a hyper-obscure term for, like, the type of neuron that specifically deals with time, a term that I used in a [palladium-smoothie](#) ""play"" ages ago, but couldn't find it. Did go back into a wormhole and found myself back here, though! I feel I should have something more profound to say about all this, but I will just shelve said salience for when I do a writing project about digital communities &c&c (a general procrastination mechanism I employ a lot, lol)

so anyway, here's me:

-i'm now 20

-i'm about to finish my 3rd year of a 4-year English literature course

-i am regularly performing at the open mic scene here in [Uni City] [which honestly you can easily infer from my Twitter account so keeping up the secrecy here is strange but o well] - i have shows this evening, one on April 5th, one in London on the 19th, and another on may 21st that i am organising

-i am starting to get paid of my work!!!!!! i was invited to speak on a panel in Glasgow back in November, and a did a spoken-word headline gig thing back in January. stupefying and also reassuring

-i have a novel i finished in 1st year & have been sending to places (going to start Phase 2 of that soon, yikes)

-i have a feature-length screenplay me and a friend are going to start pitching to studios

-i have a short-film screenplay me and a friend are going to make (she just directed a short series for BBC iPlayer, she's incredible)

-i had my first staged play back at the end of February in Glasgow

-i lived in Dublin for four months as part of uni; traveled around Ireland & met cool Trinity people (might be back there in summer, performing for a literary festival)

-trickling into magazines, slowly and very VERY steadily ( 😊 )

-worked at the Edinburgh Book Festival '18 as bookseller

-i got an analog synthesiser! Korg Monologue

-started an arts collective in [Uni City] with friends. we've done events with cool BigBoi Scottish writer people, local festivals; we've done flat parties (including one where a friend & experimental electronic musician & live drummer for Kero Kero Bonito(???????) DJ'd); got a magazine in the works (we have entries, we just need to, uh, do the rest); planning a film festival; etc. Lots of fun! and work!!! ah!!!!!! but i had a meeting with

someone from National Theatre of Scotland when they came up to [Uni City] just at the start of the month, so i think it's paying off, lol

And in case this all seems like I'm doing far too well/boasting - I am very broke, broken-hearted by Bois, surrounded by far too many books i am reading far too slow, my chronic eczema flares up in the most wild and disgusting ways if I'm not careful and, despite it being 1:20pm, i have still not left my bed.

I really want to collate the best pieces from my DA trifecta and maybe, like, self-publish it? would be nice to have a comprehensive & curated Thing of this period of my writing, yknow

ah, i miss the free-form of writing a DA journal. nothing quite like it.  
&of love to you all ofc xxxx

how are you all doing?

-